



PAMELA.

J. Carnivham sculp.



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T H E
L I F E
O F
P A M E L A.

B E I N G

A full and particular RELATION of the Birth and Advancement of that Fortunate and Beautiful young Damfel, who, from the lowest Degree of Rural Life, came to be the Mistress of a most splendid House and Fortune, by her steady Adherence to the Principles of Virtue and Honour.

S H E W I N G

The various Arts that were used to seduce and betray her ; and in what Manner she triumph'd in her Innocence and Chastity : With what Decency and Propriety she supported the exalted Station to which she was raised ; and with what exemplary Piety she finished a Life that was attended with so many hazardous Attacks upon her Constancy and Virtue.

*Example draws, where Precept fails ;
And Sermons are less read than Tales.*

Illustrated with a great Number of COPPER-PLATES describing her in the different Stations of Life.

L O N D O N :

Printed for C. WHITEFIELD, in *White Fryers*.

MDCCXLI.

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JUNE 1935



THE
L I F E
O F
P A M E L A.

BOOK I.



T was in that ever memorable Year 1720, when one half of the Island of *Great Britain* seemed under a strong Infatuation, and were precipitantly running on their own Ruin, that Mr. *John Andrews*, a very honest and worthy Man, who liv'd in a yeomanly way, partly as a Gentleman, and partly as a Farmer, upon a slender Estate of his own, in the County of *Bedford*, was over-persuaded to sell his small Patrimony, to adventure what he received for

the Purchase of it, in * the South-Sea Stock, with Hopes of raising a Fortune, that might enable him to support his Family, consisting only of himself, his Wife and one Daughter, without being obliged to follow that laborious Part of his Business himself, which took him too much off from that studious and contemplative way of living that he greatly desired his latter Days might be crowned with: Not only that he might devote himself to the Duties of Religion, but have Time also to form the Mind of his only Child, his darling *Pamela*, and train her up in the Principles of Virtue and Piety.

His Cares were no less employ'd for the Ease and Contentment of his Wife, who was a good and a prudent Woman, and both of them were equally fond of their Child. *Pamela* was now about eleven Years old, not only beautiful in the Eyes of her Parents, but of all who beheld her; was of a ready Wit, a mild Disposition, and the sweetest Temper imaginable. No Wonder therefore that those who gave her Being should earnestly desire her Happiness: But how were

* Whoever put together the other Account that has been published of *Pamela*, was entirely misinformed of the Cause of Mr. Andrews's Misfortunes, when he makes her impute it to his having done beyond his Abilities for two Brothers who were then dead, when she is supposed to be relating this Circumstance; this, and her saying she was the youngest of several Children, are some of the Parts of this young Woman's Story which have been supply'd by the Compiler's Invention, when he knew not the real Facts; for Mr. Andrews and his Wife never had any Child but *Pamela*.

We shall rectify a thousand more Mistakes that have been made in that Work, as will plainly appear in the following Sheets, for which we have the best grounded Authority from the original Papers now in the Hands of the Reverend Mr. Perkins of Shendisford Abbey.

were all their Hopes destroy'd, when, by the fatal Consequences of that pernicious Scheme, in which so many noble Families were unhappily involved, the small Fortune of this little House went to wreck? and the honest industrious Man was entirely destitute of every Necessary of Life, but a few household Goods and a few wearing Apparel. He had now no Oxen to yoke to his Plough, nor no Land to plough; no Flocks to tend, nor, in short, any Thing to make Provision for his Family. His whole Dependence was on God, who never forsakes the Just. The Decency of his Behaviour and the Integrity of his Actions had gained him such a Reputation in his Neighbourhood, that every one pity'd his Misfortunes, and would have been willing, if in their Power, to have reliev'd his Distresses. He who had liv'd so well himself was doubtless a fit Person to instruct others, therefore he was advis'd, by some of his Friends, to undertake a little School, to which End he hired a small House in the Village, and the People about were very ready to send their Children to him, to learn to Read and Write, and cast Accompts as far as the three or four first common Rules in *Arithmetick*, which was as much as he pretended to teach, in this Way he had made a hard Shift to ~~sub~~ on for a little while, but those in the Parish whose Circumstances would allow them to give their Children a better Education, sent them to larger Schools, and the more Indigent not being able to pay but very poor Rates for what he took upon him to learn them, and that but for a very short Time, as they wanted their Hands to assist them in their Farms or other Employments, even the little School he had dwindled to nothing, and he had no way left to earn his daily Bread but going to daily Labour.

One charitable Family near the Place where they lived often found Employment for his Wife, and was on many Occasions very kind to his whole little Family, *Pamela* was too young to be able to contribute any Thing to her own Support, but being, as was said

before, very pretty and ingenious, she was often taken home to this Gentleman's House to play with his Children, when it happened very providentially one Day whilst she was there, that Mrs. *Belmour*, a Lady of very great Fortune, and extreme Benevolence of Temper, coming to make a Visit to the Lady of the House, who was her Relation, cast her Eyes on *Pamela*, and being informed of her Father's Worth and Misfortunes promised she would take her off of the poor Man's Hands and provide for her, if the pretty Lass was contented to go with her. *Pamela*, young as she was, had Sense enough to know what an Ease this would be to her Parents, and what an Advantage it might be to herself, so when the Lady asked her what she thought of it, reply'd, That it was her Duty to obey her Parents, and if they were willing, for her own Part, she should be very proud to wait upon so good a Lady. Well then, said the Lady, I will talk to them about it.

Mrs. *Belmour* being a Woman of one of the greatest Estates in that County, and what was of more Concern to Mr. *Andrews* and his Wife, of the best Character for her religious and moral Virtues, it may be easily supposed, that the good old Couple had no Objections to make to this Proposal, but, on the contrary, were transported with the mention of it. They return'd Thanks to God, and to the Lady for the Kindness she was pleased to shew them.

Mrs. *Belmour* being to return home the next Day, desired Mrs. *Andrews* to let her Daughter be ready, and she should go in the Chariot with her. It took up no great Time to fit out a Girl of her Condition, with no Cloaths but those on her Back, and a little clean Linnen; but the most precious Things she had to carry with her, besides the Blessing of God and her own natural Endowments, were the Prayers and Advice of her Parents. Their Instructions were but short, consisting only of these three Articles, To be dutiful to her Lady; To be inoffensive in her Behaviour,

viour to all others ; and, above all, To remember her Creator in the Days of her Youth.

The next Morning Goodman *Andrews* and his Wife waited upon Mrs. *Belmour*, in a very respectful Manner, to wish her a good Journey, and deliver their Child safe into her Hands, who receiv'd her with such Kindness and Civility as very much alleviated the Affliction she would otherwise have been under at parting with her tender Parents.

During the Journey, which was near thirty Miles, Mrs. *Belmour* living quite on the other Side the County, she asked *Pamela* several Questions relating to the Manner in which she used to spend her Time at home, and what Sort of Employment she should like best when she came to her House, with others of the same kind, to all which the Girl answered with so much Wit, and, at the same Time, with so much Innocence, that she every Minute gained more and more upon the Affections of the good Lady who had undertaken the Charge of her.

When they came to the Inn where they were to dine, and the Dinner was served up, Mrs. *Belmour* bade *Pamela* sit down by her at Table ; but *Pamela* humbly intreated that she might have Leave to wait upon her ; No, my Dear, said she, I never have any Women Servants wait at my Table, but as we are abroad together, you shall sit with me at Table, altho' you are not to expect that when we come home, but you will eat with my Woman, my House-keeper, and those who will make much of you. *Pamela* said, she knew very well, that every one, the lowest in her Family must be much superior to her, and hoped, as she should always be mindful of her Duty to her Ladyship, she should also do nothing to deserve the Ill-will of any about her. I don't think, my pretty Lass, answered Mrs. *Belmour*, that thou wilt, and I will take Care that no-body shall use you amiss, if they had any such Inclination ; but I hope my Family is too well regulated for any one in it to shew any Rudeness or Ill-nature to so much Good-Humour

and Innocence. Mrs. *Belmour*'s kind Expressions, and the Awe she was under in the Presence of so fine a Lady, and three or four Servants, who waited at Table, put *Pamela*, who had not been used to any Thing of that Sort, into so much Confusion that she knew not how to eat a Bit hardly, which Mrs. *Belmour* taking Notice of, suffer'd but one of the Men to continue in the Room, sending away especially two Servants out of Livery, who, in *Pamela*'s Eyes, were as fine as Lords; and then said all she could to encourage her. This was the first Instance *Pamela* ever had of the Embarrassment and Inconveniences attending State and Grandeur, and a more homely Fare would have been much more agreeable to her in her Father's Cottage, than all the Dainties provided for her Lady's Dinner; Dainties as *Pamela* thought them, tho' it was but a very ordinary Dinner for Mrs. *Belmour* of four or five little Things that were easy to be got at a common Inn. Still *Pamela* eating but very little, the good Lady express'd some Concern, for fear she was not well, or was disorder'd by travelling, but *Pamela* assuring her to the contrary, Well then, said she, we must now think of pursuing our Journey, and I hope you will find a better Stomach to your Supper.

Mrs. *Belmour* being come to her own House, her Son and Daughter coming with much Respect and Tendernefs to welcome her home, could not but be a little surpriz'd at the Sight of *Pamela*, and young Mr. *Belmour* desired to know of his Mother, which of the Tenant's Daughters that pretty innocent looking Girl was, that she had brought home with her. I will tell you who she is, my dear Child, said she, when we come into the Parlour, but in the mean time, said she, speaking to one of the Footmen, send *Jervis* to me that she may get the little Creature something to refresh her, for she hath eat nothing upon the Road. Mrs. *Jervis* coming immediately to attend her Lady; Here *Jervis*, said she, I deliver this Child into your Care, make much of her, and find

find something to divert and refresh her, for she has eat nothing all Day, and I'm afraid is fatigued with her Journey.

There is so often Occasion to mention Mrs. *Jervis* in this History, that we shall not give any particular Character of her in this Place; let it suffice at present to say, that she was a good Woman whom her Lady much confided in, and who obey'd these, her first Orders concerning *Pamela*, in so obliging a Manner, that the poor Girl was made perfectly easy and satisfy'd with her Condition, notwithstanding she was in a strange Place, the very first Night. Altho' Mrs. *Jervis* was such an one as would have been looked upon as a fine Lady in their Village, yet *Pamela* knowing she was but a Servant, was not under that great Restraint before her as before Mrs. *Belmour*, and therefore, in a short Time, gave herself the Liberty of prattling as she used to do, and that was with so much harmless Pleasantry, that Mrs. *Jervis* and the rest of the Servants were mightily pleased with her, as she was with them, and every Thing else she met with there, and especially when she heard the Conversation related that had passed between her Lady and her Son and Daughter, concerning her, from a Servant who waited at Table, which was much to this Purpose:

“ My dear Children, said she, being very shortly
“ to lose you both, you, Sir, speaking to her Son,
“ upon your Travels, and your Sister, my other
“ Comfort, being likewise to forsake me, to live, I
“ hope, in a happier State with the young Noble-
“ man, who is in a short Time to be her Husband,
“ who, I am sure, has Sense and Honour enough,
“ besides his high Rank and great Affluence of For-
“ tune, to make her pass her Days in a Manner
“ much more suitable to her Birth and Education
“ than she can expect only in the Conversation of a
“ tender and affectionate Parent, I have taken this
“ innocent Child, who is the Daughter of very ho-
“ nest

“ next but very poor People, with a Design to train
 “ her up in such a Way, as may make her Company
 “ a little Amusement to me in the Absence of your-
 “ selves, who have been always so near and so dear
 “ to me, hoping that I may do no unacceptable
 “ Service to my Creator in forming the Mind and
 “ cultivating the Manners of a distressed Infant, who
 “ may thereby be rescued from the Snares that are
 “ too often laid for Virtue and Innocence in such *low*
 “ *Life*, as she would, otherwise, be exposed to.

Mr. *Belmour* and his Sister could not but highly ap-
 plaud this Proof, as they did of all others, which
 their good Mother daily gave of her great Charity
 and Benevolence of Temper. They did not pretend
 to advise or direct her, who on all Occasions knew
 how to do what was right and proper; but said, they
 must needs have an Affection for the pretty Girl, who
 they found was in a manner to be their Representa-
 tive in their Absence.

When Supper was over *Pamela* was conducted to
 her Bed, where, like *Nell* in the Play, she dream'd
 she was in Paradise, and thought the Sheets were
 Sarfenet when compar'd to the coarse Cloth of her Mo-
 ther's spinning at home: However, she forgot not her
 Father's last Instructions to her, to remember her
 Creator, but as soon as she was out of Bed in the
 Morning, fell on her Knees to return God Thanks
 for his Goodness to her, in inclining this good Lady's
 Heart to take such Compassion on her, and to beg
 for his divine Grace and Favour to guide her in the
 Ways she was to walk.

Pamela had no sooner made the Morning Sacrifice
 of her Prayers, not forgetting therein her Father,
 Mother, and good Lady, and put on her Cloaths,
 which was quickly done, for she was entirely unac-
 quainted with the Labours of the Toilet, but Mrs.
Belmour sent for her to come into her Chamber, and
 there, with much Affability, enquired after her Health
 and how she had rested. After which, taking a de-
 cent

cent Silk Gown which had been one of the young Lady her Daughter's, she bade her Woman try if that would fit her, and if it did, to put it on after Breakfast, and dress her as she had order'd, against Prayer Time. Upon which, *Pamela* making a low Courtesy, retired with Mrs. *Thompson*, Mrs. *Belmour's* Woman, and went with her into the House-keeper's Room to Breakfast, where Mrs. *Thompson*, desiring to try the Gown upon *Pamela*, both she and Mrs. *Jervis* happening to commend the Pattern of the Silk, it gave an early Occasion for the poor Girl to feel the Effects of Envy and Ill-nature in some of the Family, Mrs. *Rebecca*, Miss *Belmour's* Maid, being by, said, with a great deal of Malice in her Countenance, that she thought it was a hideous Thing, and the Girl would look frightfully in it; besides, it was a fine Thing truly, to give away her Lady's Cloaths to Strangers, she thought Mrs. *Belmour* had known herself better; was it thus honest and faithful Servants were to be rewarded! Mrs. *Thompson* and Mrs. *Jervis* both said what they could to make her easy: Come, Mrs. *Rebecca*, said Mrs. *Jervis*, this is but a Trifle, not worth your Notice, considering what an Abundance of Cloaths you will have shortly, even more than you can tell what to do with, upon your Lady's Marriage. Not tell what to do with! yes, yes, I could have told what to have done with that Gown; I have a Sister of my own, whom I think it would better have become than such an awkward little Puss as this.

Upon hearing this last Expression *Pamela* could not forbear bursting into Tears. Poor Child! said Mrs. *Jervis*, you have scared her out of her Wits; I protest Mrs. *Rebecca*, I could not have imagined you had so much Ill-nature: What has the Child done to affront you, that you should use her with such Ill-Manners? Ill-Manners, forsooth, reply'd the Chamber-Maid, there's much Occasion to stand upon Ceremony truly with such a Wench. Mrs. *Beck*, said Mrs. *Jervis*, you are shortly to leave our House, and I am very desirous that we may part civilly, other-
wife

wife I should more warmly resent this Behaviour ; to talk thus in my Parlour is treating me more freely than I think you ought to do ; but that I can forgive with greater Ease than your speaking so slightly of my good Lady, and so rudely to this pretty Child, whom my Lady has order'd us to be very tender of. Then, said Mrs. *Rebecca*, you had best go and tell Mrs. *Belmour* how I have behaved ; it's a fine Time indeed when Servants can't stand by one another. Yes, Mrs. *Becky*, answer'd the House-keeper, I shall be always ready to stand by any of the Servants to see that they are not abused or oppressed by others, or by endeavouring to set any Thing in a clear Light that may have been misrepresented to my Lady in Prejudice of any of them, but I hope, I have more Honour and Gratitude than to join with any in opposing my Lady's just Commands ; nor, on the other hand, would I create any Uneasinesses in the Family by making a Report of every little Indiscretion that does not affect my Lady's Honour or Interest. Mrs. *Rebecca* had not a Word more to say, but sat in a very sullen Way, when one of the Footmen brought in the Things for Breakfast. Lord, Madam, said he, how out of Humour Mrs. *Rebecca* looks, I believe I know the Reason of it : But what will you give me Mrs. *Becky*, continued he, and I'll tell you a Piece of News shall bring you out of the Dumps. Mrs. *Rebecca* pretending not to mind him, what is it *Harry*, said Mrs. *Thompson*, methinks I would give something myself to have Mrs. *Becky* look a little pleasantly upon us. Why don't you know, Mrs. *Thompson*, said *Harry*, that Mr. *Worden*, my Lord *Davers's* Gentleman did not come Yesterday, as was expected, but Word is just now brought that my Lord will certainly be here To-morrow. Upon hearing this, Mrs. *Rebecca* did all she could to conceal her Joy, but some Emanations of it immediately darted from her Eyes, and she began to handle the Tea Things with great Alacrity, nay, very civilly asked Mrs. *Fervis*, if she should butter one of the hot Muffins for her ; then turning

turning to *Pamela*, my Dear, said she, pray forgive me, I am a little hasty sometimes but it's soon over. Well, said Mrs. *Jervis*, this is as it should be, Mrs. *Beck*, and I dare say my little Damsel here will forgive your dealing so roughly with her, since you are come to yourself enough to desire it, and were before out of Humour at something else. Indeed, said *Pamela*, I am very much ashamed, that such a Gentlewoman should ask my Pardon, but if I have unknowingly done any Thing to give Offence I am very ready to ask her's. Well then, said Mrs. *Rebecca*, let us kiss and be Friends, taking *Pamela* by the Hand and kissing her. Ay, ay, cry'd *Harry*, who was not yet gone out of the Room, I thought I should put her in Mind of Kissing: You're a comical Fellow, *Harry*, said she, and make the oddest Construction of Things: What can a Body never speak civilly to a Man but he must presently be one's Sweetheart. Nay, nay, Mrs. *Beckey*, said Mrs. *Thompson*, don't go about to deny the Matter, you have no Reason to be ashamed of your Choice, for really Mr. *Worden* is a very pretty Fellow. Do but see how she blushes, Mrs. *Jervis*. Well, said Mrs. *Jervis*, don't let us put her out of Countenance, if it is likely to be a Match between them, Marriage is no jesting Matter; but I hope Mr. *Worden* is a good and an honest Man, as well as a pretty Fellow, as you are pleased to call him. Nay, says Mrs. *Thompson*, now we grow serious, and the Guts of the Tea are quite wash'd out, let us e'en go about our Business, and in the first Place, my Dear, said she to *Pamela*, let me put on your Gown, which fits you to a Hair, and dress you as my Lady directed, for I believe it is almost Eleven of the Clock, and the Bell, if we don't make haste, will ring for Prayers before we are ready.

Accordingly she took *Pamela* into her Room and dressed her. It is hardly to be imagined what an Alteration another Gown, tho' no very fine one, with another Cap, and a Top-knot, made in the pretty Coun-

Country Girl; even Mrs. *Rebecca*, who was a Creature of too gross a Taste to judge of any Thing but by outward Appearances, was ready to make her a Courtesy when she met her; for, as Mrs. *Thompson* had said, by that Time *Pamela* was accoutred the Bell rang to Prayers, and the whole Family assembled in the Saloon; where, the Chapel being too cold for the Ladies, at that Time of the Year, it being in the Month of *January*, Prayers were read twice every Day, by the Reverend Mr. *Fletcher*, Curate of the Parish, Mrs. *Belmour* keeping no Chaplain in her House. The Eyes of the whole Congregation were drawn upon the pretty Stranger, and every Body took Notice how reverently the little Creature behaved, and how readily she made the Responses.

Mr. *Fletcher* was a very devout Man, for whom all the Family had a great Respect, and Mrs. *Belmour* allowed him an annual Stipend for performing this daily Service. As soon as Prayers were over, Mrs. *Belmour* called *Pamela* to her, and then speaking to Mr. *Fletcher*, Sir, said she, this innocent little Girl I have taken under my Care and Protection, and I shall look upon it as a Favour if you will now and then, give her some of your pious Instructions, and inform her in those Points of Religion which it is the Duty of every Christian to practice; I desire you will sometimes hear her read, and examine how far she understands what she reads about, and if to this you will add some Directions as to the Choice of what Books are proper for her, it will be a Service that will be very acceptable to me, and I shall think myself much oblig'd to you. The worthy Man assured her, that he would let no convenient Opportunity slip of doing what she desired, and would endeavour to do it in such a Manner as might not seem burthensome to so young a Mind.

The Manner, Sir, said she, I leave entirely to you, for I am sure you are better able to judge what is proper in that kind than I am to direct you. And are you, my Dear, said she to *Pamela*, willing that
this

this good Gentleman should sometimes here you read your Book. There is nothing, Madam, answered *Pamela*, that I love more than reading, and my poor Father, when he was at Leisure from his Work, delighted much in hearing me read to him, and so did my Mother. I believe, said Mr. *Fletcher*, the Parents of this Child, whoever they are, have not been unmindful of their Duty to her in that Respect, by the Behaviour I observed in her during the Time of my performing the Morning Service, and I assure your Ladyship I shall take great Pleasure in doing what you require, not only as it is your Command, but as I persuade myself the Seeds of Religion and Morality will not here be scattered on an ungrateful Soil. As there is no Torment greater than the Labour of endeavouring to instruct the Dull and Inert, so there is as much Pleasure in seeing the End we propose to ourselves answered by the Progress which is made by Persons of a ready Apprehension and ingenuous Mind.

This honest Gentleman taking his Leave of Mrs. *Belmour* for the present, now *Pamela*, said she, I would have you go to *Jervis*, and she has provided a Sampler for you, by which you will learn to make Letters with your Needle, so that in Time you may be able to mark my Linnen and your own; but if you have a Mind to divert yourself a little first, you may take one of the Maids with you, and walk about the Gardens, as it is a fine Sun-shiny Day, but have a Care, my Dear, that you do not go too near to the Basin, or the Fish-Ponds, for they have broke the Ice about the Edges to give Air to the Fish, so that if you should venture too near you may slip in before you are aware: And pray desire *Thompson* to put you on a Hood and a Handkerchief about your Neck. *Pamela* humbly thank'd her Ladyship, but said, she was afraid that it would be troublesome to ask such a Favour of any of the Maids, and they would be too busy to attend her. I see, said her Lady, you are too modest to ask it, and there-

therefore I will send one with you. Whereupon ringing her Bell, she bade a Footman send *Hannah* along with *Pamela* to shew her the Gardens.

This was not a Season of the Year to shew the Perfections of those fine Gardens, but even then there were such Beauties in them as were vastly surprizing to *Pamela*, who had never seen any Thing of that Kind; but young as she was, she was too discreet to betray much of her Ignorance to the Maid, by asking too many Questions, tho' she was wholly at a Loss to know which of those Beauties were owing to Art, and which to Nature. But still more and more admiring what she saw, she often, within herself, gave Thanks to God for the Happiness he had brought her to. But nothing was more astonishing to her than to see so many Leaves upon the Trees at that Time of the Year, there being Abundance of Ever-Greens in the Garden, sure, said she, the Spring is much forwarder here than on our Side the Country; Why do you think so, said *Hannah* the Maid; Because there are so many Leaves already, answer'd she, on the Trees. If that makes the Spring, reply'd the other, then it is Spring all the Year round here, for there are never less Leaves than at present. O! cry'd *Pamela*, what a fine Country is this! And pray, said she, coming to the Side of the great Canal, is this River a Part of the * *Ouse*? No, my Dear, said the Maid, this is no River, but Water brought hither from two or three Springs by Pipes under Ground. *Pamela* had no Idea of this; however she said no more; but soon after returned to the House with the Maid, where she was kindly receiv'd by Mrs. *Jervis*, and seated in her Room to work on the Pattern she had got for her, while she herself was employ'd about several Things for the Entertainment, that was to be the next Day, when my Lord *Davers* was expected to Dinner.

Here

* *A River in Bedfordshire.*

Here in setting out the Desert, another new Creation seemed to arise in the Eyes of *Pamela* in glittering Pyramids, adorned with such Fruits as she had never seen, some of them shining thro' Rocks of candy'd Sugar, and some in fine cut Glasses, all placed in coloured China of the richest Sort.

The Entertainment the next Day was very splendid, and in all Things suitable to the Magnificence of the Family that made it, and the noble Guest it was prepared for. About two of the Clock, my Lord *Davers* arrived in his Chariot and Six, with ten Servants on Horseback, besides his Running Footman, who came some Time before to give Notice of his coming. Miss *Belmour*, who was a beautiful young Lady, was dressed to receive her Lover, in an exceeding rich gold Stuff, with a great Quantity of Diamonds in her Hair, and on her Stomacher and Robings. My Lord himself had on a crimson Velvet Suit almost cover'd with a gold *Point d'Espagne*. It was impossible for any young Couple to appear with more Lustre, or be more agreeably match'd. Mrs. *Belmour* herself had a deep blue Velvet with several Jewels about her; and young Mr. *Belmour* was in a light Grey laced with Silver, and Salmon colour'd Waistcoat with the same Lace as his Coat. Several of the Gentry of the Neighbourhood were invited to Dinner, and when that was over, the Company went to Cards; and at Night there was a Ball, opened by my Lord *Davers* and Miss *Belmour*. Mr. *Belmour* afterwards danc'd a *Minuet* and *Lowre* in a very graceful Manner with Miss *Harris* a young Lady, who had been invited thither on the Occasion, and then the Company fell to Country Dancing. During all which Time *Pamela*, with some of the upper Servants, had the Liberty of viewing this gay Scene at a Distance.

It was on the very Instant of Mr. *Belmour's* beginning the Dance, that that Impression was at first made on *Pamela's* Heart, to which, as yet, no Name could be given; she was too young to have any Notion of Love, but could not forbear expressing her

Liking

Liking when Mrs. *Jervis*, after they were retired, asked her what she thought of the Company she had seen? *Pamela* said, they made a most dazzling Appearance; but tho' my Lord *Davers* was so fine, yet sure no Body was so handsome as their young Master. I think not, said Mrs. *Jervis*, God bleis him, he is a sweet young Gentleman, and I dare say will be an Honour to the worthy Family he is descended from.

Notwithstanding all the Hurry and Bustle occasioned by so much Company, and so large a Retinue as my Lord *Davers*'s, and the Servants of the other Gentlemen and Ladies who came to visit here at this Time, there appeared not the least Confusion in the well-ordered Family of Mrs. *Belmour*, nor did it make her forget what, above all other Things, she thought her greatest Concern, I mean her Devotion to God; she every Day spent some Hours in her Closet, after which, she always appear'd with that Chearfulness which constantly waits on true Piety, which is very far from souring the Temper, or shewing itself in gloomy and dejected Looks; but the Self-Satisfaction of having done what is our Duty, at all Times diffuses such an Air of pleasing Content thro' all our Looks and Behaviour as no other Sort of Pleasure can give us.

The Writings and Marriage-Settlement being not yet completed, it was at least a Fortnight before the Ceremony of my Lord *Davers* and Miss *Belmour*'s Nuptials were performed, during which Time the same Feasting and Diversions continued as on the first Day; but we are not to suppose that the good Lady suffered *Pamela* to be all this Time neglected; no, Mr. *Fletcher* almost every Day talk'd with her, and sometimes heard her read in the *Bible*, and a *Whole Duty of Man* which he had given her for that Purpose. He advised her not to let the Gayeties which she now beheld every Day, take too much Possession of her Heart, for those were Things that Persons of her Rank could have no Share in, nor were they customary in such great Families as that were she now

was,

was, but on such extraordinary Occasions as the present. He said, she might allow herself to look at the Company sometimes, or take any other innocent Diversion, provided she was not too fond of them, nor let them make her neglect any Part of her Duty.

Mrs. *Jervis* likewise, when she could spare the least Time from the more than ordinary Business which she had at present, gave a Part of it to *Pamela*, in looking after her Needle-Work, and instructing her what was next to be done. And both she and Mr. *Fletcher* took great Delight in teaching her any Thing, because she shew'd such an extraordinary Capacity to learn. Her Lady was much pleas'd with the Account they gave of her, and said, Since she read so prettily, and handled her Needle so well, she would have her learn to Write, and that tho' the Writing-Master, who used to come over to Miss *Belmour* was paid off, he should come again to *Pamela*: Which was taken Care of accordingly. And when the Wedding was over Mrs. *Belmour* going with the Bride, her Daughter, to my Lord *Davers's* House for some Time, *Pamela* was left to the Tuition of these three, Mr. *Fletcher*, Mrs. *Jervis*, and the Writing-Master.

The Scene was now greatly chang'd at home, upon the Departure of Lord *Davers* and his Lady, Mrs. *Belmour* and her Son; with that vast Crowd of Servants that attended them, from abundance of Noise and Bustle, *Pamela* was now, as it were, in a perfect Retirement: All the Diversions and Revelling she had seen had no ill Effect upon her Mind, she look'd upon them only as proper for Persons in a Sphere much above her's, and that too, as the worthy Clergyman had observ'd to her, only on proper Occasions, so that she no way lamented the Loss of them, but apply'd herself to learn those Things that were suitable to her own Condition. She made a surprizing Progress both with her Pen and her Needle, before Mrs. *Belmour's* Return to her own House, which was, at least, four Months after her Daughter's Marriage, for from Lord *Davers's* Seat in the Country they went all together

to his Lordship's House in Town, from whence, in the Spring, about the latter End of *April*, Mr. *Belmour* set out on his Travels, to make the grand Tour of *France* and *Italy*, which he did not, like some *Petite-Maitres*, before he had a thorough Knowledge of his own Country, and therefore was not like to return, as they do, with a sovereign Contempt for every Virtue at Home, and a passionate Fondness for every Folly and Vice that is to be met with Abroad.

He had passed from the first Class in *Eaton-School* to the University of *Oxford*, where he continued three Years, under a most excellent Tutor; he performed his Exercises with great Applause, and was looked upon as a young Gentleman of much Learning and a great Capacity. When he quitted the University, he took a Progress through every County in *England*, with his Governor, who was likewise now to go with him Abroad. This Gentleman was not only well acquainted with foreign Courts, but was a perfect Master of the History and Constitution of *Great-Britain*, and was excellently skill'd in every Branch of polite Literature; for which Reason Mr. *Belmour's* Guardians had procured him to travel with their Ward, allowing him a Gratuity almost double to what is given upon such Occasions; but his large Estate could very well bear it, and they thought no Money could be so well lay'd out as on that which any way tended to the Improvement of his Mind: Not that his personal Accomplishments were neglected, he had rode the great Horse at *Foubert's*, and was attended by the most celebrated Dancing Master in *London*, and performed either the Exercise of Riding or Dancing in the most graceful Manner.

After Mrs. *Belmour* had taken Leave of her Son at *Gravesend*, whither she accompany'd him, with Lord and Lady *Davers*, and some other of their near Relations, she returned to her House in *Bedfordshire*; where one of the first Things she enquired after, was, what Care had been taken of *Pamela*, and was mightily pleased to find what an Improvement she had made,
and

and how prettily, as by every ones Account of her, she had behaved.

This good Lady had much Satisfaction in the Ingenuity and winning Carriage of her new Charge, and would make her sit to work very often with her in her own Chamber. *Pamela*, by her Lady's great Kindness and affable Behaviour to her, was come off by Degrees from being under so much Awe as at first in her Presence, but at all Times had Sense enough to shew that Respect that was due to her.

As *Pamela* now began to write a very pretty Hand, she employed some of her leisure Hours in writing to her dear Father and Mother; and her Lady surprizing her one Day when she was folding up her Letter, desired to see it, which, *Pamela* with much Confusion, and after making many Excuses, delivered into her Hands: The good Lady was very much pleased at her Expressions of filial Duty, and at some pretty Turns of Thought wherein she expressed the grateful Sense she had of her Lady's Goodness and Generosity to her. Well, *Pamela*, said Mrs. *Belmour*, since you make so good Use of what you learn, and are so grateful for my Favours, I will not stop here, you shall next learn to Dance, that is, long enough to give you an easy Motion in your Carriage, and if I find you have a good Ear, there's my Daughter's Spinnet in the next Room, I will have you taught to play upon that. Poor Child! thou canst expect no Fortune, but a good Education will do you no Hurt, provided you do not let your personal Accomplishments make you vain, and forget those Things which are to be remember'd before all others. I hope, *Pamela*, continued she, that you have such a Sense of your Duty to God, that you will not let that give Way to any other Consideration whatsoever; for all Things in this World are but Trifles, when set in Competition with his Favour; and as a pious * Author says, " If

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* Bona, in his Guide to Eternity.

“ the smallest Particle of Eternal Bliss, and the whole
 “ Sum of what appears to be desireable in this World
 “ were to be laid in the Scales one against the other,
 “ the Earth with all the Poms and Pleasures of it,
 “ are not so much as a Leaf or a Feather in the Ba-
 “ lance.” Not but that we may innocently and mo-
 derately enjoy the good Things of this World, for
 they are his Gifts.

Pamela, who was now (in the Year 1721) entered
 into the thirteenth Year of her Age; and having been
 under the Tuition of so sensible a Man as Mr.
Fletcher for above four Months, was not at all at a
 Loss to comprehend these Things, but, answered her
 Lady, that if she should forget her Duty, she should
 certainly be more inexcusable than any other, as
 she had first had the Instructions and Example of so
 pious People as her own Father and Mother; and
 had now the Happiness, for which she could never
 be thankful enough, of so great and good Examples
 as those of her Ladyship, and the worthy Persons
 whom she had been pleased to entrust her to the Care
 of.

This young Creature grew every Day more amia-
 ble in her Person, and more improved in her Under-
 standing, without having any Conceitedness of either;
 her Mind was seasoned with such Lessons of Humility,
 and a right Sense of herself, that it was not likely to
 be tainted with that Vanity to which most young Peo-
 ple are too liable, which made Mrs. *Belmour*, who
 was a Woman of great Discernment, indulge her
 Inclination the more in letting her learn every Thing
 that might be thought an Accomplishment to a Per-
 son of the first Rank. So that before she was four-
 teen Years of Age, she read to the greatest Perfection,
 wrote incomparably, danced finely, and, having a
 sweet Voice, sung most delightfully, and was able to
 accompany her Voice, with a Thorow-Bass on the
 Harpsicord at Sight; yet were all these fine Qualifica-
 tions likely to have been of little Use to her, for
 riding out one Day, in the Month of June, 1723,
 being

being then a little turned of fourteen Years of Age, her Horse, tho' she rode very well, threw her in a stony Road, by which Means, one of her Arms was dislocated. Immediate Help was got, and the Bone well set again by an able Surgeon, who lived in the Neighbourhood: But the Fright she was in, and the Pain she underwent in the Operation, threw her into a Fever, which increased every Day with such Violence that her Life was despaired of.

The Grief of Mrs. *Belmour* could hardly have been greater for so desperate an Illness in one of her own Children, and it is almost impossible to imagine how much Concern went thro' the whole Family, so much was she beloved by every one in it. Mr. *Longman*, the Steward, who was with her when she fell from her Horse, came home like one distracted; and Mrs. *Jervis* would scarce leave her Night or Day; her Lady dispensing with several of the Duties of her Office, that she might have the more Time to attend her; and when Mrs. *Jervis* was quite wearied out for Want of Rest, Mrs. *Thompson* was very ready to take her Post, thinking she could never do too much to preserve a Life that was so dear to them all. Mr. *Fletcher* frequently visited and pray'd by her, with much Fervency, and with much Sorrow in his Countenance; *Pamela* herself was the only one who seem'd unconcerned at the great Danger her Life was threatened with, but with a truly Christian Resignation seem'd to look Death chearfully in the Face. Who would not wish to be in the present Circumstances of this innocent young Woman, having the Love and Pity of every one who knew her, and at the same Time going, as she thought, to leave this World before she had done aught to make her apprehensive of any Thing but eternal Happiness in the next! When all the Family were in Tears expecting every Minute she would have given up the Ghost, the Physician assured Mrs. *Belmour*, that the Distemper was now come to a Crisis, and there would be an Alteration before Morning, and he hoped for the better;

ter; which was as he expected, so that the next Afternoon he pronounced her out of all Danger.

This News relieved the whole Family from the Anxiety they were under, and *Pamela* mending every Day, in about ten Days Time, had recovered every Thing but her blooming Complexion, but a certain Wanness continued in that for at least a Month after: Mrs. *Belmour* had been fearful of alarming Good-man *Andrews* and his Wife with their Daughter's Illness, but now, that the Danger was passed, she sent a Man and Horse over on Purpose to acquaint them with it. The good old Couple knew not how to express the Joy they conceived at the Account of their Daughter's Recovery from so dangerous an Illness, any more than the deep Sense they had of the good Lady's Tenderness for her: But how were they transported when they heard of the great Concern that all the Family shew'd for the Danger she was in. Good God, cry'd they, is it possible that the Child of such poor People as we can merit the Esteem of Persons so much above her! It is the Lord's Doings, blessed be the Name of the Lord. *Pamela* had wrote a Letter, which she sent by the Servant, who went to her Father and Mother, wherein she related all she had gone through, as well as the great Kindness that had been shewn her by all the Family, which it may well be supposed gave much Satisfaction to her Parents; they again returned Thanks to God for all his Mercies to them, and after desiring the Servant, to bear their most humble Respects and Duty to his good Lady, they dismissed him with their Blessing to their Child.

Pamela was much rejoiced at hearing of her Parents Welfare, and daily gathering fresh Strength, by the great Care that was taken of her, Mrs. *Belmour* carrying her out every Day to take the Air in the Coach with her, was, in a short Time, entirely re-established in her Health. Mrs. *Belmour*, one Day when they were abroad together, to divert her, read a Letter to her from her Son, giving an Account of many Curio-
sities

Curiosities he had seen at *Paris, Rome, Venice, Naples, and Florence*, written with a great deal of Wit, and giving a most lively Representation of the Places and Things he had seen; but one Part of the Letter seemed more pleasing to *Pamela*, she knew not why, than any of the rest, and that was the Assurance he gave his Mother, of his being at the *Hague* in about two Months, and that then it would be but a very little Time, before he should pay his Duty to her in *Bedfordshire*.

Pamela's fine Complexion returning and her Eyes being more sparkling than ever, and being just arrived at the Age of creating amorous Desires in the other Sex, it is not to be thought that so many Charms could pass unregarded by the Men; so that notwithstanding her great Modesty and Reservedness, yet these powerful Charms were shortly the Occasion of some Disturbance and Uneasinesses in that Family, where, according to her Father's first Instructions, she had endeavoured to carry herself inoffensively to all. One of the Upper Servants, a finical Fellow, who was Groom of the Chambers, and who fancied himself so fine a Gentleman that no Woman could resist him, took it in his Head to make his Addresses to *Pamela*, who did all that a virtuous and modest young Woman could, with Decency, to discourage him. This same Man had before paid his Devoirs to Mrs. *Belmour's* Woman, Mrs. *Thompson*, and she not receiving them with that Indifference that *Pamela* had done, and observing what now passed, could not help shewing some Marks of her Jealousy, a Passion which is oftentimes outrageous in the Breast of a Female. All her Kindness for *Pamela* was now at an End. She view'd her with the Eyes of an incensed Rival, and took every Occasion of speaking slighting, and sometimes shocking Things to her. The Raillery of this fine Gentleman, as he thought himself, upon Mrs. *Thompson*, and his complaisant and assiduous Behaviour towards *Pamela*, put my Lady's Woman beyond the Bounds of all Patience, she toss'd and flung about, her

her Lover was a Villain, and poor *Pamela* could say or do nothing but what was disagreeable to her. *Pamela* was sadly embarrassed to know how to behave so as to avoid the Love of one and the Anger of the other. In this Distress she made a Confident of the good Mrs. *Jervis*, who took an Opportunity of talking to Mrs. *Thompson*, and telling her how unreasonable and unjust she thought her Resentment was against *Pamela*, who, she said, she was sure, would give her no Occasion for it. When once this Passion has taken Possession of a Woman, she does not easily get rid of it, and tho' Mrs. *Thompson* could not discover that *Pamela* was the least pleased with, or gave any Manner of Countenance to the Addresses of Mr. *Grey*, for that was the Name of the Groom of the Chambers, she could not but still behold her with a malignant Eye, for if she did not love the Man, yet she was the Object of his Love, and withdrew his Affections from her.

The Gallant, faithless to his Vows, and little regarding the Rage and Fury of his *quondam* Mistress, Mrs. *Thompson*, continued every Day to say the most obliging Things to *Pamela*, which the more coolly they were received, the more enflamed was her Admirer. Mrs. *Jervis* having said whatever she could to assuage the Choler of Mrs. *Thompson*, now took an Occasion to talk with Mr. *Grey*, she reproached him with his Infidelity to the first Object of his Vows, and at the same Time assur'd him, that his Addresses were no way agreeable to *Pamela*, and that, tho' she was very cautious of giving any Offence herself, yet she had order'd her to tell him so, and therefore entreated him to give over the Pursuit of an Affair that would never be of any Advantage to him, before it came to the Ears of their Lady, who, she said, she was well assured, would not be pleased at all with it, she desired he would not take it amiss that she should offer him her Advice, but she looked upon it, not only as of Service to himself, but that, if he would follow it, it might prevent much Uneasiness in the Family.

Every

Every one who knows the Nature of Love, knows that all Opposition does but make it the more impetuous. O! then Mrs. *Fervis*, cry'd he, are you my Foe? Knowing the Goodness of your Temper, I had Thoughts of throwing myself at your Feet to have prevail'd upon you to have become my Advocate. What Difficulties have I to encounter with! the Coolness and Insensibility of the dear Charmer of my Soul; the Rage and Malice of a Woman, who imagines she has an unquestionable Claim upon my Heart, for my having dropp'd a few slight Expressions of Gallantry to her; and now to crown all, where I was in hopes of finding a Friend to meet an Opponent! but Love, all-powerful Love! shall surmount them all. In short, this Coxcomb grew not only troublesome to *Pamela*, but to all the House, the impertinent Freedoms he took with her, and his frequent Skirmishes with Mrs. *Thompson*, nay, his falling out with himself, for twice or thrice, when he thought *Pamela* look'd upon him with more Disdain than usual, he talk'd of nothing but hanging or drowning himself, and once did attempt the first, whether in good earnest or no, I shall not pretend to determine, some thinking he had not gone so far as he did, but that he saw one of the Men coming at a Distance, who he was sure would cut him down; all these Things, I say, created such Disturbances, that they could not be kept from Mrs. *Belmour*'s Ear, who thereupon ordered him forthwith to be discharged from her Service.

Now was the Time, if ever, for putting his Self-murdering Project in Execution, having lost both his Mistress and his Place together; but the Fear of starving mightily abated the Fervor of his Blood, and strangely humbled him in his Manners; for this very pert Gentleman, not long since, as saucy as a *French* Marquee, now condescended to implore his Lady's Pardon in the most servile Manner, for every Offence he had committed, but to no Purpose, Mrs. *Belmour* never taking a Resolution to change her Servants with-

out a good Reason for it, and then nothing could make her alter it.

Pamela could not be displeased at being freed from the impertinent Addressee of the Groom of the Chambers thus sent packing; and Mrs. *Thompson* thought herself sufficiently revenged on him for his Perfidy. Besides, as she was not form'd of the most unyielding Clay, there were some Hopes of her very soon having a fresh Impression made on her Heart by some of the new Retinue of Mr. *Belmour*, either *British* or Foreign; for News was now brought that he had landed a few Days before at *Margate* in *Kent*; was now in *London*, and intended to wait upon his Mother against his Birth - Day, which was within a Week's Time, in the Month of *December* 1724, when he came of Age, and was to be put in Possession of his large Estate, one of the best of any Commoner's in *England*.

This Time of rejoicing happening about *Christmas*, there was a double Occasion for feasting, so that most extraordinary Preparations were made against the young Gentleman came down, all the Neighbourhood was to be treated, and all the Tenants, who were almost as desirous of seeing their young Landlord safely arrived as his own Mother and all her faithful Servants were. Nothing could be equal to the Transports they all expressed on the Occasion. Notwithstanding which, Mr. *Belmour* continued but three Days in *Bedfordshire*: It was now the Season for Gallantry and publick Diversions in *London*, and this young Gentleman had taken such a different Turn from his former sedate Behaviour, since his having travelled, that even these three Days seem'd very tedious to him. His Mother, tho' she could have wish'd his Stay might have been somewhat longer with her, yet had Wisdom enough to make Allowances for the Impatience of Youth, and their Eagerness in the first Pursuit of Pleasures, but frequently put up her Prayers to the Almighty, that he might never fall into those of a criminal Nature.

When

When a young Heir first launches into the *Grand Monde*, what a Number of Snares are lay'd for his Destruction! How is he beset by Pimps, Bawds, Flatterers, Money-Brokers and Gamesters! From the last, which are the most dangerous of all Miscreants, he was secure, having a perfect Aversion to Gaming, and being never to be drawn in, even whilst he was in *France* where it is so fashionable, and where deep Play is so much countenanced. At Cards sometimes he ventur'd, but that was for the Sake of the Ladies Company, for he was not so safe from their Charms, as his good Understanding made him from all the Baits that were flung out for him by Sharpers. He frequented every publick Assembly in Town, where Persons of his own Rank and Figure where to be found, and in each of them was looked upon as one of the politest Gentlemen there. His Person, his Fortune, his Address could not but raise some Inclinations in the Fair-Sex, the young Ladies every where, desired him for themselves, and the old ones for their Daughters. Of the last Number was Mrs. *Godfrey*, a designing Woman, whose Husband, a Gentleman of the Law, had left her with five Daughters, and but a slender Fortune to provide for them, and support that gay Life she was fond of. Her Daughters were all very pretty, especially the second, *Sally*, and it was upon their Account, that a great deal of the very best Company in Town were continually at her House. There was that engaging Sweetness in the Countenance and Behaviour of this *Sally*, that Mr. *Belmour* was smitten the very first Night he had been introduced there. Being a Man of such Distinction Mrs. *Godfrey* herself and her Daughter *Sally*, engaged him in a Party at *Ombre*: Mr. *Belmour*'s Eyes were all the Time more upon the young Lady than his Cards, and her Charms were much more regarded by him than the Matadores, which made him continually beasted, even with such Hands, as at another Time he would have voled, from which Circumstances Mrs. *Godfrey* drew two very agreeable Advantages, se-

Ven or eight Pieces of his Money, and the pleasing Hope, from what she observed, of managing Matters greatly for the Interest of her Daughter. When the Company broke up, she express'd some Concern for his Loss, and told him, she would give him an Opportunity of taking his Revenge, and desired he would think of it soon. She could not have said any Thing more agreeable to Mr. *Belmour*, who told her she found he was but a Novice at the Game, but that he should be proud to pay at the same Rate every Night for the Knowledge he might gain in it from Ladies who play'd it to such Perfection. Mrs. *Godfrey* would have desir'd no better Sport, if she had not had greater Designs in View; for, to say the Truth, her Equipage was upheld by little else but her Tables for Play. Nor was she over-scrupulous in taking some unwarrantable Liberties, Spadille being oftentimes, if a strict Enquiry had been made, to be found in her Lap. This was beneath Mr. *Belmour*'s Notice, who desired nothing more than to be near his charming *Sally*, who was indeed guilty of none of her Mother's Meannesses, and oftentimes ashamed to see how much she imposed upon him. His Visits were constant, and what he lost was furnishing the Enemy with Arms against himself, for Part of the Money was laid out in little Ornaments, that still made the young Lady's Charms the more irresistible. The experienced Mother, now fancying she had him safe in the Toils, would take several Occasions of leaving them by themselves. Mr. *Belmour* said abundance of tender Things to *Sally*, but, considering whose Daughter she was, found her most surprizingly modest and reserv'd. He could never think of making what are called honourable Advances to her, and to all other he found her deaf and inexorable. Even in her narrow Circumstances, the Offer of a Settlement had no Influence upon her. What was to be done? The Proffer of a Settlement shewed he loved her, and this Discovery made the Mother triumph. A little Time she thought, and giving him a high Idea of her Daughter's

ter's Virtue, would accomplish her utmost Wishes. At length, she one Day took him aside, and told him, that she could not but observe the particular Regard he was pleased to pay to her Daughter, that without doubt the Girl could not but be proud of the Addressee of so fine a Gentleman, as she should of her Daughter's Happiness, if his Intentions were honourable, but as the great Desparity in their Fortunes would not allow her to flatter herself with any Hopes like that, she must beg him to forbear his Visits, for otherwise her Daughter's Honour might be called in Question, which she hoped there was no Power in the World could make her forfeit.

Mr. *Belmour* told her, that he was much concerned to be deprived of the Pleasure he always took in so agreeable Company as her's and her Daughter's, but that he had so great a Respect for her and all her Family, that he would suffer any Uneasiness himself rather than do any Thing that might be the least prejudicial to them. He still thought he had such a Share in *Miss*'s Affections, that she would admit of his Visits privately; Mrs. *Godfrey* believed the same, and winked at it, 'till she had an Opportunity of putting the base Design she was meditating in Execution. The Girl was, as yet, really virtuous, but had constant Interviews with Mr. *Belmour*, with all the Secrecy imaginable, it being, as she thought, what her Mother would be greatly displeas'd at.

Mrs. *Godfrey* had a Nephew, who was a half-pay Officer, with a good deal of the Character of a Bully, this Man, with the Assistance of a scandalous Fellow, who had once been her Footman, it was designed should surprize the young Gentleman in *Miss Sally*'s Bedchamber and endeavour to frighten him into a Marriage. When all Things were prepared for completing this hopeful Project, and a Parson was got ready in the Parlour below Stairs for the Purpose, the two Bravoes, with their drawn Swords, rush'd into the Chamber one Evening soon after Mr. *Belmour*, and swore they would kill him that Instant if he did not

promise to marry the injured young Lady, as they were pleased to call her, on the Spot. The young Gentleman, who did not want Courage, was so enraged at this villainous Proceeding, that he immediately drew his Sword and disabled one of the Rascals by wounding him in the Arm, and rushing forward on the other, who was retreating, he pushed him down one Pair of Stairs, by which he was very much hurt. After this quitting the House in Sight of the old Lady, the Parson she had provided and all her other Daughters, not doubting but *Sally* herself was in the Secret, he vented the most bitter Execrations against them all.

Miss *Sally*, under all the Anxiety imaginable to think that her Lover was lost, and above all, that he should suspect her of being concerned in so shocking a Design upon him, could have no Rest in her Mind 'till she procured a Meeting with him, that she might clear herself from so foul a Charge, which she did by giving up every Thing that ought to have been valuable to her into his Power, even without so much as mentioning the Settlement he had propos'd to make her, or any other Consideration, relying wholly on his Honour; and indeed that was the best way to deal with him, who had the most refined Notions of Honour and Justice.

The Effects of their frequent Interviews, in a short Time, grew too obvious to be concealed. Mrs. *Godfrey*, for the Credit of the Family confined Miss, and now tried other Means to induce Mr. *Belmour* to marry her; she knew, that tho' he had no Dependence on his Mother, his Estate being in his own Hands, and her Jointure what she could not hinder him of at her Death, yet he had such a tender Regard for her that he would by no Means have a Story of this Kind come to her Ears; and that besides this, the Character of a Libertine, or one who did not govern himself by the strictest Rules of nice Honour, was what he would the most avoid, she was therefore in hopes that fair Persuasions, and the Fear of the Affair's being

ing made public, might work upon him. He was known to have a most extraordinary Affection for his Sister the Lady *Davers*, as she had for him, as well as a great Value for his Credit and Reputation. Upon which Account Mrs. *Godfrey* thought it might be no Hinderance to the Business if it was laid open to her in a handsome Manner: This Woman, tho' so much mistaken in this Affair, did not want Understanding upon other Occasions; so going to Lady *Davers's* in her own Coach, altho' not known to her, she very easily gain'd Admittance, and, in the most pathetic Manner, lay'd before her her Daughter's Misfortunes, and in her Daughter's her own. My Lady was the worst Person in the World she could have apply'd to in the present Case, for tho' she had Compassion enough to pity the young Lady's Condition, and would have been glad to have redress'd her, if it had been any Body but her Brother in Question, but her Pride would not let her condescend to think of his marrying so much beneath himself; and therefore would have done any Thing in her Power to have oppos'd instead of promoted such a Match. However she told her, for the present, that she would talk to him about it, and did not doubt but he would do every Thing that became a Man of Honour.

Mr. *Belmour* could not but be greatly surprized when he found his Sister was acquainted with every Circumstance of this Intrigue, but since she was, he did not go about to deny any Part of it, but said, he hop'd his Mother would be kept a Stranger to it; for as she was so rigidly virtuous herself, if she heard of it, it would be a Grief to her, and she would give him over for an abandoned Reprobate. Why, that, said Lady *Davers*, is the Hank that this infamous Woman thinks she has upon you. I would not give my Mother a Moment's Uneasiness, reply'd Mr. *Belmour*, if I could prevent it, on any reasonable Terms, but sure this Woman must be very weak to imagine I am in such a Childish Awe of her that I would run upon my Ruin rather than have a Tale of this Sort told to her; I

have some Kindness for her Daughter, tho' not enough to marry her, and would do something that is handsome for her, if her Mother's Vanity and Indiscretion does not force me to endeavour to forget them. I was thinking, said Lady *Davers*, that the best Way to deal with them would be to tell them so plainly, and that they must expect nothing from you on Compulsion. The Mother may be told so, but there is no Need of saying any thing severe to the Daughter, who is of a sweet Disposition, and would not have been what she is, but for the Mother's Rashness. I see, said my Lady *Davers*, you have still a Tenderness for the unfortunate young Creature; and, I warrant, if possible, would prevent her Disgrace in having this Business made publick: I would indeed, reply'd he, and, however I may be justify'd by Custom, I do not think there would be any great Reputation to myself in having seduced an innocent young Woman from the Road of Virtue; but I have this to say in Extenuation of my Crime, that she was in such Hands, while under the Care of such a Mother; that it would have been next to an Impossibility for her to have continued long in that Road, if I had not happened to have led her out of it.

Well, Sir, said Lady *Davers*, if you will intrust this Affair to my Management, I will endeavour to satisfy the old Gentlewoman, and do every Thing that may be to conceal the Shame of the young one. Mr. *Belmour* knowing his Sister's good Sense and the great Affection she had for him, desired it might be so, and said, she could no way have given him a more obliging Proof of her Kindness. In short, Lady *Davers*, after having shewn Mrs. *Godfrey* that there was nothing to be expected from her Brother by Force, agreed to send the young Lady to a Tenant's of my Lord's in *Wiltshire*, where she should lie-in privately, and promised afterwards to take Care of the Child. So much for this Affair at present; but there will be Occasion of mentioning both the Child and Mother, in another Part of this History.

Lady

Lady *Davers* was very true to the Trust that was reposed in her; and Mrs. *Belmour* never came to the Knowledge of this Affair as long as she lived, which was indeed but a little while after; for in about two Months Mr. *Belmour* receiv'd an Account of his Mother's Illness, and arrived in *Bedfordshire* but two Days before her Death.

The End of this good Lady was so exemplary that the very Best might have been edify'd by it; notwithstanding the Pains of her Distemper, she had such Comfort in the Reflections of a well-spent Life, that Death seem'd to have lost his Terrors. A little before she expired she recommended all her Servants, one by one, to their young Master; and when it came to her Turn to recommend *Pamela*, who was weeping by the Bed-Side, she could only say, *My dear Son*— then breaking off a little, and recovering, cry'd, *remember my poor Pamela!* which were some of her last Words.

Mr. *Belmour*, after his Mother's Death, promised all the Servants to take Care of them, and in particular, taking *Pamela* by the Hand, he told her he would be a Friend to her for his dear Mother's Sake, and that she should take Care of his Linnen. He gave Mourning and a Year's Wages to all his Mother's Servants, and to *Pamela*, because she had no Wages, he gave four Guineas, and some Silver, that was found in Mrs. *Belmour*'s Pocket at her Death.

This virtuous young Girl, under the greatest Affliction for the Loss of so good a Lady, immediately retiring, with Tears in her Eyes, sat down to write a Letter to her poor Father and Mother, giving an Account of her Lady's Death; and therein incloses the four Guineas she had receiv'd from her Master, desiring they would make use of them to comfort themselves and pay any little Debt that might lay heavy upon them, for, she told them, she was sure Providence would provide for her, as long as she behaved as she ought to do. Scarce had she made up her Letter, but Mr. *Belmour*, coming into the Room where she was,
she

she endeavour'd to conceal it from him ; but he was too quick-sighted, and said to her smiling, Who have you been writing to *Pamela*? Only to her Father and Mother she told him, in great Confusion to see him there. Well, said he, pray let me see what sort of a Hand you write. She would fain have been excused, but he took it out of her Hands and read the Letter quite through. Why, *Pamela*, said he, you write a mighty pretty Hand, and spell better than is usual in People of your Rank. You are a good Girl to be kind to your old Father and Mother. Be faithful and diligent, and *do as you should do*, and I shall like you the better for this.

Her Master being gone out of the Room, *Pamela* sealed up her Letter, but first related, in a Postscript, what had happened, and what the young Gentleman had said to her. And so sent it to her Father and Mother by one of the Footmen, who was going the Way they lived.

Goodman *Andrews* and his Wife received the Account of Mrs. *Belmour's* Death with great Concern. Religious and virtuous as they were themselves, they made it their daily Prayer to God, that he would be pleased to afford this their dear Child, such a Portion of his Grace, that she might prefer an honest Heart and a good Conscience to all the Riches in the World. They could not therefore but be much alarmed, when they read in their Daughter's Letter, in what Manner her young Master had expressed himself to her, and especially at those fatal Words, that *he would be kind to her if she would do as she should*.

They took Care, in Answer to her's, to let her know their Fears ; and told her, that tho' she could not be too thankful for the Favours she had received in the good Family where she was, yet they hoped she would not be too grateful to her Master, and reward him with a Jewel that no Riches, no Favours, nor any Thing in this Life could make Amends for the Loss of.

They

They put her in Mind, that in the Midst of their Poverty and Misfortunes, they had trusted in God's Goodness, and been honest, and did not doubt but they should be happy hereafter, if they continued to be good, tho' their Lot was hard here; but they said, that the Loss of their dear Child's Virtue would be a Grief to them that they should never be able to bear, and that it would bring their grey Hairs with Sorrow to the Grave.

What, said they, would all the Education and all the fine Things your good Lady has bestowed upon you avail if you are to be ruined and undone? They hoped, they told her, that the good 'Squire, for so these plain People called young Mr. *Belmour*, had no ill Design upon her. But why then did he give her that Money! Why take her by the Hand and promise to be kind to her if she would do as *she should do*; those Words they could not but repeat because they fill'd them with so many Fears.

They desired she would not be too much taken by his kind Expressions, which would be kind indeed if he meant no Ill, but That was what they feared. If she lov'd them, they said, if she valued God's Blessing and her own future Happiness, they both charged her to stand upon her Guard, and if she found the least Attempt made upon her Virtue, to be sure to leave every Thing behind her, and come away to them; for they should be much better pleased to see her cover'd with Rags, nay, even to follow her to the Grave, than find that she preferr'd any worldly Conveniences to her Virtue.

Tho' these Suspicions of her tender Parents caused some serious Reflections in the Mind of *Pamela*, yet with a Heart over-flowing with Gratitude for her Master's Goodness, she could not imagine, that she should ever find him act unworthy of his Character, for what, said she to herself, would he get by ruining such a poor young Creature as I? And for her own Part, she was resolved to die a thousand Deaths rather than be any ways dishonest. It is true, she had, for some
Time,

Time, lived above the Condition she was born to, but she could forget all that, and condescend to any, the meanest Way of Life, nay, content herself with Bread and Water, she thought, rather than do any Thing to forfeit her good Name, let who would be the Tempter.

Pamela had been now above four Years in this Family, and was near Sixteen Years of Age, when her Lady died, soon after which my Lady *Davers* came over to pay her Brother a Visit, with whom she continued near a Month, and in that Time took great Notice of her. As she sat at Table one Day with Mr. *Belmour*, she told him she thought her the prettiest Wench she had ever seen in her Life, and that she was too handsome to live with a Batchelor, since he could marry no Lady who would care to have her continue with him: Mr. *Belmour* reply'd, That he found his Mother had taken a great deal of Care in her Education, and that she had a Share of Prudence and good Sense far above her Years; and that it would be Pity that what was so much her Merit should be her Misfortune. No, said my Lady, *Pamela* shall come and live with me, I think: With all my Heart, answer'd her Brother, I should be glad to have her so well provided for. Upon which Lady *Davers* said, She would consult my Lord about it, and did not doubt but if the Wench took Care of herself she would improve yet more and more. Neither Mr. *Belmour* or Lady *Davers* knew any Thing of *Pamela's* having learn'd to dance, sing, and play on the Harpsicord, Lady *Davers's* Haughtiness, without Doubt, would have made her think that was going a little too far; but there is no Question that Mrs. *Belmour*, when she bestowed those Accomplishments upon her, had a View of doing something better for her, than to let her remain long as a common Servant, but whatever her Intentions were they were frustrated by her Death.

Pamela, being told, by one of the Servants who waited at Table, what had been said by Lady *Davers* and her Master, concerning her, could not but rejoice

to find how groundless her Father and Mother's Suspicions seemed to be, by Mr. *Belmour's* being so willing to part with her. But she heard a few Days after, when Lady *Davers* mentioned it again, Mr. *Belmour* would not consent to it, saying, that my Lord's Nephew might fall in Love with her, and be drawn in by her, or she be drawn in by him; and since he believed his Mother loved the Girl, and, on her Death-Bed, had committed her to his Care, he thought she ought to continue with him, and *Fervis* would be as good as a Mother to her. Upon which my Lady shook her Head, and said, *Ab! Brother!* and no more.

Before Lady *Davers* left her Brother's House, she told *Pamela* that she thought her a very pretty Wench, for that was the Style she usually spoke in, and bade her be sure to be upon her Guard, and to remember that the more she kept the Fellows at a Distance, the more she would be valued for it, even by themselves. Here was a politick Reason for being virtuous, but *Pamela* was so by Principle, and for the Sake of Virtue itself.

Her Behaviour was such in the Family, that she still preserv'd every one's Affection for her as much as when she had the Countenance of her departed Lady, and Mrs. *Fervis* was, as her Master said she would be, as good as a Mother to her. This honest House-keeper had a great Sway in the Family, for making her Master's Interest her own, and observing the strictest Rules of Oeconomy and good Order, he had a great Regard for her, which made every one pay her much Respect; if she saw any of the Men offer to take any Liberties with *Pamela*, which, since their Lady's Death, they thought they might do with less Danger than before, she would be sure to reprimand them for it, and, the more to keep her out of Harm's Way, obliged her to be almost always with her.

Mrs. *Thompson*, who was the only Person of the Family that had shewn any Slight to *Pamela*, tho' that had seemingly been long forgot, had it no longer in her Power to do so any more, for she was the only

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Servant that was dismissed the Family upon her Lady's Death, there being no more Occasion for one of that Sort ; but this was done by Mr. *Belmour* in a most generous Manner, who, besides a Year's Wages, gave her some of the richest of her Lady's Cloaths and her gold Watch.

Lady *Dawers*, when she shook her Head and cry'd, *Ab! Brother!* had guess'd at the true Reason of her Brother's desiring to keep this pretty Wench, as she call'd her, with him ; for he was really much smitten by her, as the Sequel of her Story will plainly shew. The Love of Dress he knew was one of the first Things that captivates the Thoughts of young People, especially of the Female Sex ; and as Mr. *Belmour* knew that Presents of that Sort were strong Allurements to weak Minds, and such he was in Hopes of finding *Pamela's*, he therefore judg'd it might not be improper to make his first Advances that Way ; so calling Mrs. *Jervis* and *Pamela* one Day into his late Mother's Chamber, he gave them both a great many of her Cloaths, to the first, the better to disguise his Designs upon the latter, he presented a fine Mantua and Petticoat, half a Dozen Shifts, six fine Handkerchiefs and three Cambrick Aprons ; to the other he gave another Mantua and Petticoat with the same Quantity of Linnen, bidding her get them made fit for her when her Mourning was laid by, and wear them for her good Mistress's Sake, telling her, at the same Time, that *Jervis* had given her a good Word, and that if she continued to behave as prudently as she had done, every Body would be her Friend.

Pamela was so surpriz'd at his Goodness, as she thought it, that she could not tell what to say, but curtesy'd first to him, and then to Mrs. *Jervis* for her good Word, and said, That she wish'd she might be deserving of his Favour, and that nothing should be wanting in her, to the best of her Knowledge.

Mr. *Belmour*, as hath been said before, being a very handsome and genteel Man, in the Opinion of every one, and what is called a fine Gentleman, did all Things
in

in the most graceful Manner; and, at this Time, in the Eyes of *Pamela*, looked like an Angel. The Girl leaving the Room, her Master ask'd Mrs. *Jervis*, if she kept the Men at a Distance, for, said he, she is very pretty, and should she be drawn in to have any one of them it might be her Ruin, and make her poor and miserable betimes. Mrs. *Jervis* assur'd him, that there was no Danger of that, and spoke greatly in Praise of her Behaviour and Discretion.

A few Days after Mr. *Belmour* called *Pamela* into his late Mother's Dressing-Room, and pulling out some of the Draws, gave her two Suits of fine *Flanders* Lace Headclothes, three Pair of fine Silk Shoes, one with a Pair of rich Silver Buckles in them; four Pair of fine white Cotton Stockings, and three Pair of Silk ones, with two Pair of rich Stays. *Pamela* was quite astonished, and unable to speak for a while, being very much ashamed to take the Stockings, which she did very awkwardly, blushing at the same Time, as Mrs. *Jervis*, nor any Body else was by; her Master taking Notice of her Confusion, said, Don't blush *Pamela*, do'st think I don't know that pretty Maids wear Shoes and Stockings? These Words so confounded her, that she might have been struck down with a Feather. So she went out of the Room curtesying and blushing as before, and told Mrs. *Jervis* all that had passed, who said God had put it into his Heart to be kind to her, and therefore she must double her Diligence. It looked to her, she said, as if he would fit her, in Dress, for a Waiting Maid's Place, and that may be he still designed it should be about Lady *Davers's* own Person.

As *Pamela* let slip no Opportunities of writing to her Father and Mother, she acquainted them with all this. And told them that their kind Cautions coming into her Head, made all these Gifts nothing near what they would have been to her, if it were not for the Suspicions they had raised in her Mind. For tho' she remember'd what had been told her of Lady *Davers's* smiling, and crying, *Al! Brother!* yet she hoped

hoped there was no Reason to apprehend any Danger from him, and was innocent enough to believe that no Lady would look upon him, if he should disgrace himself so far as to harm a poor Girl as she was. So she told them she should endeavour to make herself easy, and indeed should never have had the least Distrust of him if they, out of their tender Concern for her, had not put some Thoughts in her Head, which she trusted in God were entirely groundless.

The good old Father and Mother, in answering her Letter, renewed their Cautions to her on her Master's Kindness, and the Freedom of his Expression about the Stocking; yet they told her there might be nothing in it, they hoped there was not; but said, when they reflected, that there *possibly might*, and that if there should, no less than their Child's everlasting Happiness in this World and the next, depended upon it, it was enough to make them fearful. They begg'd her to arm herself for the worst, and resolve to lose her Life rather than her Chastity. What, said they, tho' the Doubts we filled you with should lessen the Pleasure you would otherwise have in your Master's Kindness, yet what signify the Delights arising from a few paltry fine Cloaths, when compared with those of a good Conscience:

They told her, that they were great Favours indeed that her Master heaped upon her, but that they were so much the more to be suspected; that by some Expressions in her last Letter, as that her Master looked like an Angel when he gave her the Things they were much afraid that he should make too great an Impression upon her, for tho' she was blessed with Sense and Prudence above her Years, yet they trembled to think what a dangerous Chance, a poor Girl of not quite sixteen Years of Age, stood against the Temptations of this World, when laid before her by a designing young Gentleman, if he should prove so, who had so much *Power* to oblige, and, as her Master, a Kind of Authority to command; but bade her
remember

remember that none were obliged to obey even their Prince in Things that were unlawful.

They charged her again, upon both their Blessings, to be upon her Guard, which there could be no Harm in, if no Ill was intended her, and if there was, insisted upon her returning to them. They told her, the Money she had sent them, was a very kind Present, which they had not thank'd her for before, because, as she desired, in her Letter, they had not open'd the little Box in which it was inclosed, before the Servant that brought it, and so knew not what it was when they wrote last, but said, 'Till they were out of their Pain about her, they could not think of making use of it, for Fear they should partake of the Price of their Child's Shame, therefore they had wrapp'd it up in a Rag and hid it in a private Place for a while, for fear they should be robb'd.

They were glad, they told her, that she had so good a Gentlewoman as Mrs. *Jervis* to advise with, and hoped she would hide nothing from her, but take her Counsel on all Occasions. Then concluded with cautioning her not to be puff'd up by any Body's telling her she was pretty, for that Virtue and Goodness only were true Beauty.

What just Reasons there were for these poor People Suspicions very soon appeared, for her young Master who was to take Care of her at the Desire of his dying Mother, and who was so careful lest she should be drawn in by my Lord *Davers's* Nephew, shew'd that he himself had the worst Designs upon her.

His Passion first began to express itself in his Looks, for whenever she came in his Way he would gaze upon her with such Eagerness as quite put her out of Countenance; but he soon gave her other Proofs of it. One Day Mrs. *Jervis* and she being at work in the Summer-house, Mr. *Belmour* watch'd his Opportunity 'till the House-keeper went out on some Occasion or other, and as soon as he saw her got within Doors, so that there was no Likelyhood of her returning soon, this Summer-house being at a very great

Distance from the Dwelling-house, he went into it, upon which, *Pamela* rising, made an Offer to be gone. " Hold, *Pamela*, said he, I have something to say to you. Are you afraid of me that you always run away thus when I come near you ?

Pamela, frightened and ashamed, told him, at last, That it did not become her to stay where he was, unless he had any Commands for her. And I hope, said he, if I had, you would very readily obey them ; To be sure, Sir, said she, it is my Duty so to do ; Then I command you, said he, to stay now, and hear what I have to say to you. The poor young Creature was very much confounded, and began to tremble, especially when he took hold of her, for there was no Body near, nor within Call.

He squeez'd her by the Hand, and was in such an Agitation and Hurry of Spirits, that he could hardly give Utterance to his Words ; but, at last said, " My Sister *Davers*, *Pamela*, talk'd of your coming to live with her, but should you like that so well as continuing where you are ?" And then again eagerly squeez'd her Hand.

The poor Girl was not able to make him any Answer immediately, but as soon as she was recovered from the Fright he had put her in, she told him, that she hoped he would forgive her, but as her good Lady was dead, and he had no Lady of his own for her to wait upon, she should much rather, if he pleased, wait upon my Lady *Davers*, because—

Because, said he, interrupting her hastily, you're a little Fool, and know not what's best for yourself. *Be but obliging and don't stand in your own Light, and I will make a Gentlewoman of you, my little Charmer*, said he, at the same Time throwing his Arm about her Neck, and kissing her with the utmost Transport. The poor Girl struggled and trembled so that she sunk down almost in a Fit, he still continuing to kiss her, 'till breaking from him, she was endeavouring to get out of the Summer-house, but he drew her back and shut the Door, telling her she had no Occasion to be
frighted



J. Carnitham sculp.

frighted for he would do her no Hurt. Then, Sir, be pleased to let me go, said she; No, answered her Master, you shall stay; Indeed, said she, but I will not; Will not! cry'd Mr. *Belmour*, do you know to whom you speak? "Yes, too well,—well might she forget that she was a Servant, she said, when he forgot that he was a Master:" And then burst into Tears.

What a foolish Hussy are you, said Mr. *Belmour*, have I done you any Harm? "Yes, Sir, said she, with that Boldness that Virtue inspires, "you have done me a great deal of Harm, by making me forget myself, and that Distance that Fortune has set between us; but you taught me the Way by descending to be so free with a poor Servant; yet, Sir, tho' I am poor, I am honest, and if you were a Prince you should not make me otherwise.

Mr. *Belmour* being thus disappointed in his Expectations, Men of his Rank thinking it impossible to find any real Virtue in Persons of her Condition, could not forbear being a little angry. Honest! you foolish Slut, said he, who would have you otherwise? Cease your whimpering, I own I have made myself too free with you, but I did it only to try you. I see you can tell how to keep upon your Guard, but don't you, to shew of how much Importance you are, go and tell in the House what has happened, for if you do I shall have no great Opinion either of your Prudence or your Duty; go take a Turn or two in the Garden till you have dry'd up your foolish Tears; and there's something for you to make Amends for the Fright I have put you in, offering her Money; No, Sir, said *Pamela*, I will not take your Money, poor as I am I would scorn all the Money in the World when offered to me with any dishonest Views: And so she threw the Money down in one of the Seats of the Windows, and then, opening the Door, got into the Garden, but that she might not seem too disobedient, she took a Turn or two before she went in Sight of the House, and dry'd her Tears.

When she got in she began to consider with herself what was best for her to do. Sometimes she thought to make the best of her Way to the next Town and there wait for an Opportunity to get to her Father and Mother; but it being above two Miles to the Town and a bye Way, as she was pretty well dressed, she feared she might fall into some Danger as great as that she would fly from. And perhaps she thought it might be said she had stole something and was forc'd to run away; and with her fine Cloaths to carry the Name of a Thief to her Parents would be a terrible Thing indeed. She now began to wish for a Garb as plain as the Home-spun Grey with which her Mother had fitted her out, and, with much Difficulty too, against she first came into Mrs. *Belmour's* Service, now above four Years past; her Gentlewoman's Cloaths, and her Gentlewoman's Education, were now likely to be of little Service to her; but her Virtue and Integrity, she thought, were better than them all. And certainly she was in the Right, for the Happiness of a modest young Maid, in the meanest Linsey-Woolsey Dress, who has the Satisfaction of a good Conscience, is much greater than any Thing that the most flaunting bad Woman can enjoy, tho' dress'd in the richest Attire, and skill'd in all the Songs of Wantonness and Pleasure.

Lead us not into Temptation but deliver us from Evil, had been *Pamela's* daily Prayer, and how to avoid them was what now employ'd every Moment of her Thoughts. Sometimes she believed it would be best to tell Mrs. *Fervis* what had happened, and take her Advice, but then she remembred her Master's Commands to her to be secret; and that Mrs. *Fervis*, tho' a Gentlewoman born, and reduced by Misfortunes, depended so much upon him that she must be undone if she displeased him, she could not bear the Thoughts of so good a Woman's running any such Hazard for her Sake.

In this Incertitude, sometimes weeping and sometimes thinking what to do, she continued 'till Evening

ing in her Chamber. When Supper-Time came she desired to be excused going down, but Mrs. *Jervis*, coming into the Room, desired to know the Reason of it: "Come, said she, I see something has troubled you, my dear Child, tell me what's the Matter:" I have, indeed, answered *Pamela*, much to trouble me, and I have too great a Regard for you, Madam, and stand too much in Need of your Advice to conceal what it is from you; it is too much for me to tell you at present, but if you will have the Goodness to let me lie with you to Night, when we are in Bed I will hide nothing from you.

Mrs. *Jervis* very readily consented to this, and made the more Haste up to Bed on that Account, telling some of the Servants, that *Pamela* was to lie with her because she could not rest well, and that she had desired her to read her to sleep.

When they were alone, the distressed Girl, told Mrs. *Jervis* all that had happened, for though Mr. *Belmour* had forbade her, yet she thought it was one of those Things that she might lawfully disobey him in, for to keep such a Secret, she was of Opinion, might encourage him to believe she did not resent what he had done as she ought; and, that in Time, she might be brought to keep Secrets of a more dangerous Nature; and that it would moreover deprive her of that Advice which she never had so much Occasion for as at present.

Mrs. *Jervis* could not forbear weeping with her, when she heard her Story. And when she asked her Advice and told her what she had design'd, the good Woman begg'd her not to think of leaving her Service; for, said she, it is very probable that, as you have behaved so virtuously, my Master may be ashamed of what he has done and never attempt the like again. You are so pretty *Pamela*, said she, that there is no Question but many Snares will be laid for you, but how thankful ought you to be to God who has given you so much Grace as to make you careful of running into them. I am so much charmed with
your

your Virtue and good Sense, that had I an independent Fortune, I would take a little clean Habitation, and you should live with me as my own Daughter. These Expressions of Kindness were very great Comforts to *Pamela* under her present Disquietude, for which she was very thankful.

The first Opportunity she had, she sat down to write to her Father and Mother, to acquaint them with all these Transactions, and told them, she was very sorry that she was forced to give them so many Proofs of her Disobedience, first to her Master, in divulging his Secret to Mrs. *Jervis*, and then to themselves, in not coming away, as they had ordered, the very first Minute she had Cause to apprehend any ill Designs upon her, but hoped she was excusable in both, when the Reasons were consider'd, that induced her to act as she did.

Her Master, who was not yet come into good Humour either with himself or her, chancing to see her while she was writing, cry'd to Mrs. *Jervis*, that Girl is always scribbling, methinks she might find something else to do. The Reason why he did not like to see her writing was, that he happened to come into his late Mother's Chamber, one Day, where *Pamela* had left a Letter to her Father and Mother upon the Table, before she had sealed it, he took it up and carry'd it away with him, and therein found that she had discovered to them some of the Apprehensions she had of his Designs upon her.

He now grew every Day more peevish than the other, and whenever he was likely to meet her in any Part of the House, he would shun her with a Frown in his Face, which could not but make her very uneasy. This Gentleman who was accounted Good-natured to every Body, this fine young Gentleman, whom, at the first Sight, above four Years before, she thought handsomer than any Body else, and who was, if possible, still improved in the Beauties of his Person, that *He* should frown only upon her, and speak sharply to and of her, was not a little grievous

grievous to her ; but still she thought she would rather have his Frowns, and hear him speak harshly, than talk to her in a Language that Virtue and Honour forbade her to listen to.

How greatly is this young Woman's Courage to be admired, who one Side, could withstand the Temptations of a fine Gentleman, with Wealth, Youth, and an agreeable Person ; and on the other, all the Terrors of his Frowns and Displeasure, rather than change her Resolution of stedfastly adhering to the Principles of Religion and Virtue !

Her Life she thought would be very uneasy to her under her Master's Displeasure, which was likely to continue, as long as she maintained these Principles, which she was resolved nothing should make her depart from ; and as she had been always taught to be less ashamed of Poverty than Dishonesty, she again began to think of quitting his House, and all the Plenty there, for Content and Safety in her Father's thatch'd Cottage : For how do I know, said she to herself, but the evil Spirit may put some Stratagem into this great great Man's Head to force me to that which he finds is to be brought about no other Way ?

But while she had these Thoughts in her Head, she heard that her Master intended to go in a Day or two to his Estate in *Lincolnshire*, so that she believed she might then continue where she was without any Danger. And Mr. *Belmour* going accordingly she remained very well satisfy'd with good Mrs. *Jervis*, who said, that Matters had happened, she believed just as she foresaw, that her Master was certainly ashamed of what he had done, and she would never meet with any more Alarms from him, which she pray'd God she might not, for it would be a sensible Affliction to her to part with her sweet and innocent Society.

Pamela lived very happy and contentedly with Mrs. *Jervis* for a Fortnight, the Time of her Master's Continuance in *Lincolnshire* ; but at his Return, the same ill Humour return'd with him, and the very next Morning, he ask'd Mrs. *Jervis*, in a surly Manner,

Manner, where that Wench *Pamela* was, and if she thought she was of any Use in the Family. Mrs. *Fervis*, greatly surprized at such a Question, told him, she was one of the most virtuous and industrious young Creatures she ever knew in her Life. *Virtuous*, said he; prithee what's that to the Purpose? Has any Body taken it into their Heads then to make her otherwise; No sure, Sir, said she, no body dare offer such a Thing in so well ordered a Family as your's, and under a Master who has so great a Character for Virtue and Honour. O! your Servant, Mrs. *Fervis*, said he, I am obliged to you for your good Opinion of me; but if any Body should have any Thoughts of that Kind, do you think *Pamela* would acquaint you with them? I don't know, Sir, said she, but she might, for as she has no Designs, I dare say, but what are *innocent*, she need not fear who is made acquainted with them, and the young Creature loves me so well that I dare say she would as soon ask my Advice as any Body's. *Innocent*, cry'd he, if I had a handsome young *Valet-de-Chambre*, I warrant she would have Secrets with him that you'd hear nothing of; I take her to be a very artful little Slut. I would not pretend to contradict your Honour, cry'd Mrs. *Fervis*, but I dare say if the Men will let her alone she'll not trouble herself with them. What is it you mean by that, *Fervis*, said he, are there any Men then that will not let her *alone*? Not that I know of indeed, Sir, said she, she is so reserved, and carries herself with so much Modesty and Prudence, that she has the good Will of them all, and could not be more respected if she had been born a Gentlewoman. Ay, ay, said Mr. *Belmour*, she has Art enough, as I said before, and is a little vain conceited Hussy. Perhaps I could give a Proof of her having made free with some Names that she ought not to mention but with Respect and Gratitude, and interpreting a few Words spoke in Compassion, or it may be in Raillery, into a formal Design upon this mighty Honour she makes

makes such a Boast of: But let us talk no more of her, only, *Jervis*, as you are her Friend, advise her not to take too many Liberties in writing about the Affairs of my Family, she may find a more becoming Subject for the Exercise of her Pen.

Pamela had before suspected, and when, Mrs. *Jervis* told her this, it was plain, that Mr. *Belmour* had got the Letter which was taken out of his Mother's Dressing-Room; it was as plain that he was heartily vex'd at the Disappointment he had met with from her, who, sorry as she was, for having been the Cause of giving him any Displeasure, could not but think that it was better so than that he should be pleased upon his own Terms.

All Mr. *Belmour*'s Endeavours to draw Love's Arrow from his Breast did but wound him the more, in vain did he endeavour to raise an Idea of her Worthlessness in his Mind, in vain endeavour to shun her Sight, and drive her from his Thoughts, she was ever there, and a powerful Inclination insensibly led him to the Place where she was. Coming into the Room, he found her at Work, but, upon his Entrance, she made an Offer to quit the Place; No, *Pamela*, said he, sit still and mind your Work. But how happens it that you don't bid me welcome home, upon my Return from *Lincolnshire*? To be sure, Sir, said *Pamela*, you are welcome to every Body in your own House, and it would have been impertinent in me to have told you so. Upon which making a low Curtesy, she offer'd a second Time to go out of the Room.

Don't run away *Pamela*, said Mr. *Belmour*, I must talk a little with you; Do you not remember when I spoke somewhat *kindly* to you in the Summer-House, and you behaved so *foolishly* as you did upon it, that I charged you not to tell what had passed? notwithstanding which, you have made it a common Discourse, without any Regard either to my Reputation or your own. A common Discourse! Sir, said *Pamela*, I have hardly any Body to discourse with. What

a prevaricating Answer is there, said her Master, have you not told it to *Fervis* for one? *Pamela* blushing and looking confounded, Why do you not answer me, said he. I will not go about to dispute with you, Sir, said *Pamela*, Dispute! cry'd Mr. *Belmour*, what can the Fool mean by that! is it to dispute to answer a plain Question; and that I command you to do this Instant; have you told *Fervis* or not? I am very sorry, Sir, said *Pamela*, to see you thus angry, but let the Consequence be what it will, I will not tell a Lie, which I am sure is a Crime, but I don't know that telling the Truth is one; I do then confess that I told her, but open'd not my Mouth, I assure you, to any other. Still prevaricating! said her Master, open'd not your Mouth! but have you not writ to any other? Nay, said *Pamela*, I am sure you could not have ask'd me that Question, Sir, if you had not seen the Letter which I lost, and which was intended for my poor Father and Mother, and to whom could I so properly pour forth my Grievs, or on whose Advice could I so safely rely?

Go, said her Master, you're a saucy prattling Slut to endeavour to expose me thus in my own House, and out of it too by sending Accounts of the Transactions of my Family. How can you look me in the Face after all this? Indeed, Sir,——*Pamela* was going to speak, but he interrupted her——Seek not to justify yourself, said he, for that but adds to the Insolence of your Behaviour, and learn to know your Duty better for the future. These Words were spoke with such an Air of Austerity, Mr. *Belmour* stamping with his Foot at the same Time, that the poor Girl fell down upon her Knees, and begg'd him to forgive and pity her, for that she would always shew her Duty to him in any Thing but what might make her forfeit her Virtue and her good Name, but those his Mother, as well as her own Parents, had taught her to value even above Life itself.

Mr. *Belmour* went out of the Room in a Passion, and the poor Girl, flinging her Apron over her Face

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to hide her Tears, laid with her Head against one of the Chairs, not having Power to stir any farther, and cry'd as if she would have broke her Heart. This was too much for a fond Lover to bear, her Master therefore immediately returning, took her by the Hand, and raising her up, Come, *Pamela*, said he, your own Folly only makes you wretched, and you may as well have a real Cause for all this Trouble as an imaginary one, and so saying, pulled her into his Arms with Force. A strange kind of Wildness darted from his Eyes, and his Limbs were trembling with Excess of Desire. Now all ye Saints and Ministers of Heaven defend me, cry'd the virtuous Maid, and let me not survive the fatal Moment in which my Innocence is lost. Your Innocence, said he, is safe while you're obliged to yield to Force; the Crime, the Guilt will all be mine: With that he press'd her Lips to his, and kissed her with uncommon Rapture, and then put his Hand into her Bosom, which indecent Behaviour so enraged her, that supplying her with fresh Strength, she gave a Spring from him, and got away into another Room, just Time enough to shut the Door against him, who had laid hold of her by the Skirt of her Gown and tore a Piece of it off.

The Terror of this Action, and her unusual Emotion had so exhausted her Spirits, that as soon as she was in the Room she dropp'd down in a Fit, which her Master seeing, thro' the Keyhole, called Mrs. *Jervis*, and with her Assistance burst open the Door, and when he saw she was a little come to herself, he went away, charging Mrs. *Jervis*, if she was wise, to take no Notice of what she had seen.

The honest Housekeeper at first imagined it was worse than it was, and wept over her like a Child; it was above an Hour before the young Creature came to herself, and was no sooner upon her Legs, but Mr. *Belmour* coming into the Room again, the very Sight of him was such a Terror to her that she went into another Fit, and then he withdrew, but watch'd, not

far off, for fear some Body else should come, and be made acquainted with the Affair.

A little while after, he called Mrs. *Jervis* to him, and asked how the Girl was? And what could frighten her so, for he said he had done nothing to her. Mrs. *Jervis* was not able to answer him for Tears. It seems, *Jervis*, said he, she has told you that I talk'd a little familiarly with her in the Summer-House, but I have done her no more Harm now than at that Time, and therefore I desire that nothing may be said about it.

Mrs. *Jervis* begg'd him for *Honour's Sake*, and for *Christ's Sake* — for your *own Sake*, said he, say nothing of what has happened; the Girl's a foolish perverse Slut, and since she is troubled with such Fits I won't have her stay in the House: Do you bring her with you into my Mother's Dressing-Room To-morrow after Dinner, and you shall hear what I have to say to her.

After this he went down Stairs, and two or three Gentlemen of the Neighbourhood coming to see him, they spent the Evening with him, and did not go away 'till late, but it was a long Time before he could be brought into Humour, the Company all taking Notice of it, when they first came, could not help saying, that they never saw such a sudden Change as appeared in the gay and the well-bred Mr. *Belmour*: He made the best Excuse he could, and soon recovered himself enough to let them see they were welcome, and the Evening was spent very agreeably.

In the mean Time *Pamela* related all that had happened to Mrs. *Jervis*, and said, she was determined to stay no longer in the House. Nay, said Mrs. *Jervis*, he says you shall not, and threatens to discharge you To-morrow; but this was spoke when he seem'd to be in a Passion, so by that Time he may have other Thoughts, and seeing you are so resolute in the Cause of Virtue, he may now be thoroughly convinced, that all his Attempts would be
vain,

vain, and therefore will pursue them no farther. I would not, for the World, said she, have any Harm come to you, but were there a Possibility of your living safely and happily with us, methinks I would not part with you; but be assured, my dear *Pamela*, I would much rather lose your Company, as agreeable as it is to me, than you should lose your Honour.

Pamela was very thankful to Mrs. *Fervis*, for these kind Expressions of her Friendship; but continued in great Terrors at the Apprehension of the next Day's Interview with her Master. Sometimes she thought with herself that she should have Courage enough to hear all he had to say without any Disorder, Shame ought to attend the Guilty, but as she was conscious of no Guilt why should she know any Shame? But then as the Time grew nearer, her Heart began to flutter, and she had all the Dread upon her of a Malefactor called to Judgment. She could eat nothing at Dinner, and when her Master went up Stairs, into his late Mother's Dressing-Room, and rung his Bell, she thought the Sound of it was like that of her own Passing-Bell. Yet again she took Courage, saying to herself, cheer up *Pamela*, thou know'st the worst, and how much better is Poverty with Virtue and a good Conscience, than all the Plenty in the World attended with the Stings of a bad One?

Mrs. *Fervis* went up, and her Master asking for *Pamela*, she came immediately back again to fetch her, and as soon as she approach'd, trembling and blushing with Confusion, he pulled her to him by the Hand, Ay, said he, you may well be ashamed to see me after exposing me, and making such a Bustle as you have done, you silly Girl, you. Did not you really believe, *Fervis*, that I had done the very worst that could be thought of to complete her Ruin, as she calls it. Indeed, Sir, answered Mrs. *Fervis*, I feared so at first. Well, said, Mr. *Belmour*, and has she now told you what, and all I did to make her guilty of so much Folly? I charge you let me

know the worst of what she hath said. Mrs. *Jervis*, being a little frightened, he looking so sternly upon her, reply'd, that indeed she had told her that he only took her on his Knee and kiss'd her.

Only, cryed *Pamela*, and was not that sufficient to make me dread the worst that could happen? But, Sir, you must excuse me if I say you went farther, and talked of Force, and then us'd such Freedoms as I yet blush to think of; Freedoms that ought not to be taken with a poor Servant, no, nor with one who was your Equal, unless you thought her void of all Sense of Honour and Virtue. But Heaven I hope will never suffer me to be so miserable as to part with those, tho' indeed I am now wretched enough to be thought so meanly of, and to have incurr'd the Displeasure of the Son of my good Lady, who took so much Pains to inculcate those Principles into me. And hereupon she wept sorely.

Mr. *Belmour* could not but be moved by what she said, and the more so, when he saw her Tears; and Mrs. *Jervis*, at the same Time, begging him to take Pity of a poor harmless Maiden, that had such a great Value for her Reputation. Here, said he, I speak it before her Face, I think her pretty, and believed I should have found her one, who would not have grown saucy on my Favours, but I detest the Thoughts of using any Force to her; I own I have demeaned myself to be so free as I have been with her, but I had no Design to have carry'd the *Jest* farther. *Pamela* must needs think these Words a *Jest*, after all he had done, and could not help saying, that how great a *Jest* soever he might think it, sure it was not one that was becoming the Distance that ought to be between so great a Man, and so mean a Person as herself. Do you hear, *Jervis*, said he, how the little pert Slut retorts my own Words upon me; could you have believed she could talk with this Assurance if you had not heard it? Fie, *Pamela*, said Mrs. *Jervis*, you ought not to repeat his Honour's Words after him, forgive the poor Girl;

Girl, Sir, said she; she is but a Girl, and I will answer for her, she shall never talk with so much Rudeness again, if you will but have the Goodness not to frighten her as you have done; tho' you say you meant her no Harm, yet the very Apprehension of it, had like to have kill'd her, for you saw it was with much Difficulty that she was brought out of the Fit which that threw her into. O! the little Hypocrite! she has all the Arts of her Sex already, said he, Women are certainly born with them: But they shall no more disturb me. I find she has told you all, and perhaps more than all; she has wrote also to her Father and Mother, and it may be to others, of what passes in my House, so that my Name is like to be banded about finely if I harbour such a perverse and tattling Gossip any longer. No, let her return to the Rags and Poverty from whence she was taken.

And those, said *Pamela*, I shall embrace with Joy, and look upon them as the Trophies of my Innocence and Virtue. O! how much are they to be prefer'd to all the gaudy Attire, and all the Pomp of Palaces when acquired by Iniquity! Restore me, Sir, restore me undefiled to Rags and Poverty, and I will bless your Bounty. Yet on my bended Knees I thank you for all the Benefits you, and my good Lady have heaped upon me; I will for ever retain a grateful Remembrance of them, nor will I ever forget to pray for your Happiness, who will have completed mine, by sending me safe home to my poor but honest Parents.

Virtue has such Charms even with those, who are contriving its Ruin, that Mr. *Belmour* was quite astonished at what she said, and more enamoured of the lovely Maid than ever. Her Face was beautiful, her Wit lively, but there was no resisting these noble Sentiments of her generous Mind. He did all he could to conceal the Effect they had made upon him, and, with a forc'd Frown, bade her prepare to depart his House, and said, to Mrs. *Jervis*, I suppose

three or four Days, or a Week, will be sufficient for her to do what is necessary to make herself ready.

Upon this *Pamela* rising from her Knees, made a low Curtesy, and went towards her Chamber, and in her Way met *John*, the Footman, who had carry'd her Letters sometimes to her Father and Mother, and he said, Mrs *Pamela* have you nothing to send to your Father and Mother, for I am to set out in about an Hour to go that Way. Yes, *John*, said she, I had never in my Life more Occasion to send to them than at present: Well then, said *John*, I shall be glad to carry it whatever it be, for it does my Heart good to see and talk to the old Folks they are so honest and sensible, one always learns something from them. What Pity it is such worthy People should have no better Success in the World! *Pamela* thank'd *John* for the good Opinion he had of her Parents, and his kind Proffer to carry her Letter, which she immediately went into her Room and began to write, to let them know her Intention of coming home to them, and upon what Account it was, so begg'd an Answer from them to know if she should be welcome. When she had sealed it up and deliver'd it to *John*, she took up her Work and sat ruminating in the Chamber upon what had happened; but wondered when Supper-Time came, that Mrs. *Jervis* never sent for her, and at last, when she came up to Bed, look'd very shy and reserved. *Pamela* much concerned at this, cry'd, my dear Mrs. *Jervis*, you are not angry with me I hope; I wish, said she, Matters had not been carry'd so far. I had a great deal of Talk with my Master after you was gone, he seem'd moved at what you said, especially when you fell upon your Knees and pray'd for him. He said, you had such a Spirit as he had scarce ever met with, and talk'd in a Language and with Sentiments more like a Gentlewoman, than those of a poor Girl taken from a Cottage. I told him, said Mrs. *Jervis*, that there was nothing surprizing in that, for as you came so very young to so good and so fine bred a Lady as his Mother, who took
much

much Delight in instructing you, and had lived four Years with her, it would be more to be wondered at, if you should talk in any other Language, and as for Sentiments of Virtue, it was to be hoped they were not confined to Persons of high Rank; no, said she, I told him I had heard that your own Parents were as honest and virtuous People, and had as strong Notions of Religion and Morality as any whoever.

He was sometimes, continued Mrs. *Fervis*, for having me call you back, and then he would cry, No, let her go, it will be better for us both. He order'd me not to tell you all he said; but I believe he will offer nothing that is indecent to you again, and you may stay, I fancy if you will make your Submission and intreat it as a Favour. Stay! said *Pamela*, Mrs. *Fervis*, why I thought it the best News I ever heard in my Life that I was to go. And can you then, my dear *Pamela*, so willingly part from us all? can you so willingly part from me, who have always loved you as if you had been my own Child? *Pamela* could not help weeping to hear her talk so kindly. Why, Mrs. *Fervis*, said she, what would you have me do? Next to my own Father and Mother there is no Body I love so much as yourself, and to part from you is the greatest Concern I have in quitting my Place, but if I continue in it I must be ruined. How can I stay and be safe? To stay would look as if I did not resent his Behaviour as I ought, but could forgive such Things as are not to be forgiven; and that might be too great an Encouragement to him to attempt my Ruin again. You say, he was sorry for his first Attempt in the Summer-House, but how long did that Sorrow last? only 'till he found me by myself again, and then he was ruder than before, but said also he was sorry for that too — but sure I will never run the same Hazard, if possible, a third Time. I must go indeed Mrs. *Fervis*, tho' with Grief of Heart I take leave of you, but when I am gone I hope you will give me a Character as to my Honesty. Ay, my dear Child, said she, I will give you a better Character

rafter than ever any one of your Age I believe deserved before, if it must come to that.

The next Day *Pamela* received an Answer to her Letter, from her Father and Mother, in which they expressed the great Satisfaction they had in her Resolution of coming home to them and in her persevering in the strict Rules of Virtue and Honour. They told her, that though they made hard Shifts to provide for themselves, yet they would make still harder but they would endeavour to support a Child whose Behaviour made them as proud of her as they should think themselves disgraced by her if she shew'd any Inclination to swerve from those Principles that would be a greater Glory to her, than all the Wealth and Splendor in the World, if gained by wicked and indirect Means.

Pamela had great Consolation in this Letter, but found her Master the next Day strangely out of Humour with her, he passed two or three Times by her without speaking a Word to her, and towards the Evening meeting her in a little Passage going to the Garden, he cry'd, This Creature is always in the Way I think. Upon which *Pamela* standing up as close as she could, to let him pass; I hope, Sir, said she, I shall not be long in your Way. Damn you, said he, for a little Witch, I have no Patience with you.

This was the more frightful to her as Mr. *Belmour* was never known to swear an Oath upon any Occasion. But well, thought she to herself, may he use such wicked Words whose Actions are grown so wicked.

Pamela's Resolution being now fix'd to return to her Parents, she began to think with herself what an odd Figure she should make in their poor Neighbourhood, in the Cloaths she had been used to wear at Mr. *Belmour's*, having nothing but Silk Gowns and Petticoats, laced Headcloaths and fine Shoes and Stockings that had been her Lady's. These Things she thought would not only provoke the Envy but the Censure of the poor People about them, if they saw her

her dwindling from her Finery by Degrees, and with a fine Gown putting on a Linsey-Woolsey Petticoat, or any other plain home-spun Garment that was all she could think of procuring by her own Industry as the other wore out ; therefore she resolved at once to put herself in a Garb suitable in all Things to the Appearance she desired at first to make among them.

In order to this, unknown to any of the Family, she bought a Piece of sad colour'd Stuff, spun by a Farmer's Wife and Daughters, enough to make her a Gown and two Petticoats, and made Robings and Facings to it with a pretty Bit of printed Linnen she had by her. And then, of a Pedlar, she bought two round-Ear'd Caps, a Pair of knit Mittens, turn'd up with white Callico, and a little Straw Hat, with two Pair of ordinary blue Hose, and two Yards of narrow black Ribbon, for her Shift Sleeves, and to serve as a Necklace. *Pamela* was enabled to do this, having just received a Year's Wages, which was five Pounds, it being now above a Twelve Month since Mrs. *Belmour* dy'd, besides she had some of the Silver still left that was given her at her Lady's Death, which with the four Guineas, before mentioned, that she sent to her Parents, were found in her Pocket ; and Half a Guinea more, which was given to her out of Twenty Guineas, left by Lady *Davers* to be distributed among the Servants when she last took Leave of her Brother, after having made him a Visit and continued with him a Month. *Pamela* was so pleased with her new Things that she went to look at them almost every two Hours, and thought that they would be infinitely more becoming, as they were the Dress of Chastity than all the fine Things that her Master had given her, all which she intended to leave behind her, thinking it but Justice, since without doubt, he expected other Returns for those Presents than she intended to make him. *Pamela* had but just look'd at her Things and locked them up, when Mrs. *Fervis* came into the Room to her, and told her, that she could not endure to have her so much alone ; and *Pamela* said, there was
nothing

nothing she dreaded so much as Company, for her Heart was almost up at her Mouth when she came in for Fear it was her Master; but that she always rejoiced to see her dear Mrs. *Jervis*.

Mrs. *Jervis* told her, she had had a great deal of Talk with her Master about her, and could assure her she was of more Consequence to him than she thought — Or desire to be, said *Pamela*, for to be of Consequence to him, would make me of none to myself or any Body else. I may perhaps be of Consequence enough to vex him, because he could not make a Fool of me, and so mortify his Pride, which made him believe that one of his high Condition could be refused nothing by one in mine. You have vexed him, that's certain, said Mrs. *Jervis*, and he says you shan't stay, but yet, (don't mention what I am going to say to you;) he said, he wish'd he knew a Lady of Birth and Fortune, who had just such a Person and just such a Mind, and he would marry her To-morrow.

Pamela could not help blushing at these Words; but yet, said she, if I was that Lady of Birth and Fortune, and he should be so rude as he has been with me, I cannot tell whether I would have him or no, not but that, if his Actions were not so ugly, I really believe him the handsomest Man in the World; notwithstanding which I would despise his Person, his Estate, and all that he could offer me, and not think myself worthy of being a Gentleman's Wife, if I could put up with such an Insult.

To be sure, my dear, said Mrs. *Jervis*, he thought he might take greater Freedoms with a Servant than he would have offered to a Lady of Fashion; but now he finds how much he is mistaken, and that no Lady of the greatest Quality could have shewn more Resentment, than you have done, he will never think of the like again if you would but bring yourself to forgive a little what's passed, and desire to stay, for you must needs know he has a Regard for you.

Yes,

Yes, said *Pamela*, he has a Regard for me, and that is what terrifies me, and makes me resolved not to stay, and I beg, dear Mrs. *Fervis*, if you have any Value for me, that you will not say any thing of my having the least Inclination to it, for indeed I have not; but long to be in Safety with my dear good Father and Mother: I have read in a Book of a mighty King, who to give a Sycophant a Taste of the great Felicity, he imagined he enjoy'd, placed him in Imperial Robes at a Table sumptuously cover'd, but at the same Time, hung a naked Sword with the Point downwards just over his Head, fastened only by a Horse-Hair, which terrify'd the poor Man so that he could not taste a Bit of any thing before him: This is just my Case, I have fine Cloaths, a fine House to dwell in, and Plenty of every Thing, but yet enjoy nothing, for O! the frightful Sword hangs, but by a Horse-Hair over my Head. And when, when, dear Mrs. *Fervis* do you think I can obtain my Dismission? My Master, said she, ask'd me much the same Question to Day, and I told him, that as you had began an embroider'd Waistcoat, which indeed was exceeding rich and handsome it was Pity it should be left unfinished, and that I believ'd a Week's Time would compleat it, and then there would be nothing to hinder your going, if it must be so. O! said *Pamela*, if that is all that stops me, I will work Night and Day but I will finish it.

The Business of *Pamela's* being to leave her Place was hitherto a Secret to every Body but Mr. *Belmour*, Mrs. *Fervis* and herself; but now it began to gather Wind in the Family; for Mr. *Belmour* passing by her, one Morning, in a Passage that is not very light leading to the Hall, ask'd who that was, to which she answered, *Pamela*, Sir. *Pamela*, cry'd he, how long are you to stay in this House? Only, Sir, said she, till I have finish'd the Waistcoat, and it is almost done. You might certainly have finished it before this Time if you had had a Mind to it: Indeed, Sir, said she, I have never been idle, but there is a great deal of
Work

Work in it—— Idle! said he, no I don't suppose you think yourself *idle*, when you are scribbling your foolish Letters, but I will have no such impertinent Sluts about my House.

Pamela, who had never been talk'd to so roughly before, could not forbear crying, and being obliged to go thro' the Hall wiping her Eyes, was much confounded, and so was her Master, to see *Jonathan*, the Butler, just at the Door, who had over-heard every Word that passed. So it soon came to be whisper'd about; and first one Servant and then another asked Mrs. *Jervis* how it happened that they were going to lose Mrs. *Pamela*. Mrs. *Jervis* put the best Face upon it she could, and told them, that her Father and Mother growing infirm, could no longer be without her, and she was going to comfort them in their old Age. But this could not pass upon *Jonathan* who had heard in what Manner his Master spoke to her, and he had related it to Mr. *Longman* the Steward, so *Pamela* happening to go into his Room to beg a Pen or two of him, he could not forbear expressing his Concern for the bad News he heard, and ask'd her if it was true, that they were going to lose her. She said it was true indeed, but was in Hopes that no Body would have heard it 'till she was ready to take her Leave of them.

What can be the Meaning of this, said the good old Steward, my Master from being one of the best temper'd Men in the World, is now grown peevish with every Body; and *Jonathan* tells me he was in a downright Passion with you, just now, my pretty Damsel; What have you done to him? Nothing I am sure, said *Pamela*, willingly to offend him. No, reply'd Mr. *Longman*, I do not think thou hast; but if I may guess the Cause, I fear *Pamela* you're a little too handsome, and a great deal too virtuous for him, come own the Truth; No, Sir, said *Pamela*, I would not for the World reflect upon my Master, it may be he takes it ill, and thinks that after all the Kindness I have received in his Family, I am ungrateful

ful to leave it, but you know, Sir, that one's Obligations to one's Parents are greater than any other. How prettily, said he, would she excuse every Thing, nay, I can hardly blame him, adad, if I was a young Man myself I don't know what Power so many Charms, and so much Wit and Innocence together, might have over me; but you do well, my Child, to preserve your Virtue; I can remember by myself, that the Love which young Fellows have for naughty Women is commonly but of a short Duration: Heavens bless you wherever you go.

Pamela had no sooner left the Steward's Room and got into Mrs. *Fervis's*, but her Master came thither, having something to order against the next Day, when a great deal of Company was to dine there, as soon as he came in, *Pamela* rose, and turning her Head on one Side, Ay, said he, you may well be ashamed to shew your curst Face, I wish I had never seen it; prithee *Fervis*, continued he, how long is the Wench to be about that Waistcoat? Pray, Madam, come hither towards me I have something to say to you—— No, now I think on't begone. *Pamela* took him at his Word, and tripp'd away as fast as possible; but Mr. *Belmour* stay'd some Time with Mrs. *Fervis*, and had a great deal of Discourse about her, and expressed some Uneasiness at having spoke as he did in the hearing of *Jonathan*, as Mrs. *Fervis* afterwards told her.

The next Day the Company all came, as expected, to Dinner, who were the Countess of *Shendisford* with her Son-in-Law Mr. *Perkins*, Sir *Jervas Brookes* and his Lady, Sir *Humphry Arthur* and his Lady, and the Lady *Towers*, with her two Brothers Sir *Thomas Beakins* and the Major-General. As no Body kept a handsomer Table than Mr. *Belmour*, or had every Thing in a higher Taste, having brought home with him from *Paris*, one of the most approv'd Men-Cooks there, the Entertainment was vastly admired; and when they began to be a little merry, said one of the Ladies, We hear Mr. *Belmour* you have a Servant-Maid,

Maid, who is the greatest Beauty in the County ; Ay, said another, and we are resolved to see her before we go.

The Wench, said Mr. *Belmour*, is well enough, but certainly no Beauty ; my Mother took her out of Charity, and on her Death-bed made me promise to be kind to her. Sure, said my Lady *Shendisford*, Mr. *Belmour* did not want his Mother's Recommendation to be kind to a pretty Woman. No, no, said the Major-General, *Belmour* knows how to choose for himself I'll warrant him : Prithee, *Isaac*, said he, to one of the Footmen who waited at Table, what is the Name of your great Beauty ? *Pamela*, and please your Honour, said the Footman ; well then fill me a Glass of Port and I'll drink *Pamela's* Health. Well said, says Sir *Humphry*, let it go round ; Lady *Towers*, here's *Pamela* to you : Methinks Sir *Humphry* you begin Toasting a little too soon, said she, before the Cloth is taken away ; besides as you know we Women are a little cautious how we allow of too much Beauty in one another, we must see her at least before we do her that Honour. And then, said Mr. *Belmour*, when you do see her ; take my Word for it, you will see no Beauty ; her greatest Excellence is, that she is humble and faithful, and behaves so as to make all her Fellow-Servants love her ; my House-keeper, a prudent good Woman, whom I have a great Value for, almost doats upon her, and old *Longman*, my Steward, and *Jonathan*, the old Butler here, I am told, if they were young again, would fight for her. What say'st, honest *Jonathan*, said one of the Gentlemen, is this so ? In good Truth, said he, and please your Honour, I never knew the Fellow of her, she is the sweetest conditioned young Creature I ever came near, and if you will pardon my Boldness, I think one of the handsomest. Well, said Lady *Brookes*, you find Ladies High and Low, Young and Old, all join in the Praises of this Paragon of Beauty. Mrs. *Jervis* is my old Acquaintance we'll go and see her after Dinner,

ner, while the Gentlemen are toasting their absent Mistresses, and then we shall have a Sight of her.

Accordingly, in the Afternoon, the four Ladies went into Mrs. *Jervis's* Room, upon whose Approach, *Pamela* being then with her, was so surpriz'd that she flew into the Closet.

How do you do, good Mrs. *Jervis*, said Lady *Brookes*. How do you do Mrs. *Jervis*, said Lady *Shendisford*, I am glad to see you look so well. I humbly thank your Ladyship, said Mrs. *Jervis*, I hope Lady *Susan* and Lady *Frances*, your Ladyship's Daughters are well, how came your Ladyship not to have the Goodness to bring them to Dinner with you? They're both at *Scarborough*, Mrs. *Jervis*, said she, and I'll assure you Lady *Fanny* is grown a fine Woman since you saw her, and is, I thank God, as good as she is handsome; but now we talk of Beauty, the whole Country rings of the Beauty of one of Mr. *Belmour's* Maids: Ay, said Lady *Arthur*, it is two Years almost since I saw *Pamela*, poor Mrs. *Belmour* was very fond of her, and they say she is grown wondrous pretty.

Yes, Madam, said Mrs. *Jervis*, *Pamela* is a pretty Girl indeed, she is but in the Closet here—*Pamela*, said she, pray come hither, here are some Ladies who do you the Honour to enquire after you. *Pamela*, who had over-heard all that had been said concerning her, came into the Room cover'd with Blushes; but my Lady *Shendisford*, to encourage her, took her by the Hand, and said, Don't be ashamed Child, thou hast a good Face, I wish I had just such another to be ashamed of. Indeed, said Lady *Arthur*, Report has not said too much of her. And don't you think Ladies, said Lady *Brookes*, that our good Neighbour prides himself in such a Hand-Maid, notwithstanding all he said at Table? Perhaps, said Lady *Towers*, who fancies herself a Wit, this is the only Piece of Furniture in his House, that he would not have his Friends admire. I wonder if the pretty Picture can speak. Can't speak, Child, said she, can't speak?

Not very easily, Madam, answer'd *Pamela*, before so many Ladies who are so much my Superiors; I should be proud to shew my utmost Respect, and that must be in my Silence.

Why the Thing's very mannerly, said Lady *Towers*: Go, thy Ways, thou art born to do Mischief; and will shortly be undone thyself, or undoe Some-Body else, or I am much mistaken. I never saw such a Shape and such a Face in my Life.

These impertinent Women, who, notwithstanding their Titles, might have learn'd Sense and good Breeding from *Pamela*, after they had talk'd a little more to her, with the same insolent Airs that they began in, went down to Mr. *Belmour* and the rest of the Company, and still made themselves merry upon the same Topick. Mr. *Belmour*, who was a Man of fine Understanding himself, could not but despise them in his Heart, he knew how much inferior they all were, except in Point of Fortune, to the virtuous Girl they made a Jest of; he knew that Lady *Towers* with all her Pretensions to Wit, had set so bad an Example to her own Daughters, that one of them had been debauched by her Coachman, and the other was married to a worthless Fellow with whom she had made a Slip before she would consent to let her have him: And the whole County rang with Major-General *Beakins's* Intrigue with Lady *Arthur*, and perhaps the poor Cuckold, Sir *Humphry*, was almost the only Man who had heard nothing of it.

The embroidered Waistcoat, that seemed the only Thing to have detained *Pamela* for some Time past, being now finished, she began to prepare for her Departure: And going up the next Day, after she had dined, into her Chamber, she locked the Door, and dressed herself in her new Country Garb; her woollen Gown and Petticoat, her round-ear'd Cap, with a green Top-knot, her ordinary Hose and Shoes, and the black Ribbon about her Alabaster Neck instead of a Necklace, and how much more becoming was it than those of Diamonds and Pearl on the fine Ladies
who

who dined there the Day before ! When she was quite dressed, she took her little Straw-Hat in her Hand, and went into Mrs. *Fervis's* Room, who was sitting at Work, but not knowing *Pamela* in this new Dress, she took off her Spectacles, and rising up, said, Do you want me, forsooth ? Why Mrs. *Fervis*, said the other, don't you know *Pamela* ? *Pamela* ! said Mrs. *Fervis*, it is she, I am strangely surprized ! what is the Meaning of this Metamorphosis, my Dear ? *Pamela* had not Time to answer the Housekeeper before Mr. *Belmour* happened to come into the Room to give some Directions to Mrs. *Fervis*, but the other's Back being towards him, he thought it was some Stranger and so withdrew. Mrs. *Fervis* turn'd her about, and viewing her from Top to Toe, Pray tell me what is the Design of this Dress ? Why, Mrs. *Fervis*, said she, having no Cloaths before that I thought were fitting for such poor People's Daughter as my Father's and Mother's, to whom, you know, I am now to return, I have provided these to make my first Appearance in, when I come among my old Neighbours, for I hope I shall always take Care not to appear above my Condition. Well, said she, thou art a Nonsuch, never did any Girl of thy Age so readily consent to part with all that Finery which others would have been proud of ; thou art a perfect Philosopher, *Pamela*, thus on all Occasions to be able to suit thy Mind to thy Condition. But O ! this Preparation shews thou art in good Earnest, resolved to part with us. Indeed, my dear *Pamela*, that Thought makes me very uneasy ; O ! that there could be any Way thought of with Honour to prevent it !

Mr. *Belmour*, at this Instant, rung his Bell in the Back Parlour, so Mrs. *Fervis* went to attend him ; *Fervis*, said he, I was coming to let you know that I shall go into *Lincolnshire* To-morrow, and from thence to my Sister *Dawers's*, and, it may be, shall not be back again in some Weeks ; but I retired seeing you had Some-Body with you ; but pray who was that neat little Damsel ? Why, said Mrs. *Fervis*, does not your

Honour know who it was? No, said he, I cannot guess, unless it be one of Farmer *Nichols's*, or Farmer *Brady's* Daughters. If you won't be angry, Sir, said Mrs. *Ferwis*, I will introduce her to you, I think she is prettier than our *Pamela*. With that, stepping out, she desired *Pamela* to go in along with her to her Master, but pray now, said she, don't discover yourself; let him find you out; so in they went together. This Action of Mrs. *Ferwis* hath been very justly censured, for was she not known to be a very good Woman in every Thing else, this could look only like pandering to her Master's Lusts, for she must needs know that presenting her to him, in this new Attire, could tend only to inflame his Desire, and keep alive that Passion he was using his utmost Efforts to crush. But I believe we may venture to acquit the poor Woman of any such Design, considering her general Character, and impute it only to her not weighing, at that Time, what might be the Consequences.

When *Pamela* came into the Room, there is no doubt but Mr. *Belmour* knew her at first Sight; but he pretended otherwise, and coming up to her, took her by the Hand, and said, Whole pretty Girl are you? I dare say you are *Pamela's* Sister, you are so like her; but I think a great deal prettier. *Pamela* was all Confusion, and just going to speak; but he took her about the Neck, and cry'd, You are very pretty Child, I would not be so free with your Sister, because she's my Servant, but I must kiss you. O! Sir, said she, I am *Pamela*, I am *Pamela* herself. Impossible, impossible, Child, you are a thousand Times prettier, said he, almost stifling her with Kisses, but *Pamela* struggling, at last got from him, and ran out of the Room.

Mr. *Belmour* followed, and brought her Back, harkee, Madam, said he, if you are *Pamela*, pray let me know the Meaning of this Disguise. Thou little artful Hypocrite! Was there ever so much Cunning in any thing so young! after all her pretended Modesty, she found my Passion beginning to cool, and
thought



J. Garvitham sculp.

thought of this Stratagem to call me back to her Lure.

Pamela was ready to sink into the Earth when she heard this Construction put upon her innocent Intentions. No, Sir, said she, there is no Disguise or Hypocrisy in this Dress, and very far from having any such ill Designs as you imagine; I mean by it the honestest and sincerest Thing in the World, which is to return to my poor Parents in such a Garb as is suitable to their Child. I am beholden to you, Sir, for all the fine Cloaths your Bounty has bestowed upon me, they would have been fit for me in your House, or if I might have had the good Fortune to have waited upon my Lady *Davers*, but would only make me ridiculous in the poor Village where I am now going to live.

Mr. *Belmour* look'd eagerly upon her all the while she spoke, and, then was going to take her in his Arms again — but recollecting himself push'd her away — Sure, said he, there is some Inchantment in this little Witch. But, *Jervis*, as I was telling you, you may let her stay 'till I have been at my Sister *Davers's* and seen if she will have her, if in the mean Time she will humble herself and say she is sorry for having taken such Freedoms as she has done with my Character. Do you hear what I say, *Pamela*, continued he: Yes, Sir, answered *Pamela*, but I should be glad if you would have the Goodness to let me go to my Father and Mother. Did any one ever hear the like! said he, it was but this Minute she talked of being desirous of the good Fortune, as she then was pleased to call it, of waiting upon my Sister *Davers*, and now truly she wants to go to her Father and Mother — Go, and be damn'd you perverse Baggage, said he, such a Slut's worth No-Body's Notice.

Pamela upon this, fell a Weeping, and said, sure No-Body's Lot was so hard as her's, for she had lost the Favour of her Master, and yet he would not suffer her to leave his House peaceably, and that if she had robb'd him he could not have used her worse.

Robb'd

Robb'd me, said he, why have you not robb'd me, Huffy! God forbid, said *Pamela*, not guessing his Meaning, if I have I am sure I deserve no Mercy: But, pray Sir, if I have done amiss, why am not I left to be discharged, like the other Maid-Servants, by your Housekeeper, I wonder you will demean yourself so as to take Notice of such a poor Creature as I am.

Jervis, said he, did you ever hear such a pert and ungrateful Huffy! If, as I promised my dying Mother I would take Care of her, I have used her better than a common Servant, is it thus she ought to thank me?

I am sure, reply'd *Pamela*, my good dear Lady, who is now in Heaven, did not design that your Care of me should shew itself in such Actions as those of the *Summer-House*, and the *Dressing-Room*. Mr. *Belmour* was so enraged at this, that getting up, he ran towards her, but she made her Escape, and happy for her she did, for he would certainly have done her some Mischief, which she was the more convinced of, when a little while after, *Jonathan* the Butler, privately sent her the following Note:

TAKE Care of yourself, good Mrs. *Pamela*, for Rachel just now heard my Master say to Mrs. *Jervis*, who she believes was pleading in your Favour, It signifies nothing, talk no more Mrs. *Jervis*, for by G--d, I'll have her.

P. S. Pray burn this:

When Night came, Mr. *Belmour*, in order to complete the wicked Design which he had now sworn to effect, concealed himself privately in a Closet within Mrs. *Jervis*'s Room, where she had a Chest of Draws and a few Books: Neither of them suspecting any thing of the Matter.

Pamela sat down on one Side of the Bed and Mrs. *Jervis* on the other, to undress themselves. *Pamela* not saying any Thing for some Time, Why *Pamela*, said Mrs. *Jervis*, you won't speak to me, I find you are angry. Indeed, Mrs. *Jervis*, said she, it would

be

be a Folly to deny it; I cannot say but I do take it a little amiss that you forced me into the Room to my Master as you did To-day; you that are a Woman of Years and Experience, might have known that it was not fitting for me, considering all that has passed, to pretend to be so frolicksome with him. Indeed, my Dear, said Mrs. *Jervis*, I did not think it would have appeared in that Light, I only intended to give him a stronger Proof of your Innocence and Resolution, and that he might see you were in Earnest to go away, and forsake every Thing rather than be the naughty Creature he would have you. And indeed now, *Pamela*, when I reflect upon what has happened, I must needs say, what I thought I could never have brought myself to, that I wish you were safe with your Father and Mother, for if my Lady *Davers* has a Mind to have you live with her, she may as well have you from their House as from hence.

Now my dear Mrs. *Jervis*, said *Pamela*, you are my Friend indeed, and God will bless you for having this Compassion on my Distresses. But pray, continued she, what did he say after I was gone? What signifies, said Mrs. *Jervis*, telling all he said, it was enough to make me fear you could not be so safe as I would wish. And indeed, *Pamela*, some of your Danger is owing to the lovely Appearance you made in your new Dress. Ay! said *Pamela*, I wish the Cloaths had been in the Fire then, I am sure I expected a quite different Effect from them.

Lord! cry'd *Pamela* on a Sudden, don't you hear something stir in the Closet? No, no, said Mrs. *Jervis*, thou art so fearful; may be the Cat may be there, there is no Danger of Thieves breaking into this Part of the House. By this Time Mrs. *Jervis* was quite undressed, and, stepping into Bed, said, Pray *Pamela* make haste for I am sleepy.

From what Mrs. *Jervis* had said of the Danger she was in, and from the Note she had received from honest *Jonathan* the Butler, *Pamela* was under most terrible Apprehensions, and having pulled all her
Cloaths

Cloaths off to her Under Petticoat, thought she heard a Noise again in the Closet: Well, said she, I cannot go to Bed before I have look'd into that Closet, and so got up to go thither Bare-Foot, when her Master just then rush'd out of it in a Night-Gown of rich Silver Stuff.

Pamela ran screaming to Bed; and Mrs. *Jervis* screamed too. I will do you no Harm, said Mr. *Belmour*, if you cease your Noise, but if not, take what follows; and, thereupon went to the Bed to her, for by this Time *Pamela* had crept into the Bed to Mrs. *Jervis*; and taking her in his Arms, said he to Mrs. *Jervis*, Prithee *Jervis* step up Stairs and keep the Maids from coming down upon this Noise, and leave me to quiet this Rebel, I'll do her no Harm I assure you.

In the Name of Virtue! In the Name of Heaven! Dear Mrs. *Jervis* if I am not betrayed, do not leave me, said *Pamela*, but help me to raise all the House. No, said Mrs. *Jervis*, I will not leave you, Heaven forbid that I should leave thee in such Distress, and so threw herself upon her Petticoat and clasp'd her in her Arms. What is it, Sir, said she to her Master, you can mean by coming in this Manner to undo a poor harmless Maiden; but while I have Hands or Arms to defend her, you shall not execute your wicked Purpose.

Mr. *Belmour* burning with foul Desires, and fearing a Disappointment, raved like one distracted, swearing that if he did not throw her out of the Window that Instant, he would turn her out of Doors in the Morning. You shall not need it, Sir, said Mrs. *Jervis*, Heaven defend this innocent Lamb but to Night and we will both leave your House To-morrow together.

Pamela, said he, hear me a little, let me reason with you; Hear not a Word *Pamela*, said Mrs. *Jervis*, unless he goes out of the Bed; Ay, and out of the Room too, cry'd *Pamela*, if you will reason, as you call it, let it be To-morrow. No, my dear Angel, said he, it must be now, I would not stay for a Kingdom

Kingdom, 'till To-morrow, with that threw one Arm about her Neck, and thrusting the other Hand in her Bosom, the poor Girl immediately went away in a Fit; and Mrs. *Fervis* perceiving her in a cold Sweat and no Breath coming from her, shriek'd out, My poor *Pamela* is dead. Help! Help! for Heaven Sake bring some Help! Mr. *Belmour* turned pale, and, seeming under great Concern, quitted the Room, and then making a Shew of coming from his own Chamber, called to the Maids to go and see what was the Matter in *Fervis's* Room; but first of all he charged her to say nothing of his having been there, and told her, if she would conceal the Cause of *Pamela's* Disorder from the rest of the Family, he would forgive all she had said and done.

Mrs. *Fervis* knew it would be of no Service to herself or any Body else, to disobey her Master in this Particular, so she said nothing to the Maids, who all came running into the Room, but that poor *Pamela* was taken with a sudden Fit, and she thought her almost dead. The Maids continuing about her, some doing one Thing and some another, 'till they saw her a little recovered, and then only one of them, *Rachel*, staid to set up all Night and keep Mrs. *Fervis* Company.

Mr. *Belmour* went out early in the Morning to hunt, and returning about eleven of the Clock, came into Mrs. *Fervis's* Room, and with a very sour Countenance, said to her, *Fervis* after what has happened, and you and I know one another so well as we do, I know not what Sort of a Life we are like to lead together for the future. I hope, Sir, said she, you will excuse the Liberty I am going to take; but I am so much concerned to think that you should offer to injure this poor Girl, and especially in my Chamber, that I should think myself an Accessary to her Ruin if I did not take Notice of it; therefore, Sir, altho' I have not provided any Place to go to, yet I desire *Pamela* and I may have Leave to quit your House together. It's very well, *Fervis*, said he, the

sooner the better. I find this Girl has made a strong Party in my own House against me. Her Innocence, said she, deserves the Love of every one, and little could I have thought that my good Lady's Son would have taken such Pains to destroy the Virtue he ought to protect. Prithee, said he, no more of thy antiquated Notions, go and preach them somewhere else; *Longman* shall make up your Accompts immediately, and *Fewkes*, the *Lincolnshire* Housekeeper, shall come hither in your Place, and I dare say she wont be less obliging than you have been. I have never disoblig'd you before, Sir, said she, but I must have been a base Woman indeed, if I had not run any Hazard rather than let you have accomplish'd your wicked Designs. Still reflecting upon me, *Fervis*, and for what! Have I done the Girl any Harm? She has a pretty Knack at falling into Fits when she pleases; but I am sure your cursed Noise and screaming confounded me as much as I could frighten you. Well, Sir, said Mrs. *Fervis*, you have no Objection, I hope, to *Pamela's* going away on *Thursday*. You are mighty solicitous, said he, methinks about *Pamela*; but I have not any Objection to it, and, as for your own Part, I would part civilly with you on my Mother's Account, tho' you both took great Freedoms with me last Night.

Pamela as soon as he came into the Room, not able to endure the Sight of him, had thrown her Apron over her Face, and cry'd as if she would break her Heart. What does this Girl cry for, said he, she has received no Injury I'm sure, and if she was to continue ever so long with me, I would never molest her again, nor encounter with the hideous Noise and Yelling that both of you made; it is hardly got out of my Ears yet. Pull away your Apron, you little Fool you, said he, to *Pamela*, and let's see if you dare to look me in the Face. No, indeed, Sir, I dare not, said she, and if you are not ashamed of what you have done I am ashamed for you. Good God! cry'd she, that Guilt should thus triumph while Innocence is
ashamed

ashamed to shew its Face! and with that went out of the Room.

Mr. *Belmour*, tho' he could not bear the Thoughts of her leaving his House, yet believed that it would but make her the more eager to go, should he discover immediately a Desire of having her stay, therefore he took no Notice for the Present of what had passed; but if he met her in his Way, look'd not so morosely as he used to do, in hopes by Degrees to reconcile her to him; however, both she and Mrs. *Jervis* concluded they were to go. In the mean Time, Mr. *Belmour* having a very rich Suit of Cloaths sent him from *Paris*, which he intended to appear in the next Birth-Day in Town, and having try'd them on the next Morning after they were brought home, he thought they were very becoming, and reflecting on the Charms of *Pamela's* new Dress, he was resolved to try what Effect an Alteration in his own might have upon her, so before he pull'd them off, he watch'd for her coming by the Room where he was, and then calling her in, *Pamela*, said he, you are so neat in your own Dress you must needs have a good Fancy in ours, pray let me have your Opinion of this new Suit.

The Coat was a Silk *Sempeternelle* of a Cream Colour, laced with a fine Gold open Lace, and lined with a blue Lutestring; the Waistcoat was a *French* Shape with large Flowers of Gold and a great Variety of Colours on a blue Ground. Nothing could be cut with a genteeler Air, or fit any one with greater Exactness. *Pamela* told him she was no Judge, but she thought they were very fine. But how comes it, *Pamela*, said he, that you yourself don't wear the Cloaths you used to do? For she still went about in her new Country Garb. I have no other Cloaths, Sir, said she, that I can properly call my own, it matters not what such a poor Creature as I wear. But why so serious! *Pamela*, said he, I find you can bear Malice. God forbid, Sir, said she, that I should bear Malice against any one; but I hope ne-

vertheless that I am not insensible of Injuries, and shall always use the best of my Power to avoid them. What Injuries! said he, No-Body has injured you; but it would be an Injury to these soft Hands and this fair Skin, should you return to hard Work which you must expect if you go home to your Father's; therefore I would have you stay 'till *Jervis* goes, which cannot be this Week yet, and she may be better able to hear of some Place that you are fit for, than your Father and Mother are likely to do; since I doubt, it will be impossible for me ever to forgive you enough to let you continue here. No, Sir, said *Pamela*, I do not suppose it will, nor do I desire it; You don't! said he; No, Sir, answer'd she, but I humbly thank you for allowing me to stay 'till Mrs. *Jervis* goes, it will be a great Comfort to have so good a Woman to accompany me.

As Mr. *Belmour* did not intend she should go away if possible, and could not expect that he should bring her to consent to stay all at once, it was doing a great deal, he thought, to gain another Week as he had done by making her this Offer. But before that was quite expir'd, being in his Parlour with Mr. *Longman* the Steward, he ordered Mrs. *Jervis* and *Pamela* to be called in together; Mr. *Longman* had been speaking very much in Mrs. *Jervis*'s Praise as to her Fidelity and great Exactness in her Accompts, so when she came in, *Jervis*, said he, I suppose you expect that I have called you in to discharge you from my Service; but *Longman* here, has been telling me, that you have settled your Accompts with him in that punctual Manner, which indeed you have always done, and I must needs say I have such a Respect for you, upon my dear deceased Mother's Account, as well as your own, that if I thought you would be sorry for the few hasty Words we have had, I am still willing you shall continue with me. Mrs. *Jervis* humbly thank'd him, and said, To be sure she was very sorry that she had given him any Offence, and as it was the first she hoped it would be the last, for she

she would always endeavour to discharge her Duty to him, and to all the World with a good Conscience and to the best of her Ability.

I am always desirous, said he, to encourage Merit, and must therefore make a Distinction between those who are obliging and those who are not; and for that Reason, tho' *Jervis* shall stay with me, if she pleases, but I can by no Means consent to keep *Pamela* in my House, the Girl I believe is very honest, but since my Mother's Death she is grown very pert and gives me two Words for one, which is what I will not bear. It is very strange, said Mr. *Longman*, that Mrs. *Pamela*, who is so meek and so obliging to every Body else, should so forget herself as to shew the least Respect where the most is due: But so it is, I assure you, *Longman*, said he, and it is owing to her Pertness that *Jervis* and I have had the Words we have; you see she does not offer to say any thing now to excuse herself, or vouchsafe to ask it as a Favour to stay. No, indeed, said *Pamela*, I know I have been guilty of such Faults as you cannot forgive: Sir, I am mighty glad Mrs. *Jervis* is not to lose her Place upon my Account, but I don't expect to stay myself, nor do I desire it. Odsbobs, said Mr. *Longman*, and ran to her, don't say so Mrs. *Pamela*, we all love you, do but submit a little to my Master, and all the Family will intercede for you. No, you see, said Mr. *Belmour*, her proud Spirit, she's still obstinate, does the ungrateful Slut expect I should stoop to her? No, indeed, Sir, said *Pamela*, I do not, but on my Knees, I own I have been very faulty, and am a very ungrateful Creature to the kindest of Masters; I deserve nothing but to be turn'd out of Doors, I am not worthy to stay, neither do I desire it, nor will I stay; but return to my poor Father and Mother, where I will pray to God Almighty to bless you all, you Sir, and you good Mr. *Longman*, my best Friend, Mrs. *Jervis*, and all the Family. And with that rising up, she pulled out her Handkerchief and wept.

Good Sir, said the old Steward, pray pardon her, she prays for you, prays for us all ! She acknowledges her Fault, yet won't be forgiven she says, I profess I understand her not. No, said Mr. *Belmour*, Who ever understood a Woman ? I tell thee she's a Riddle ; let her go, she shall not stay an Hour after *Thursday* next. Nay, good Sir, said the honest old Man, relent a little. Adad ! I think the young Gentlemen of this Age have Hearts of Iron or Steel ; see, she has almost brought the Tears into my Eyes — O ! you don't know her, *Longman*, said her Master, be-gone, Hussy, I can't bear you in my Sight.

Pamela went out, and finding Mrs. *Jervis*, told her what her Master had said ; but, said she, what he thought a Punishment, his threatening me that I shall not stay longer than next *Thursday*, I look upon as the greatest Mark he can shew me of his Bounty : O ! how I shall long 'till that Day comes ! But Mrs. *Jervis*, said she, tho' I know you have no Scruples about my Honesty, yet I must beg you will give yourself the Trouble to look over the Things I have, that you may see what I carry away with me, for there are some Things in my Possession at present that I intend to leave behind me ; and when I shew them to you, I will give you my Reasons for it. Well, well, said she, I know thou think'st like No-Body else, and I shall not contradict you at present.

The next Day being *Wednesday*, and *Pamela* being to go away the Day following, she desired Mrs. *Jervis* to have the Goodness to see her Things. Well, said Mrs. *Jervis*, let the Things be carry'd into the Green-Room, and I'll do what you would have me. *Pamela* thought it a little strange, that she would not just step up, not knowing her Intentions, and so she fetch'd them into the Green-Room as she desired. But in the mean Time Mrs. *Jervis* having prepared her Master for this Scene, brought him into a Closet within the Room, which had a Sash Door and a Curtain before it, where she used to keep some of her wet Sweet-Meats and other Stores for the House.

She

She thought the Scene might divert him, and at the same Time incline him to force her to take away the Things he had given her, which might be of Service to herself and her Parents, by turning them into Money. Besides he had desired that he might be brought to over-hear what she said on this Occasion, when Mrs. *Ferwis* just hinted to him in the Morning that *Pamela* talked of leaving some of her Things behind her.

Mr. *Belmour* being thus concealed in the Closet, in came *Pamela* to Mrs. *Ferwis* with her Bundle, which having opened, and spread the Things abroad: In the first Place, said she, here are the Things that my good Lady gave me, my dear good Lady, whose Loss I still lament as much as on the first Day she dy'd, may Heaven prosper all her Family for her Sake; the Sight of these Things make me weep, because they bring her fresh to my Memory; but these Things, Mrs. *Ferwis*, I may safely call my own, because they were her Gifts to me.

But now, said she, I come to my virtuous Master's Presents, here are the laced Headcloaths, and fine clock'd Stockings, with the gay Mantua and Petticoat. O! what a fine flaunting Madam might I be if I had a Mind to it; but how much more agreeable are the plain Things in this Bundle, that are acquir'd without any Guilt! Here's a printed Linnen Gown I used to wear on Mornings, which will be rather too good for me when I come home, with a quilted Calimanco Petticoat; here's my honest blue Stockings bought of the Pedlar and my Straw-Hat; and this Remnant of *Scotch* Cloth will make a Couple of Shirts and a Shift for my Father and Mother, the same that I have now on; and here are four more pretty good Shifts, and two fine ones that are old, but will serve to turn and wind when I have leisure at home. I have taken the Lace from these two Pair of Shoes, which when I have burnt may fetch something upon a Pinch you know. O Lord! I would not be seen in a Pair of laced Shoes in our Town for any thing. People would think me as bad as my Master would have me be; but

I shall be safe there from Plots and Ambuscades, the *Summer-House* you know for that, Mrs. *Jervis*, and the *Dressing-Room*, and above all, the wicked *Closet*.

Thou art a comical Girl, said Mrs. *Jervis*; but have you any thing else to shew me? Here they are all, said *Pamela*, here's a new Flannel Petticoat, and a Pair of knit Mittens, with four new Caps and some Remnants of Silk, that may serve to new face and robe this Gown when it wants it. Bless me, says she, I have more good Things than I thought I had.

Now, Mrs. *Jervis*, said she, you have seen all my Store: I have divided it in three Parcels, and will make three Bundles of it. In the first Bundle here are the Things which my good Lady gave me, now I know not whether in Conscience I ought to take this Bundle away with me, because my Lady to be sure design'd that I should wear the Things in her Family. But I have certainly much less Right to the Presents of my worthy Master, for it is very plain with what Intention he gave them to me, so I am resolved I will have nothing to say to thee, thou wicked Bundle! and with that shov'd the Bundle away from her. But for this my third and precious Bundle, I will hug it in my Arms, as the Companion of my honest Poverty, and may I not possess the meanest Thing that that contains, when I shall deserve any Part of what is in the second Bundle by paying the Price that was expected for it.

But there is one Thing, my dear Mrs. *Jervis*, that greatly troubles me, there were, you know four Guineas given to me, that were found in my good Lady's Pocket when she dy'd, and those I sent to my Father and Mother, who are not able to restore them to me. What to do in that Case I cannot tell, and don't you think it will be unjust in me to keep them? Alas! Child, said Mrs. *Jervis*, you talk wildly; it will be a great Affront to my Master to offer to return any of the Things; you must take all your Bundles and every Thing away that he has given you or he will never pardon you. If he does not, you know Mrs. *Jervis*, said she

she, I can't help it, I have done him no Hurt, I shall always pray for him and wish him happy ; but I cannot take the Things, I have not deserved them, neither would they be of any use to me, I must not wear such Things as those where I am going to live ; but I trust in God, I shall be always able, by my own Work, to purchase such plain Things as are fit for me : But all I ask about is, these four Guineas, I would fain know if you think I may keep them with Honour, as you know I had no Wages till my Lady died, but then, to be sure, she amply paid me for whatever I could pretend to do for her, by the Education she gave me, besides my Being in her Family and her finding me in Cloaths. Ay, ay, said Mrs. *Fervis*, you need have no Manner of Scruple about keeping them, I'll answer for it, they may be look'd upon as a very lawful Perquisite, it being usual to give what Things are found about Persons of her Fashion at their Death, to the Servants that attended them in their Sickness ; and that, said *Pamela*, I am sure I did, for I was hardly ever from her, but it was out of my Affection to her, and not with the Hopes of a Reward. But since you say I may keep them, I am as rich as I desire to be.

Now, Mrs. *Fervis*, said she, I have but one Thing more to settle ; Which Way do you think I must get home, do you believe my Master will have the Goodness to let a Man and Horse go over with me ? If not I must hire one of Farmer *Brady* for myself, and another for a Man, tho' sure he may suffer *John*, who goes so often that Way to go along with me this once, and I am almost afraid of riding too upon a single Horse, since the Accident I had, which had like to have cost me my Life.

Mrs. *Fervis* said, she heard her Master talk something of having four Horses put to the Chariot, and sending that with her ; but she would be sure to mention it to him by and by and know his Pleasure in it, and, in the mean Time, bade her take away her Bundles. *Pamela* going out of the Room, Mr. Bel-

mour came from his Confinement in the Closet, more charm'd than ever with the innocent Simplicity, and honest Sentiments of the virtuous Girl; he told Mrs. *Fervis* that he would not be without the Satisfaction he had then received upon any Account, and bade her tell *Pamela*, that she needed not be under any Uneasiness about the Manner of her going, for he would take Care to order that so as should not displease her. The Girl was highly delighted when she was told this, and dream'd no other but that she was to leave Mr. *Belmour's* Family the next Day.





THE L I F E

O F

P A M E L A.

BOOK II.



IN the Morning Mr. *Belmour* being up more early than usual, ordered Mrs. *Jervis* to send *Pamela* into the Parlour to him, before she had taken any Leave of her Fellow-Servants, for he had something to say to her. *Pamela*, upon her approaching him, expecting nothing but a Storm, thought she would disarm his Anger by her Submission, so throwing herself upon her Knees as soon as she entered the Room, she begg'd him, to forgive her all her Faults,
and

and grant her one only Favour, that she might depart his House peaceably, and have the Liberty to take Leave of her dear Fellow-Servants as she ought.

Mr. *Belmour* raising her up, took her by the Hand and said, *Pamela* I want to have a little serious Discourse with you, come into my Closet. O, Sir, said she, I beg — By the God that made me, said he, I will do you no Harm; but *Pamela*, still standing irresolute — Place some Confidence in me this once, you may indeed, after I have spoke so solemnly. And having said those Words he went into his Closet, as it is called, but is rather a Library, being a large Room, with several Book Cases of Mahogany finely finished, on the Tops of which, and between them are several curious Busto's and Pictures which he brought with him out of *Italy*. *Pamela* crept towards him, but trembled as she went: Do not be afraid, *Pamela*, said he, upon my Honour I will give you no Occasion; upon which, the timorous Girl advancing, he took her by the Hand: *Pamela*, said he, from this Hour I shall not look upon you as my Servant; but be not ungrateful for the Kindness I am now going to shew you. You have too much Wit not to discover, that, in Spite of all my Pride, I cannot forbear loving you, and when I put on an austere Behaviour, it was only to frighten you, and make you the more readily comply with my Desires. I own it ingenuously; but now I have laid open my Heart to you, don't you play the little Arts of your Sex upon me.

Pamela being in such Confusion that she was not able to speak, Mr. *Belmour* went on, Tell me, *Pamela*, said he, in what Condition your Parents are; are they as poor and as honest as when my Mother first took you? Yes, indeed, Sir, said she, they are both very poor and very honest. Well, said Mr. *Belmour*, if it be not your own Fault, I will do something to make you all happy. I am sure, Sir, said she, my Parents would not think themselves happy, if they were to purchase any one's Favour at the Expence of their

their Daughter's Innocence ; therefore I beg you, Sir, not to talk any more in this way. By Heavens, said he, I mean you no Harm, is it not easy for me to do something for your Parents do you think, without injuring you ? I scorn to do it, for I must own *Pamela*, that I am every Day more and more charm'd with your good Sense and your Behaviour ; my whole Family doats upon you, and I see more Worth in you than ever I found in the greatest Lady I have conversed with. Perhaps I have seen more of your Letters than you imagine, and cannot but admire your honest Sentiments, and pretty Manner of expressing yourself, much beyond what could be expected in one of your Age and your Condition of Life. Now *Pamela* all these have made me love you, I confess it to you, that I love you to Extravagance, my sweet Creature ! And think you then that I can part from you ? Come, I will stoop so low to ask your Pardon for all that I have said and done to give Offence to you ; and now, *Pamela*, you must promise that you will not leave me.

For these very Reasons, Sir, said *Pamela*, I must go ; you say you love me, and therefore you would seek my Ruin. I must go, upon my bended Knees, I beg, Sir, you'll let me go. I have sent my Parents Word that I shall come this Day, and this Day they will expect me ; I humbly beg you will excuse my not complying with what you ask, but would my Virtue allow of it I would have no Will but your's. I love you for your Virtue, *Pamela*, said he, and Witness for me Heaven, I will not injure you. Impossible, Sir, said she, it is impossible for me to believe you love me for my Virtue after what has passed. Strange, said he, that after I have spoke so solemnly I cannot be believed ! come tell me you will stay one Fortnight longer only, and *John* shall carry Word to your Father, that I will see him in that Time either here or in his own Village. It were better, Sir, said she, I should go now, for when I have staid a Fortnight what is to become of me then ? Or what in that

Time ?

Time? No Harm, *Pamela*, I now love you too much to injure you; but in that Time I may think how to serve you, and may think what's proper to be done, and how to pacify the proud Demands that Birth and Fortune make upon my Heart. After this Declaration, remember that I intreat this Continuance, of one Fortnight only, as a Favour; then hugg'd her gently in his Arms; I'll take a Turn or two in the next Room, said he, and leave you to consider of the Request I make you.

Pamela thought this did not look so much amiss as his former Behaviour to her; but was tortur'd with twenty different Thoughts. She thought sometimes that to stay one Fortnight longer in his House, to shew her Obedience, could be of no ill Consequence, since Mrs. *Fervis* was still there; but then she thought again that she might not be able to answer for herself, she had withstood his Anger, but how did she know if she should be able to withstand his Kindness, no one was so upright as to be always proof against Temptation; she had admired him from the first Hour almost that she saw him, and now he began to throw off that awful Behaviour that had so terrified her, she trembled to think of the Danger she might be in: But still, thought she, there is the same divine Grace to protect me. And does he not, said she to herself, talk of making my poor Father and Mother happy? that is a Thought that gives me Joy indeed! but let me not indulge it, lest it should lead me to my Ruin. He says he loves me for my Virtue, but that, it may be, is only to seduce me: And should I stay this Fortnight, in that Time he may lay some Plot to get Mrs. *Fervis* and the Maids out of the Way, and resolve to complete the Villany he before intended to perpetrate.

Upon the whole *Pamela's* Resolution was fixt for going away, and she had no sooner brought herself to it, but Mr. *Belmour* came again into the Room, and with much Kindness in his Looks, told her, he did not doubt but that she was resolved to stay the Fortnight
that

that he had desired. It was no small Difficulty for *Pamela* so to frame her Words as not to give him Offence at her denying what he asked. But, in the humblest Manner, she begged him to forgive a poor distressed Creature, who knew it was not in her Power to deserve any Favour from him but by what was inconsistent with her Virtue, and therefore intreated him to let her go to her poor Father and Mother.

Thou art the veriest Fool, said he, I ever knew, did not I tell you I would see your Father? If that will please you I will send for him here To-morrow, and tell him what I design to do for *you* and *him*. And may I not presume to ask, said she, what that may be? Upon your Estate, Sir, there must certainly be Employments enough for one of them to make him live very happily; but then, Sir, what is the Price that I'm to pay for such a Favour? For as he is unknown to you himself it must be on my Account. You shall, said he, be as happy as you wish: Here take this Purse, there are fifty Guineas in it, and the same Sum I will allow your Father Annually, and find an Employment that shall be fitting for him. No, Sir, said she, take back your Purse, I will not touch it, nor will my Father, poor as he is, 'till he knows how he is to *deserve* it, and what is to become of *me*. Suppose, *Pamela*, reply'd Mr. *Belmour*, I should find a worthy Man of a genteel Calling to marry you, such an Husband as shall make a Gentlewoman of you. Now his new Designs began to appear pretty plainly to her, but she was afraid to say any thing to incense him; so she only cry'd, Alas, Sir, I want no Husband. Ay, but, said he, I shan't think I have performed the Promise I made to my dying Mother of taking Care of you, if I don't look out for a good Husband for you, to protect your Innocence and Virtue, and such a one I have at present in my Eye. And who, pray Sir, is that? said *Pamela*. Why young Mr. *Williams*, answered he, my Chaplain in *Lincolnshire*, he has such a Dependance on my Favour,

your, and your Wit and Beauty will so charm him; that he will be greatly rejoiced at the good Fortune design'd him. Well, Sir, said *Pamela*, this need not prevent my going home to my Father, for what Relation has my staying a Fortnight longer to this; your good Intentions may as well shew themselves to me there as here, and I shall be so far from being asham'd that Mr. *Williams* or any Body else should know of the Poverty of my Parents, that I should think it Baseness to endeavour to conceal it; nor would I be such a Cheat as to appear what I am not upon any Account. What you have said to me last convinces me that I have more Reason to go home to my Father than ever, if it be but to ask his Advice about Mr. *Williams*; but I have other Reasons, and so, Honour'd Sir, with a thousand Thanks for all your Favours, I am resolv'd some how or other to set out this Day, as I intended, and nothing shall dissuade me from it.

Mr. *Belmour* putting on a Frown, *Pamela* began to tremble, but was firm to her Purpose. I would fain conquer myself said Mr. *Belmour*, but this is not a little provoking, *Pamela*, that you should be so ungrateful after all I have said as to, refuse so slight a Favour as I have requested of you; but since you are so resolute, e'en go; the Chariot shall this Instant be got ready; but remember this, it shall be worse for you, than if you had shewn more Complaisance.

Mr. *Belmour* had an After-Game to play; however, he seem'd to take Leave of her in a very civil and formal Manner, presenting her with Five Guineas for her Pocket. *Pamela* greatly rejoiced that the Days of her Captivity were at an End, went round the Family to take Leave of every one; Mrs. *Jervis* to be sure was the first, and the poor Woman wept as for the Loss of her own Child, and told her that she had mentioned what she had said about her Bundles to her Master, and he had said, that she might have her Way; but if she did not take them with her, they should be sent after her. So *Pamela*, said she,
you

you may surely receive them with Honour then; Heavens prosper thee, my dear virtuous Girl, whenever thou goest, and whatever thou undertakest. Thou shalt always have my Prayers and my best Wishes. She went round to all the rest of the Family with Tears in her Eyes, and never was more Sorrow seen than in this House upon this dismal Occasion.

But notwithstanding the Affection that all the Servants had for her, Mr. *Belmour*, upon a Pretence that she had disoblig'd him in going away as she did, would not suffer any of them to see her part of her Way; and having before laid the Scheme of what he was now going to put in Execution, seeing all other Methods failed, he had ordered *Robin*, his Coachman, who knew nothing of *Pamela*, to come home from *Lincolnshire*, with his Travelling-Chariot, which indeed seemed fitter to send with her than that which her Master had in *Bedfordshire* and might want himself. This Fellow, according to his Instructions, drove about five Miles of the Way towards her Father's, and then turn'd off into a cross Road and carry'd her towards Mr. *Belmour's* House in *Lincolnshire*.

We must acquaint the Reader, in this Place, that *John*, who was the Messenger that carry'd *Pamela's* Letters to her Father and Mother, was a Tool employed by his Master for that Purpose, who constantly delivered the Letters to Mr. *Belmour*, to open and read them, and then he sent away those that he thought proper; but *Pamela* constantly kept Copies of all she wrote. Soon after *Pamela* set out in the Chariot, *John* was sent away with a Letter to her Father, from Mr. *Belmour*, to acquaint him, that he had discover'd a Love Intrigue carrying on between his Daughter and a young Clergyman, which if not put a Stop to, might be the Ruin of them both, for the young Man had nothing but his Favour to trust to, and he had nothing yet in his Gift for him, so that if they were to come together soon they might have a Family multiplying upon them before they had Bread to eat. Therefore he had thought it pro-

per to send her out of the Way a little, that he might bring them both to a better Sense of the Inconveniences and Miseries they were going to bring upon themselves by their Rashness. If she had come home to him and her Mother he said, there was no doubt but the young Man would have followed her, and then they might have done what they would repent of perhaps when it was too late. So that he had sent her another Way, and told him, that he and his Wife must not be surpriz'd if they did not hear from her so soon as they might have expected if he had not given them this Notice.

He should not, he continued, have given himself so much Trouble about a common Servant, as she was, but that his Mother had recommended her to his Care upon her Death-bed, and that, indeed, he believed she was a very virtuous and honest Girl; but that her Head was a little turn'd with reading *Poetry* and *Romances*, for he was informed she had taken Liberties of writing a good deal of idle Stuff to him and her Mother concerning his Family and him, mistaking a little innocent Raillery for a Design upon her Honour, but he could excuse that in such a poor Girl, who knew so little of the World, but desired that her Father would not too much encourage her in that Folly; for he really was so far from having any Design upon her himself, that he would endeavour to prevent any Body's else doing her an Injury, or tempting her to give up that Innocence for which she was so highly to be valued.

We may easily imagine what Concern the poor old Man was under when he read this Letter, nothing could make him believe his Daughter would forfeit her Reputation, or that she would engage in any Affair without his Advice, so that he could not doubt but some foul Play was intended to be shewn her.

His Wife's Uneasiness being equal to his own, he resolved immediately to undertake a Journey to Mr. *Belmour's* House, so leaving her to make an Excuse for him to the Farmer with whom he work'd, he set

out

out that very Evening, not being able to rest 'till he could get some Account of his dear Child. He arrived the next Morning before the Family was stirring; but when the Grooms were coming out of the Stables to water their Horses he enquired of them after *Pamela*, and informed them who he was: The News of *Pamela's* Father being there was soon carry'd into the House, and Mrs. *Jervis* made what Haste she could into her Room below Stairs to receive him, which was with a great deal of Kindness for *Pamela's* Sake; after he had enquired if the Squire, as he called him, was at home, and being satisfy'd therein, she told him she would not hear a Word he had to say 'till she had got something for him to eat, that might comfort him, for she saw he was much fatigued and full of Grief. While they were at Breakfast she heard all his melancholick Story, and read the Letter which her Master had sent to him, and not being able to refrain from Tears, she told him they were occasioned by seeing his Sorrow; but begg'd him not to let any Body see her Master's Letter, for she dared to say his Daughter was safe. I hope so, said the poor old Man, for if she was not, it would break both my Heart and her Mother's. She has always given you, Madam, the Character of being very good and very religious, and if all Things were right, to be sure such a good Gentlewoman would not be kept unacquainted with them. Mrs. *Jervis* told him that her Master did not think himself obliged to inform his Servants of all his Proceedings, but as he had a Letter under his own Hand to assure him that his Daughter was safe, sure he needed not to doubt his Honour. And to shew that he had no Design upon her himself, he was not gone from his own House, nor did he talk of it. Why that, said the good Man, is all I have to comfort me — He had no sooner spoke these Words, but Mr. *Belmour*, who by this Time had heard of his coming, came into Mrs. *Jervis's* Room in his Gown and Slippers.

What is this Goodman *Andrews*, said he, *Pamela's* Father. I am, Sir, I am; said he, and am come for my Child; restore my Child to me, I beseech you, Sir, my dear! my virtuous Child! I find, said Mr. *Belmour*, you have not receiv'd a Letter I sent, under my own Hand, to you Yesterday. Yes, I have indeed, Sir, said the poor Man, and it is that which has made me travel all Night to get hither, without losing any Time, that I may know what is become of her. You may take my Honour for it, Goodman *Andrews*, said Mr. *Belmour*, she is very safe, I would not have any Harm come to her for the World. What I have done hath been to serve both you and her, I acquainted you, in my Letter, of the Danger she was in. She will be out of all Danger, reply'd the old Man, when she is with me and her Mother; we will take Care that no Clergyman shall seduce her from us: So I beg once more, good Sir, that you will restore my Child to me.

That indeed, Goodman *Andrews*, said Mr. *Belmour*, is not at present in my Power, she is before this Time very well placed in *London*. In *London*! cry'd the Father, Heaven forbid! Why, *London*, honest Man, said Mr. *Belmour*, is not so terrible a Place as you imagine, there are very good People live in *London*, and your Daughter is now in the House of a Bishop, and is to wait upon his own Lady. Can I be sure of this? reply'd the old Man. Am I to be doubted then, said Mr. *Belmour*, with a Frown; the Concern you are under for your Daughter has made you quite forget to whom you speak. I beseech you, Sir, said the other, be not offended, but I beg you will let me know at what Bishop's House she is, and whereabouts. And then you would be troubling my Lord and his Family, said he, with your idle Fears! Will it not be a sufficient Satisfaction to you if you have a Letter from her, within this Week, of her own writing, to assure you, that she is safe and well? That would indeed be a Comfort, said the old Man. Well, said Mr. *Belmour*, did she not promise

to write to you, *Jervis*, when she went away? Yes, Sir, answer'd Mrs. *Jervis*; then, said he, the Minute you receive the Letter, do you be sure to send a Man and Horse over with it to Goodman *Andrews*. I am very much oblig'd to your good Honour, said the Father, for this; and so I will wait with as much Patience as I can. You will do well, said Mr. *Belmour*, for take my Word for it, she will come to no Harm; for my own Part, I am not going from this House, nor do I intend it till long after the Time that you will have heard from your Daughter, I don't doubt, to your Satisfaction. Or, if you have a Mind to it, and can spare Time, you shall stay here 'till my Housekeeper has heard from her. The old Man humbly thank'd him for the Offer, but excus'd himself, having, as he said, nothing to support himself but his daily Labour which he had already borrow'd more Time from than he could well spare. Well then, said Mr. *Belmour*, pray *Jervis* make Goodman *Andrews* stay and dine with you at least; and when you go I wish you a good Journey, I will order a Man and a couple of Horses to go with you ten or twelve Miles of your Way, and pray accept of these two Guineas to bear your Charges and make Amends for your Loss of Time. The old Man made him a great many Bows, and begg'd God to bless him, and so Mr. *Belmour* went out of the Room. And old *Andrews* being pretty well satisfy'd, after Dinner set out to return home, hoping shortly to hear from his Daughter.

The Servants could not but be much surpriz'd at *Pamela's* Father's being there, when, as they thought, she went home to him the Day before, and were afraid that some Misfortune had befallen her, but they did not dare say any thing, and Mrs. *Jervis* knew that all that was said in the Letter, about her having an Intrigue with a Parson was nothing but Invention: However, in about a Week's Time Mrs. *Jervis* received a Letter from her, how it was obtained will be related hereafter, in which she says, she has a Trick put upon her, and that instead of being

carry'd to her Father's she found herself at another Place; but where that was she was not at Liberty to let her know. She said, she was us'd well in the Main, and wrote that Letter to beg she would let her Father and Mother know (who would be under great Concern about her) that she was well, and would, by the Grace of God, ever continue their dutiful and honest Daughter, as well as her oblig'd humble Servant. In a Postscript, she told her, that she could send neither Date nor Place; but had most solemn Assurances of being honourably us'd.

This Letter was sent away to the old Folks, who were made a little easy to find their Daughter was alive and well, but saw plainly that she was not in the House of a Bishop, and therefore mistrusted the Truth of every Thing else that had been told them; but what to do they knew not, they were in no Condition to call a Man of Mr. *Belmour's* Power and Fortune to an Account, and therefore had nothing to trust to but their Prayers to the Almighty to protect their Child, and bring them out of the Trouble they were under.

But now to return to *Pamela* on her Journey: It has been said before that the Coachman drove five Miles on the Way to her Father's, and then took a cross Road that led towards her Master's House in *Lincolnshire*, in which he continued driving with all the Speed he could make. About two of the Clock, as *Pamela* saw it was, by the Dial of a Church in a little Village they pass'd thro', she called to the Coachman, Well, Mr. *Robert*, said she, we can't be far from home I hope now, by the great Speed you have made; No, said he, we are come above twenty Miles of the thirty; would you please, Mrs. *Pamela*, said he, to bait at this little Town, it may be you want some Refreshment; No, I thank you, Mr. *Robert*, said she, since we have so little a Way to go, I will e'en stay 'till I come home. With that the Coachman drove on at his usual Pace; but *Pamela's* Thoughts were so employed about the Friends she had left

left behind her, and those, as she thought, she was going to meet, that she did not mind the Way, nor how she went 'till it was near Sun-set, and then was greatly surpriz'd to find herself still out of her Knowledge; so she pull'd the String for *Robin* to stop; Lord! Mr. *Robert*, said she, I wish you have not mistaken the Way, for if you were come twenty Miles at two of the Clock, sure we could never have been all this Time coming the other ten, if you were in the right Road. *Robin* stood up in the Box, and looking round, said, he was afraid he was out of the Way but it could not be far, he should soon come in to it again; and so drove on, his Horses being all in a Foam, and Night coming on a pace, *Pamela's* Heart now began to misgive her, and she called out to the Coachman, Mr. *Robert*, there is a Town before us do you know what they call it? No, he told her he could not tell: Well, said she, Night is coming upon us, and as we are certainly out of the Way we had better put up there, and we may get Intelligence how to go on in the Morning. But Lord protect me, thought she, this may be some Design of the Coachman's, and now, tho' I have escap'd the *Master*, I may have fresh Dangers to encounter with the *Man*. *Robin* said, there was no Need to put up, for now he believed he was just at her Father's: So drove on again for two or three Miles, when pretending to be very angry with himself for mistaking the Way, he stopt at a Farm-House, it being just dark, and alighting, said they must e'en make a Shift there, for he found he was many Miles out of his Way.

Pamela could not tell, at first, what to think of this, but her Fears were greatly increased when the Farmer's Wife and Daughter came out, and one of them said, Mr. *Robert*, what could bring you here at this Time of Night? Pray Mistress, said *Pamela*, do you know Mr. *Belmour* of *Bedfordshire*? Yes, sure, forsooth, said the Farmer's Wife, I know the Squire, my Landlord. Then, then, said *Pamela*, I am ruin'd! O thou vile Wretch! said she to the

Coachman, thou wicked Tool of thy wicked Master, what have I done to thee, that thou shouldst help to destroy me? Faith, answer'd the Fellow, I am sorry the Task was put upon me; but I'm oblig'd to obey my Master; and I don't suppose you will have any Hurt done you, here's Farmer *Norton* and his Wife are very reputable, honest People. O! let me come out of the Chariot, said *Pamela*, and dark, as it is, I will walk back to the Town we came thro', for if I enter into this House my Ruin is completed.

You cannot be better used, I'll assure you, young Gentlewoman, said Goody *Norton*, in any House in the Town, than you shall be in mine for the Squire's Sake. O! I'm betray'd! I'm ruined! As you have a Daughter of your own, said *Pamela*, if you hope to have her find Pity in Distress, take Pity upon me; and tell me if your Landlord, Mr. *Belmour*, be in your House. No, he is not, I assure you, said the Farmer's Wife, nor shall any Harm come to you here. By this Time Goodman *Norton* himself came to the Side of the Chariot, and spoke to her in such a Manner, and both he and his Wife looking so well, *Pamela*, as it was late, was prevailed upon to go in, when Goody *Norton* immediately shewed her up Stairs to the best Apartment, and told her, that she should be there as long as she continued in her House, and that No-Body should come near her but when she called. *Pamela* threw herself upon the Bed in the Room fatigued and frightened almost to Death, and gave herself up to immoderate Grief.

A little while after, the Farmer's Daughter came up, and told her, she had brought a Letter, which Mr. *Robert* the Coachman had ordered her to give her. *Pamela* raised herself up as well as she was able, and saw it was the Hand and Seal of her Master, and directed for Mrs. *Pamela Andrews*. The good Woman of the House, at the same time, brought in two Candles and put them upon the Table, and with a Countenance that expressed some Concern for the Grief she was in, asked her if she would be pleased to



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to have a little Glass of a good Cordial she had in the House of her own making since she seemed to be very faint, which *Pamela* readily accepted of, being indeed very much out of Order; and then Goody *Norton* told her she was getting something ready below for her Supper, and hoped she would be better after she had eaten a Bit: So left her to reflect on the sad Condition she was in, and read her Master's Letter: In which he assured her, " that, tho' the Violence
" of his Passion had made him act in a Manner that
" might give her much Uneasiness for the present,
" yet, he meant nothing but what was honourable;
" and to convince her of it, he said, she was now going to an House that should be so much at her
" Command, that even he himself would not approach it without her Leave. He desired her not
" to let her Fears transport her to a Behaviour that
" might bring Censure on them both, for the Place
" where she would receive that, was a Farm belonging to him, and the People were honest and
" obliging. He pity'd the Fatigue she would have;
" but said, she should have Amends made to her for
" all her Trouble; and that he would write to her
" Father to satisfy him, that she was well, and that
" nothing should be offer'd to her but what was honourable.

Pamela could very easily see that this Letter was intended only to pacify her for the present, but as her Danger was not so immediate as she at first apprehended; and her Master had promis'd to write to her Father to quiet his Concern for her, she made herself as easy she could, and made a Shift to eat a Bit of Chicken which was got for her Supper. And while she was at Table with the Farmer and his Wife, who with much Intreaty she prevailed upon to sit down with her, she endeavoured to sound them, and see if they could not be wrought upon to help her to make her Escape; but there was nothing to be done that Way, for Mr. *Belmour* had taken Care to prevent any such Thing being put in practice, by
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writing a Letter to the Farmer at whose House she was; which he shew'd her, when he and his Wife made an Excuse for not complying with her Request and seem'd much to pity the Uneasiness she express'd.

The Substance of the Letter was, that he desired him to entertain a young Gentlewoman in his House, *for one Night only*, whom he had sent thither, very much against her Will, but it was to save both her and a young Man from Ruin, which must be the Consequence if they came together, and which he had no other Way to prevent. What he was doing, he said, was at the Desire of her Father, who was willing to try if Absence and Expostulation could bring the young People to a Sense of the Folly they were running into. Mr. Belmour desired she might be us'd with great Tenderness, for excepting in going about to make this one false Step, which he must not expect *she would by any Means own*, she was a most deserving young Creature.

His having said in the Letter, that *she would by no Means own any Thing*, was a strong Bar against all that poor Pamela could say for herself: And Farmer Norton and his Wife could not help praising Mr. Belmour's great Goodness in shewing such Concern for a Friend's Daughter; and took Occasion from thence to read a Lecture to their own upon the horrid Crime of Disobedience, and of young Womens entertaining the Addresses of any without the Consent of their Parents.

Pamela, not knowing what was to become of her, and seeing no Hopes of Redress, gave herself up to Grief and Despair; to heighten which, Robin the Coachman came into the Room with his gloomy Countenance, and begged her to be ready to pursue the Journey by five of the Clock in the Morning, for it was a great Way to go in a Day, and they should be very late in else.

What could she do? she was in the Hands of People entirely devoted to the Man who was bent upon her Destruction. Mr. Belmour's great Generosity and his

his affable Temper made all his Tenants and Servants ready to run through Fire and Water to serve him ; if she had shewn his Letter to her, which was a full Confutation of all he had said in the other to the Farmer, it is a Question whether it would not have been look'd upon as a Forgery ; or if she gain'd Credit, it was not likely that they would interfere in any thing to disoblige so good a Landlord, and a Man of so much Power ; besides she was to be hurried away so early, that there was not time to take any Measures. She therefore had nothing to do at present, but to commit herself to the Protection of God, who she knew was able to confound the Devices of the Mighty.

But being on the Road the next Morning, she thought with herself, when they come to bait, she would apply to the Mistress of the Inn, and telling her Case to her, refuse to go any further, for then, as she hoped, there would be none to contend with but wicked *Robin*, the Coachman. But how great was her Disappointment when fully resolved to put this Design in Execution, and calling the Mistress of the House aside to beg her Assistance, she found she was fallen into worse Hands than when she was at the Farmer's ! For the Inn was kept by an absolute Creature of Mr. *Belmour's*, and Sister to Mrs. *Jewkes*, his Housekeeper in *Lincolnshire* ; so that *Pamela* had not spoke three Words to her before she told her, she had the Happiness to know something of her ; and desired Some-Body to call her Sister *Jewkes*. *Pamela*, to her great Terror, knew the Name but too well ; and tho' she had never seen her but once, when this confident Woman came into the Room, she immediately kissed *Pamela*, and then chucking her under the Chin, see here, Sister, said she, what a charming Complexion ! Would not such a Girl tempt any Lord in the Land to run away with her ? Poor *Pamela* gave herself over for lost, for the Business was now openly avowed ; nor was there any Possibility for her to make an Escape. Mrs. *Jewkes*, from that Instant, never parting with her

her out of her Sight 'till they came home to their Master's House. As soon as Dinner was over they both went into the Chariot together, a Servant on Horseback riding by, who led the Horse which had brought Mrs. *Jewkes* to meet *Pamela*. As they passed along Mrs. *Jewkes* try'd many Ways to divert her, but finding her very much dejected, and sometimes with Tears in her Eyes, she told her, she was sorely hurt truly to have the finest Gentleman in *England* in love with her, but who can blame him, said she? and rapping out an Oath, if I was a Man myself I should be the same; and then putting her Hand about her Neck, would have kissed her; but *Pamela* told her, she did not understand such Behaviour, it was not like two Persons of the same Sex; at which the other fell a Laughing: Egad, *Pamela*, said she, thou art much in the Right of it, I find you had rather be kiss'd by the other Sex.

In this coarse indecent Manner did Mrs. *Jewkes* entertain *Pamela* upon the Road, 'till eight of the Clock at Night, when they arrived at Mr. *Belmour's* House, which is a venerable old Seat that has been several hundred Years in the Family. *Pamela* entered into it with Horror, and rather wished it had been her Sepulchre, than, what she was afraid it was to be, the burying Place of her Honour. What with the Fatigue of the Journey, and the Apprehensions of the Danger she was in, the poor young Creature was ready to faint away as soon as she got within Doors; wherefore Mrs. *Jewkes* to comfort her, and make her welcome, went away to get her a little mull'd Wine. In the mean while, *Robin* came into the Room to know how she did after her Journey, and ask'd her a thousand Pardons for the Part he had acted by his Master's Command, since he saw she took it so much to Heart.

It is mighty well Mr. *Robert*, said *Pamela*, I never saw an Execution but once, and then, I remember, the Hangman ask'd Pardon just as you do, and pleaded his Duty; you have done your Duty very faithfully indeed, to forward my Ruin, God forgive you
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for it ; I dare say you will repent of what you have done when you see the Consequences of it. If I had not had more Grace than to obey the unlawful Commands of a wicked Master, I had not given you this Trouble, and yet I can't reproach myself with want of Duty. *Robin* hanging down his Head went out of the Room ; and Mrs. *Fewkes* coming in soon after, ask'd what she had been saying to him, the poor Fellow looked, she said, as if he would cry. Why, Mrs. *Fewkes*, said *Pamela*, the Man seems sorry for the wicked Part he has acted in what is contriving for my Ruin, but his Share in the Business is over, your's is to come, and you may repent in Time.

Prithee, my Dear, said the wicked Housekeeper, what doest talk of Repentance for ? here has been no Harm done, nor will there I warrant you. You shall be mighty well used here, and there is nothing you shall desire that I wont do to serve you, if it does not clash with my Master's Orders, I assure you, Madam.

Don't call me Madam I beseech you Mrs. *Fewkes*, said *Pamela*, I am but a Servant inferior to yourself, and much more so as I am turn'd out of my Place. Oh, you charming little Rogue you, said the other, you have such a Power over my Master, that you will shortly have the Command of us all ; and therefore I must and will call you Madam ; besides, I am instructed to shew you all Manner of Respect ; I have a Letter full of Instructions how to behave towards you, I wish, said *Pamela*, I might see those Instructions and then I should know what I had to trust to. I must beg your Pardon for that, good Madam, said Mrs. *Fewkes*, one of my Instructions perhaps is, that you should not see them.

Well, said *Pamela*, but I hope there are no Instructions, and no Commands that will make you do an unlawful Thing : Why really, Madam, answer'd the other, I know not how to make very nice Distinctions, and if my Master orders me to do any Thing that I am able to do, I think myself oblig'd to do it, and let him, who has the Power to command

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me enquire into the *Lawfulness* of it. Why, said *Pamela*, suppose he should order you to cut any one's Throat, would you do it? What a Supposition is there, said Mrs. *Fewkes*, no, no, my Dear, my Master has no Mind to cut your Throat, he has more Inclination to give you Pleasure than Pain. Well, but, Mrs. *Fewkes*, said *Pamela*, you don't answer my Question, I know it is but a Supposition, but answer me upon that Supposition; Would you cut my Throat if he required it? Lord, said Mrs. *Fewkes*, you are the oddest young Creature! but since you insist upon a positive Answer, No, to be sure I would not commit Murder and run the Hazard of being hang'd. Then sure, Madam, said *Pamela*, you will not do worse, you will not endeavour to ensnare a young Creature to her Ruin, to the Murder of her Honour, and Reputation, which ought to be much dearer to her than her Life; and for my own Part, I should rather have my Throat cut than be robb'd of my Virtue.

Mrs. *Fewkes* upon this burst into a perfect Horse-Laugh, Poor Child, said she, thou know'st not what's what yet; Do'st thou not think the two Sexes are made for one another? You seem'd to be of that Opinion in the Chariot as we came along; and suppose now, since you are upon your Supposes, that such a fine young Gentleman as my Master, should get his Desires of a pretty Girl as you are, do you think it would be as bad as cutting a Throat? At this Rate, making a Jest of all Virtue, did this vile Woman run on, 'till the modest Ears of *Pamela* being excruciated with her Nonsense, and her Body quite wearied out with the Fatigue of Travelling, she desired her to let her know where she was to lie, for she wanted very much, she told her, to go to Rest; Why, said Mrs. *Fewkes*, wherever you lie, I am likely to be your Bedfellow at present. *At present*, thought *Pamela* to herself, what horrid Meaning do those Words import! But pray, said she, is it in your Instructions that you are to lie with me? Yes, answered the other, it is, I will assure you. I am sorry for it, reply'd *Pamela*.

Pamela. Why, said Mrs. *Jewkes*, I'm wholesome, and cleanly. I don't doubt that, said *Pamela*, but I love to lie alone. Did you not lie with Mrs. *Jervis*, said the other, in *Bedfordshire*? *Pamela* could say nothing to make an Excuse after that, and so was forced to tell her, she might do as she pleased, and follow her Instructions.

When they went to Bed, Mrs. *Jewkes* was so careful of her Charge, that the two Keys of the double Door of their Bed-Chamber, she tied fast about her Wrist, and told *Pamela*, that the House had twice been attempted to be broke open lately, and that was the Reason of it, which very much frightened the poor Girl, and, without doubt, it was design'd to keep her under continual Terrors, that she might the more readily consent to free herself from them the Way Mr. *Belmour* intended.

In the Morning at Breakfast Mrs. *Jewkes* presented the Cook and the House-Maids to *Pamela*, who seemed to be very awkward Creatures, and entirely at the Housekeeper's Devotion, so that she could have no Hopes of getting any Assistance from them: She afterwards found the few Men Servants that were there much of the same Stamp, except the Gardener, who look'd like a sober honest Man, but he was seldom to be seen within Doors.

Pamela had heard of Mr. *Williams*, the Chaplain, but saw him not for some Days, tho' after she had observed every Body else about the House, he was the only Person she could build any Hopes upon, and did not at all suspect that a Man of his Cloth would be Accessary to her Ruin: At length he came, and by his Behaviour confirm'd her in the Hopes she had conceived of him.

He was a very sensible, sober young Gentleman, who, tho' he had an Apartment in Mr. *Belmour's* House, was not constantly there, because he had another in the Town, on Account of a *Latin School* he taught there; which help'd out what Mr. *Belmour* allow'd him, 'till some Living fell in his Gift, for he

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had a great Love for him, as he had been his Fellow Collegian at *Oxford*, and he knew him to be a deserving Man. The young Gentleman seemed to take a good deal of Notice of *Pamela's* Sorrow, which it was impossible for her to conceal, but at the same Time seemed fearful of Mrs. *Jewkes*, who watch'd all their Motions, and whom, without doubt, he knew to be no good Woman.

Mr. *Williams* had like to have incurr'd Mrs. *Jewkes's* Displeasure greatly, only for asking her to let *Pamela* come to Church, which she had a great Inclination to do: And the poor Gentleman was forced to say no more on the Subject, by which *Pamela* found he was very much afraid of doing any thing to give Offence; and indeed he had Reason to shew more Diligence in not slipping any Opportunity of obliging Mr. *Belmour* at present, than ever, for the Incumbent on a very good Living, which he had Hopes of, had now kept his Bed four Months of a Dropsy, and was of a great Age besides. Notwithstanding which, during the little Discourse *Pamela* had heard from him, he had expressed such noble Sentiments of Piety and Honour, that she did not quite despair of his Assistance.

Pamela, as hath been observed before, lov'd Writing very much, and therefore, to amuse Time only, as she told Mrs. *Jewkes*, desired she might have the Use of Pen, Ink and Paper, which the other agreed to, upon Condition she should never send any Writings out of the House without first letting her see them. It was hard, *Pamela* said, that she might not have the Liberty to write to her own Father and Mother, but since that was not to be allow'd her, she desir'd to have the Key of the Closet that was within the Room where they lay to lock up her Papers. Mrs. *Jewkes* said, she believed she might venture to let her have that; and that there was a Spinnet she said, if it was but in Tune, might divert her, for she had heard that she had learnt to play upon one in her old Lady's Time. If any Thing could divert the Mind of one
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in so much Affliction as *Pamela* it was this, for she had now an Opportunity of recovering all she had lost upon that Instrument, not having presumed to touch it, while her Master was at home, and having try'd what kind of Judge Mrs. *Jewkes* was of Music, she found she might give herself what Liberty she pleased both with that and her Voice, for the brutish Housekeeper, knew not an *Italian Concerto* from *Jumping Joan* or the *Children in the Wood*. But she knew as well as any Body how to execute the Business she was at present intrusted with; and watch'd *Pamela* so closely, that she had but spoke a few Words one Day to one of the Maids, to try if she could bring her, by Degrees, to help her in her Design of getting away, when Mrs. *Jewkes* popp'd in upon them, and cry'd — What, Madam, tempting poor innocent Maids from doing their Duty! you want her to walk abroad with you, do you? But *Nan*, said she, if ever you dare to stir any where with her, I'll discharge you that Minute; and for the present, pull her Shoes off and bring them to me. Indeed, said *Pamela*, but she shan't. Indeed, said *Nan*, but I shall do every Thing that Mistress bids me; so whipp'd her up in her Lap and pull'd her Shoes off in a Trice, and then they both left her to walk about barefoot. This was a fresh Terror to *Pamela*, and frighten'd her so, that she sat for some Time quite stupified; but in about half an Hour, Mrs. *Jewkes* sent her Word she should have her Shoes again, if she had a Mind to go into the Garden, and would let her walk with her. Walk, thought *Pamela*, waddle she means; for this Mrs. *Jewkes* was as thick as she was long, with a broad blotted Face, and every way so frightfully ugly, that after this Usage *Pamela* now began to tremble at the very Sight of her. O! the Difference between this Wretch and the good Mrs. *Jervis*!

It was not long after this little Fracas, before *Pamela* heard News which very much reviv'd her Spirits, and that was, that *John* was come with a Mes-

sage to her out of *Bedfordshire*. She had all along had a particular Regard for this Man; because he was used to carry her Letters to her Father and Mother, and had always expressed a great Kindness for them, commending them particularly for their Honesty and Truth. But when *John* came into the Room to *Pamela*, his Looks were so dejected that she very much feared he had some ill News to tell her, and he seeing her Eyes red and swollen with crying, could not help looking with great Concern upon her, and then, with a Sigh, said, Ah! Mrs. *Pamela*! Mrs. *Pamela*! Well honest Fellow-Servant said *Pamela*, how do you do? I see you pity the Condition I am in; I am obliged to you for your Kindness, I know you have always been honest and my Friend: Upon which the Fellow could not forbear wiping the Tears from his Eyes. What News, Mr. *John*, said *Pamela*, from my Father and Mother, I hope they are well? I hope so too, said *John*, I know nothing to the contrary. Nor you bring no ill News I hope from home. How does Mrs. *Jewkes*, Mr. *Longman*, and all my Fellow-Servants, said *Pamela*: All well, said the Fellow, but yet with Tears in his Eyes.

What does the Oaf stand blubbering about, said Mrs. *Jewkes*, what art mad, or in Love, *John*, continued she, that you look so foolish and cry like a Girl: It is only for Joy, said he, to see good Mrs. *Pamela*, but I have a Letter for her, and another for you; delivering one to each of them. Mrs. *Jewkes* opened and read her's immediately.

I suppose, said *Pamela*, you need not see this, Mrs. *Jewkes*, No, no, answered the other, but I should if it had come from any Body else. Well, *John*, you have nothing more to say to Mrs. *Pamela* have you? No, said he, only to wish her well, and pray God to bless her: And God bless you, *John*, said *Pamela*, for you have been always very friendly to me, pray give my Love and Service to all at home. I long to have a great deal of Talk with you: Ay, but said Mrs. *Jewkes* that I am cautioned to prevent, for my Master

Master is not quite sure that *John* is not more in your Interest than his ; I am sorry, said *Pamela*, that there is such a wide Difference between my Master's Interest and mine ; but since I am not to be allow'd to speak to any Body who has but the Shadow of being my Friend, what am I to expect. The great God have Mercy on me !

John having taken Leave with a heavy Heart, and left the Room with Mrs. *Fewkes*. *Pamela* opened her Master's Letter ; in which he told her, " That he " was conscious that he had proceeded in a Manner " that might justly alarm her Fears ; but that he could " and would make her Amends for all the Disturbance " he had given her. He assur'd her, that as he had " promised, he had sent to her Father the next Day " after her Departure, to prevent his having too much " Concern about her not coming to him as he might " expect : But told her, that notwithstanding all he " had said to satisfy him, yet he came the next Day, " and set his Family almost in an Uproar ; so that " he had no Way to pacify him, but to promise that " he should certainly see a Letter wrote to *Jervis* to " satisfy him she was well.

" For this Reason he begg'd she would write a few " Lines, and let him prescribe the Form ; for he " would not send her Letter, if she altered a Tittle of " what he had wrote in the Inclosed, and if she did not " comply with his Request, she must be answerable " for all the Pain and Anxiety her Parents would be " under for not hearing from her.

" What was done already, he said, could not be " help'd, but it should all turn out honourably for " her ; nor should the present Restraint upon her " continue long, for he would soon let her know " how ardently he loved her, and with how much " Truth and Honour he was devoted to her Service.

Pamela knew not what to do in this Exigence, but her Heart bled so much for her poor Parents, that she was resolv'd to write after the Form her Master had prescrib'd since he would not allow her to write

in any other, and it was thus the Letter was obtained, which is mentioned before in *Page 94*.

Having wrote this Letter to Mrs. *Jervis*, as her Master had ordered her, she wrote another to Mr. *Belmour* himself, in which she tells him :

“ That if he knew but the Anguish of her Mind,
“ and how much she suffered by his strange Usage of
“ her, he would certainly pity her, and consent to her
“ Deliverance.

“ She begg’d him not to drive the poor distress’d
“ *Pamela* upon a Rock that might prove the De-
“ struction of both her Soul and Body : And told
“ him he did not know how greatly she could dare
“ when her Virtue was in Danger. She begg’d him
“ for God’s Sake to commiserate her sad Condition,
“ and present Misery, that she might join with all
“ the rest of his Servants to bless that Goodness,
“ which he had extended to every one but her.

“ She told him she had copied the Letter as he or-
“ dered, partly to shew her Obedience to him, but
“ more especially to quiet the Minds of her poor dis-
“ tressed Parents.

When *Pamela* had finished these two Letters, she thought it would look like placing some Confidence in Mrs. *Jewkes* to let her see them, which she did, and likewise shewed Mr. *Belmour*’s Letter to her ; for she could not but think that the Value which he express’d for her in that would give her some Credit with a Person, who profess’d herself ready to serve him in every Thing right or wrong : And in this she was not mistaken, for it seem’d to have some Influence upon her, and made her the more civil in Words ; but still she minded the main Chance, and watch’d her as much as ever.

Pamela was in great Hopes of having an Opportunity of talking a little privately to *John* before he returned home to *Bedfordshire* ; but Mrs. *Jewkes* would by no Means allow of that, for when he went to take Leave of her, and receive her two Letters for his Master and Mrs. *Jervis*, the diligent Housekeeper

was

was at his Elbow, and insisted upon seeing the Letters sealed herself for fear there should be any inclosed.

John had Tears in his Eyes when he took Leave, and *Pamela* observed that he dropp'd a Bit of Paper at the Head of the Stairs, which she took up without *Mrs. Jewkes's* seeing her. When she returned to her Chamber, she found it was a Letter from *John* wherein he tells her : " That he cannot forbear acquainting
" her how much she has been abused and betray'd,
" and that by so vile a Dog, as he calls himself. That
" if there is a Rogue in the World he is one, he
" says, for he had constantly shewed all her Letters
" to his Master, who read them all before he carry'd them to her Father and Mother. So that if
" she is ruined he is in a great Measure the Cause of
" it. All the Amends he can make her at present,
" is, to assure her, that he is heartily sorry for what
" he has done, and to let her know she is in vile
" Hands, so that he fears she will be ruined in Spite
" of her sweet Innocence. If she can forgive him,
" he says, she will be very good, but he shall never
" be able to forgive himself. Perhaps he may have
" it in his Power to do her Service, and if he can,
" nothing would rejoice him more, as nothing can
" be a greater Affliction to him than the Thoughts of
" the Injury he has already done her.

" She may see by his Letter, he says, that her
" Ruin has been long contriving. *Mrs. Jewkes* is a
" Devil, but in the other House, she had not one
" false Heart but his own.

How great was *Pamela's* Surprise to find that *John*, this honest *John*, as she always thought him, had been such a Traitor to her ! But as he shew'd so much Penitence she could not but forgive him ; by this she saw more and more how deeply her Master had laid his Designs against her ; and could see no Prospect of being able to evade them. Tears and Prayers were all her Refuge.

John had brought with him a Portmanteau, which was delivered to *Mrs. Jewkes*, wherein were all the
Cloaths

Cloaths and Things given to *Pamela* by her Lady, and her Master, which were contained in her first and second Bundles, to which were added two Velvet Hoods and a Velvet Scarf. Mrs. *Jewkes* shewed her the Things, and said, she should have what she wanted out of the Portmanteau, but she must keep the Key of it, lest it might tempt her too much to desire to go abroad, and that she could not consent to at present: But, however the next Day they took an Airing for three or four Miles in the Chariot, and the same Afternoon, it being half an Holiday at Mr. *Williams's* School, he came to make them a Visit, and finding Mrs. *Jewkes* and *Pamela* in the Garden, he took a few Turns with them; Mrs. *Jewkes's* Back happened to be turn'd a little, and *Pamela* walking faster than she was able to waddle after her, just got Time enough to tell Mr. *Williams*, who kept Pace with her, that she long'd to acquaint him with her sad Condition; there are two Tiles upon that Parsley-Bed yonder, said she, do you think one might not put a Note between them, and cover them over with Mould? A very good Contrivance, said he, and let the Sun-Flower, just by the Back-Gate, be the Place where they are laid, for I always go to the Town that Way. He had no sooner said these Words but they slackened their Pace, and Mrs. *Jewkes* being at their Heels, Mr. *Williams* spoke as if continuing their Discourse—No, truly not very pleasant, said he. What's that, said Mrs. *Jewkes*, that's not very pleasant! The Town I'm saying is not very pleasant. No, indeed, said Mrs. *Jewkes*, it is a poor dirty Place. And are there no Gentry about it, said *Pamela*? Yes, said Mr. *Williams* about it there are, but not many in it. Talking in this Manner for sometime, they came at length to a large Fish-Pond. Mrs. *Jewkes* said there were abundance of Fish in it, and she should angle there sometimes if she had a Mind to divert herself. O! said *Pamela*, that's a Diversion I love extremely, I wish you would be so good Mrs. *Jewkes* to fetch me a Rod
and

and some Baits now. Not at this Time, I'll assure you, Madam, said she, do you think I am to be taken in so? I am sure, said *Pamela*, I meant no Harm—Ay, ay, said she, you have always your Thoughts about you: But we'll angle To-morrow when No-Body's by but ourselves. By this it appeared she was afraid to trust her alone with Mr. *Williams*, and he could not but see it, so turned the Discourse to something else, and *Pamela* fauntered in, Mrs. *Jewkes* following her, and Mr. *Williams* going to the Town.

When *Pamela* was got into her Closet she sat down to her Spinnet, where Mrs. *Jewkes*, thinking her safe, left her, as she had no Relish for Music herself, but rather loath'd it. After *Pamela* had play'd over several Sets of Lessons, and sung several Songs, she bolted the Door and began her Letter to Mr. *Williams*, in which she told him: “ That not being able
“ to find an Opportunity to speak her Mind to him,
“ she hoped he would excuse her Boldness in taking
“ that Method to let him know that she was a poor
“ Creature betray'd thither, she feared for the worst
“ Purposes. She said, without doubt, he must have
“ heard something of her Story, and of her native
“ Poverty, which she was not ashamed to own! Her
“ Master's Designs upon her was to be sure to ruin her,
“ tho' he talked of Honour, but what was Honour
“ in his Sense, she looked upon as Infamy and Dis-
“ grace.

“ Mrs. *Jewkes*, she said, was so bad a Woman,
“ and treated her with such Severity and Indecency,
“ that she could expect nothing that was good from
“ her; but in him she dared to believe she should
“ find a Friend, since her Cause was the Cause of
“ Virtue, and that in assisting her he would do an
“ Act of the highest Charity both to the Body and
“ Soul of an unhappy Wretch who would die a thou-
“ sand Deaths rather than part with her Innocence.
“ She begg'd him to let her know if there was
“ no Gentleman or Lady of Honour and Generosity
“ in

“ in the Neighbourhood to whom she might fly for
 “ Refuge ’till she could find some Opportunity of getting home to her poor Father and Mother, or to
 “ consider if there was no Way of letting Lady *Davers* know of the Condition she was in. If he
 “ would have the Goodness to assist her, she said;
 “ she would faithfully keep his Secret; but should be
 “ very loth to have him suffer upon her Account.

“ She told him she would commit that Paper to the
 “ Two Tiles, and those to the Bosom of that Earth
 “ from whence her Hopes were to take Root, and did
 “ not doubt, but they would bring forth such Fruit as
 “ would give Satisfaction to them here and hereafter.

Having finished, and folded up this Letter, *Pamela* went to Mrs. *Jewkes*, and said, that as it was not quite dark, she supposed she might take another Turn in the Garden: No, said the Jailor of an House-keeper, it is too late, but if you will promise not to stay, and take *Nan* with you you shall have your Will; this once. *Pamela* walking in the Garden with the Maid dropp’d her Hussey, on Purpose, by the Fish-Pond, and when she came close to the Tiles; Lord! Mrs. *Ann*, said she, I have dropp’d my Hussey, be so kind to look for it; I am sure I had it just now by the Side of the Pond. The Wench being gone to look for the Hussey, as desired, *Pamela* slipt the Letter between the Tiles, and cover’d them as quick as she could with light Mould, without the Maid *Nan*’s perceiving any thing of the Matter, and soon after they went in together.

The next Day she was impatient to see if there was any Answer, so desired to go into the Garden, but Mrs. *Jewkes* would not suffer it, because she was not at Leisure, and could not go with her; upon which *Pamela* expressed great Uneasiness; and said, it was very hard that she could not be trusted to walk in the Garden by herself for a little Air, but was to be watch’d more than a Thief.

Mrs. *Jewkes* still pleaded her Instructions, and said, she was not to trust her out of Sight, and, perhaps,
 had

had worse Orders than any she had yet executed. She remembered, she told her, that she was enquiring of Mr. *Williams* what Gentry there were about the Town and the Neighbourhood; and that was, it may be, that she might tell her dismal Story, as she call'd it, to some of them; but she should take Care to prevent her. After talking in this Manner for some Time, the Housekeeper told *Pamela*, that now she had just finished what she was about, and so she might go into the Garden, if she pleas'd, for she would be with her in a Minute.

Pamela was no sooner out of Sight but she made all the Speed she could towards the dear Sun-Flower, but was soon obliged to slacken her Pace, upon hearing the hoarse untuneable Voice of the puffy Housekeeper, who came weezing after her with all the Haste that her fat Sides and thick Legs would give her Leave to make; What, Madam, running a Race! said she, pray stop a little. So *Pamela* walking very gently, came near the Place where the Gardener was at work, and had but just ask'd him some trifling Question about the Name of some Plant, or something of that kind, before Mrs. *Fewkes* was got up to her, and taking her by the Arm, pull'd her away, Come, Madam, said she, my Instructions are not to let you be too familiar with the Servants. Why, said *Pamela*, does my Master fear I shall join with any of them to rob him? May be he does, answered the other, think you would join with some of them, if you could, to rob him of yourself, and there is nothing that he sets a greater Value upon. But I don't know, said *Pamela*, that I am his Property. Was I in his Place, said Mrs. *Fewkes*, I would soon put that out of dispute. Why what would you do, said the other? Not stand Shill-I, Shall-I, said she, as he does, but put both you and myself out of Pain at once. *Pamela*, meek as she was, could not forbear being enraged at this Expression, but with Indignation in her Countenance, cry'd out, Why *Jezebel*, would you then ruin me by Force! Mrs. *Fewkes* tak-

ing Fire at this, gave her such a Blow upon the Shoulder and a Shove at the same Time, as almost threw her down. Take that, said she, who do you call *Jezebel*! What am I to be beaten then! said she, and look'd about as if she wanted Help, but No-Body was near but the Gardener, who looking that Way, Well, *Jacob*, said Mrs. *Fewkes*, what do you stare at? mind your Work. I see, Madam, continued she, you have a Spirit, but I'll warrant you I'll manage it. Poor *Pamela* was so frightened at this, that she fell a crying and threw herself upon the Grass-Walk, but Mrs. *Fewkes* would not let her lie there long; Come, come, said she, we must go in, if you take upon you thus for having the Liberty of a little fresh Air, you shall be confined to your Chamber; I'll lock you up, Madam, and you shall have no Shoes there, not even to go to the Window, unless you go bare foot.

Tho' what *Pamela* had said, was no other than a proper Resentment from a virtuous Woman, yet she began now to blame her own Indiscretion in speaking as she had, to give this vile Housekeeper a Handle for using her ill, and thereby might have ruin'd the only Project she had left to serve herself, by being debarr'd from going to the Tiles, where she was in Hopes of finding an Answer to her Letter from Mr. *Williams*: She therefore resolv'd with herself, tho' much against her Nature, to dissemble a little, so when they came to the House, she sat down in a Seat that was in a Nich of the Portico: Indeed, Mrs. *Fewkes*, said she, I can't go in 'till you say you forgive me; if you will forgive me calling you that ugly Name, I will forgive you beating me as you did. I don't know, said she, whether I can or no, I am sure I have Trouble enough with you, to be forc'd to watch you from Place to Place, and then to be called Names for my Pains! Well, indeed, Mrs. *Fewkes*, I am sorry for it, said *Pamela*, and I will never do so any more: But if you will be so good as to tell me, where and when I am to walk, I will go no farther, nor stay no longer than you will have me.

Well,

Well, said she, this shews so much Submission, that I think I must forgive you ; and so kiss'd her : And now, said she, if you'll dry up your Tears, and not let *Nan* see that you have been crying, and will promise to tell no Tales, I will send her to take another Walk with you, for I am not able to go myself you have fatigued me so, and put me in such a Fluster. It may get you a Stomach to your Dinner. You see I have a Regard for your Health notwithstanding you think me so cruel to you.

Pamela thank'd her, and greatly rejoiced, set out with *Nan*, to take another Turn round the Garden ; she was impatient to come at the Sun-Flower ; however she began her Walk the contrary Way, to avoid Suspicion, resolving to take that in her Return ; so when she came pretty near it, she desired *Nan* to speak to the Gardener to give her a little Fruit ; upon which the Wench hallooing out *Jacob ! Pamela* told her, he could never hear her at that Distance, but desired her to step to him : The Wench's Back was no sooner turn'd but she popp'd down, and whipping her Fingers between the Two Tiles, drew out a Letter, without a Direction, and with great Joy thrust it into her Bosom : Having answered her End, she return'd to the House, and Mrs. *Jewkes* told her, since she was so good, and made such Haste home, she would let her go another Time : So *Pamela* going into her Closet, after running over two or three Tunes on her Spinnet, bolted the Door, and read Mr. *Williams's* Letter. In which he told her :

“ That he was very much concerned for the Distress she was in ; and heartily wished it might be in his Power to save so much Innocence and Beauty.

“ He told her his whole Dependance was upon Mr. *Belmour*, but he would forfeit all his Hopes rather than not assist her if there was a Possibility of doing it. He said, he was sorry to find his Friend and Patron appear in a Light so different from what he had done formerly, for he had always a Character far from that of a Debauchee,

“ but to be sure she was in the right to endeavour to
 “ get out of his Hands, and especially as his Designs
 “ were assisted by so very bad a Woman as Mrs.
 “ *Jewkes*.

“ The Persons of their Neighbourhood, he told
 “ her, were the Lady *Jones*, the Mistress of a good
 “ Fortune, and was, as he believ'd, a Woman of
 “ Virtue. There were also, he said, old Sir *Simon*
 “ *Darnford* and his Lady, a good Woman, and they
 “ had two Daughters who were virtuous young La-
 “ dies. He said, if she pleased, he would try, whe-
 “ ther Lady *Jones* or Lady *Darnford* would allow her
 “ to take Refuge in either of their Houses; and tho'
 “ he foresaw it would be impossible to keep himself
 “ concealed in this Affair, yet he would risk every
 “ thing to serve her, for her Sweetness and Inno-
 “ cence had entirely attach'd him to her; and more-
 “ over, he thought his Function as a Priest, and his
 “ Charity as a Christian obliged him to it.

“ He told her, he had heard much said of her be-
 “ fore she came into that Country; and that by
 “ what he had seen of her at Mr. *Belmour's* House,
 “ and by what he read in her Letter, he found Re-
 “ port came far short of her real Perfections; and
 “ assured her he would do the utmost in his Power to
 “ serve her.

And in a Postscript he said, he would come by the
 Help of his Key, every Morning and Evening, after
 School Time, to look for her Letters.

Pamela immediately answered Mr. *Williams's* Let-
 ter, thanking him for the Favour he had done her,
 and blessing God for having found a Gentleman who
 was so worthy of the Character he bore. She said,
 if either of the Ladies, he mentioned, would give her
 Leave to come to her House, she might surely make
 her Escape by the Help of his Key; but, as she was
 so narrowly watched, it could not be whenever she
 would, but she must wait for a convenient Opportu-
 nity, so she thought the best Way would be, if he
 could do it without too much Trouble, to get a Key
 made

made by his and put it between the Tiles: And at the same Time, begg'd him to let her know if he could not do her the Favour, some how or other, to convey a small Packet to her Father and Mother. She told him, she had five or six Guineas, and if he pleased she would put half of them into his Hand to defray the Expence of sending a Man and Horse over to her Father, or for any other incidental Charges.

Pamela had but just Time to finish her Letter before she was called down to Dinner; and when that was over, got an Opportunity of slipping it between the Tiles, by Mrs. *Jewkes's* asking her to go into the Garden to angle, for she took a few Horse Beans out with her, that she found lying in one of the Hall-Windows, and after a little Time, pretending to be tired with angling; said she to Mrs. *Jewkes*, Well, now while you are endeavouring to destroy Life I will plant it for I will go and set these Horse-Beans in one of the Borders, and see how long they will be before they come up: So she kneel'd down and stuck the Beans in a Row about five or six Yards on each Side the Sun-Flower, by which Means she had a fair Opportunity of depositing her Letter without the least Suspicion.

But the Proposal she made in it of sending some of her Money to Mr. *Williams* was quite defeated by a Trick of Mrs. *Jewkes* the next Morning, who coming up to her, told her she had a Bill that she could not get changed 'till the Afternoon, and there was a Tradesman wanted his Money, whom she did not care to send away without it, and therefore desired to know if she had any that she could lend her. *Pamela* asked how much would do, Mrs. *Jewkes* said, she wanted about eight Pounds; *Pamela* said, she was sorry she could not let her have it, for she had not quite six Pounds, she had five Guineas and a half in Gold, she said. Well, well, lend me those 'till Tomorrow, cry'd the other, whereupon taking the Money hastily from her, she went down Stairs, and when she came up again *Pamela* asked if she had paid

the Man. Ay, ay, reply'd the Housekeeper : But I hope, said *Pamela*, you will let me have my Money again to Night or To-morrow. Upon which the old Haradane smiling, cry'd, Why what Occasion have you for Money, Lambkin? To tell you the Truth, I had no Tradesman to pay, but wanted to borrow your Money only for fear you should put it to a bad Use ; but now I have got that, and the Key of your Portmanteau, that you can neither bribe *Nan* with Money or fine Things, I may chance to let her walk a little oftner with you in the Garden.

Pamela could not but be vexed at having this Trick put upon her, but it was some little Amends, she thought, to be allowed the Liberty of going oftner into the Garden than she was wont. But before she could go thither to see for Mr. *Williams's* Letter, the Post brought one to her from her Master, inclosed in one to Mrs. *Jewkes* ; wherein he tells her :

“ That he begins to repent of having bound himself, by Promise, not to see her 'till she gave him Leave. The Time, he said, grew very tedious to him, and he begg'd her to put so much Confidence in him as to invite him down ; assuring her that her Generosity should not be thrown away upon him. He pressed this the more, he said, as he was troubled at her Uneasiness, for *Jewkes* inform'd him, that she bore her Restraint very heavily ; and he wanted to put an End to it, which would be the Consequence of his coming over to her. Answer favourably, continued he, this Request of one who cannot live without you, and on whose Honour you may absolutely depend.

“ He told her, that her Father and Mother were both well, which he knew she would be glad to hear ; and they were both easy upon the Receipt of her Letter, the sending of which, as he desired, was such a Compliance as had much obliged him.

As soon as *Pamela* had read this Letter, Mrs. *Jewkes* ask'd her to take a Turn in the Garden, and when she came near the Sun-Flower, I wonder, said she,

she, Mrs. *Jewkes*, if any of my Beans have struck Root since Yesterday? No, to be sure, said she, you are but a poor Gardener, but you do well to amuse yourself with so much Innocence. *Pamela* knew very well how great an Admirer she was of Innocence, but did not enter into any Argument with her upon that Topic, since she was so kind as to walk on and let her have an Opportunity, under Pretence of taking up a Bean, to whip her Fingers between the Tiles, where she found Mr. *Williams* had not forgot her; so cramming his Letter into her Bosom, she took up one of the Beans, and brought it to Mrs. *Jewkes*, Look you here, Mrs. *Jewkes*, said she, is one of the Beans but I find no Alteration in it yet; No, to be sure, said the other; but come, I believe it is now Time for us to go in. When you please, said *Pamela*, since you are so good as to indulge me some Times in coming with me into the Garden, I would by no Means trespass upon your Patience: Well, said Mrs. *Jewkes*, that's very obliging, and so they went into together. When *Pamela* hastened into her Closet to read Mr. *Williams*'s Letter, but how great was her Concern when she found, that he had met with a Repulse from Lady *Jones* and the rest of the Neighbours with Regard to her Request! He told her, "that after Lady *Jones* had excused herself in the "Affair, not being willing to make herself Enemies, "as she said: He apply'd to Lady *Darnford*, and "told her, in the most pathetic Manner he could, "her whole Story, and shew'd her the moving Letter she had sent to him; upon which, my Lady "seem'd very well disposed, but said, she would advise with Sir *Simon* about it: But this Sir *Simon*, "Mr. *Williams* tells her, is not a Man eminent for "any extraordinary Virtues; and told his Lady before him, that there was nothing at all in the Affair worth their Notice. Mr. *Belmour*, he said, had "a Fancy for his Mother's Chamber-Maid, and if "he took Care she wanted for nothing, he thought "the Girl would have no Harm done her, but have

“ Reason to rejoice in being so well provided for,
 “ besides having one of the prettiest Fellows in *Eng-*
 “ *land* for her Admirer. And added, that he thought
 “ Mr. *Williams*, of all Men, ought not to engage in
 “ the Affair, in Opposition to his Patron, but Par-
 “ sons loved to be meddling in Matters that did not
 “ concern them. My Lady *Darnford*, continued Mr.
 “ *Williams*, after this, thought it was not proper for
 “ her to say any more, and he himself, notwith-
 “ standing the unjust Reproach upon his Function,
 “ desired to be excused, and begg’d him to take no
 “ Notice of what he had said.

“ After this Mr. *Williams* said, he hinted her Case
 “ to Mr. *Peters*, the Minister of the Parish, and did
 “ not doubt of finding more Attention to it from a
 “ Brother Clergyman, but was greatly concerned to
 “ find himself not only mistaken, but that Mr. *Peters*
 “ imputed all he said to Views of Self-Interest, and
 “ that the Zeal he shew’d was only to gain her Af-
 “ fections.

“ Mr. *Williams* continued, that when he urged the
 “ Duties of their Calling, and protested his own dis-
 “ interestedness, he coolly answer’d him, that he was
 “ very good, but knew little of the World, and that
 “ it would be a vain Task for them to set about to
 “ reform Mankind in this Respect, it was too com-
 “ mon and too fashionable a Case to be withstood by
 “ a private Clergyman or two: And then, to justify
 “ himself, cast some Reflections upon the present Fa-
 “ thers of the Church, with regard to the first Per-
 “ sonages in the Realm.

“ Mr. *Williams* said, when he would have repre-
 “ sented the Difference between her Circumstances
 “ and those of Women who lived in Wickedness by
 “ their own Consent, and shew’d him her Letter,
 “ Mr. *Peters* owned it was prettily wrote, and that
 “ her good Intentions ought to be encouraged, but
 “ what could he do in it, he ask’d. Why, suppose,
 “ said Mr. *Williams*, you should let her take Shelter
 “ in your House with your Spouse and Daughters,

for

“ for he had nine Daughters and four Sons. What,
“ reply’d the other, and so embroil myself with a
“ Man of Mr. *Belmour*’s great Fortune and Power,
“ I know better Things, I have a large Family to
“ provide for, and Mr. *Belmour*’s Friendship is not
“ to be set at nought; and if you was not a young
“ Man, Mr. *Williams*, you would consider more
“ than you do what you are about. Mr. *Belmour* has
“ Generosity to do handsomely for the young Wo-
“ man, and these are Things that young Gentlemen
“ will not be called to account for here.

“ Mr. *Williams* assured *Pamela*, that he was very
“ much concerned to see any Clergyman so worldly
“ minded (which if it shew’d him to be a young Man,
“ shew’d him to be an honest one) but that notwith-
“ standing his ill Success with Mr. *Peters*, and the
“ two Families before mentioned, he would yet en-
“ deavour to serve her.

“ He told her, that he just then heard that the
“ Gentleman, whose Living Mr. *Belmour* had pro-
“ mised him, was dying, and that he should almost
“ scruple to take it as he was acting so contrary to
“ his Inclinations; but yet hoped he would one Day
“ thank him for it.

“ As to Money, he told her, she need not think
“ of that at present, there was no Occasion for it;
“ but believed when they heard of Mr. *Belmour*’s
“ coming it would be Time enough to make use of
“ the Key, which he should soon procure for her,
“ and then he would contrive to have a Horse, and
“ be himself, or get Some-Body else that could be
“ entrusted, ready to wait for her at a Stile on the
“ other Side the little Meadow, that joined to the
“ Back-Door of the Garden.

Pamela made a thousand melancholick Reflections
upon the first Part of this Letter, and but for the
Hope that the honest Gentleman gave her at the End
of it would have thought her Case quite desperate.
She immediately wrote an Answer to him to thank
him for his kind Endeavours to serve her, and when
she

she had put what she had wrote in her Bosom, she went to Mrs. *Fewkes*, and told her she wanted to have her Advice with Respect to the Letter she had received from her Master, with which Piece of Confidence she was not a little pleased: Ay, said she, this is something, well, we will go and take a Turn in the Garden; and there *Pamela* told her, that her Master had desired her to consent to his coming over; and now, Mrs. *Fewkes*, said she, what would you have me do? Why, by my Troth, Lambkin, I would e'en have you send for him, said she, it will be such an Obligation to him, that I'll engage you will fare the better for it. How, *better!* said *Pamela*, I dare say, that you yourself believe he intends my *Ruin*. Good lack! good lack! cry'd the Housekeeper, I cannot endure that *foolish* Word *Ruin*, you'll be finely ruined truly to live as great and as happy as the best Lady in the Land, and be as *honourably* used. We won't dispute, said *Pamela*, at this Time, Mrs. *Fewkes*, about the Words *Ruin* and *Honourable*, for you and I, I find, have quite different Ideas of them. But pray do you think he means to make Proposals to me, as a kept Mistress? Well, reply'd the other, and if he should, I dare say you may have your own Terms: But no Terms, said *Pamela*, his whole Estate should never bribe me to be that loath'd, that hated Creature, whose very Name, I think would defile my Tongue to pronounce. O! Lambkin, said Mrs. *Fewkes*, there are a great many Ladies, ay, Ladies of Quality, that love the Pleasure and are as much afraid of the Name as you are. It is only poor Women are upbraided with it, those who live in Splendor, as you may, never hear that paw Name: But I don't know that my Master has any such Design upon you, he may marry you for aught I know. No, said *Pamela*, his Condition puts him above any such Thoughts, nor do I expect, or desire it, his whole Conduct too, may convince any one to the contrary; therefore is not inviting him down inviting my own Ruin? Ruin! Still that Word! No, said Mrs. *Fewkes*,
it

it will be making your Fortune; at least it will put you out of your Pain, and if I was in your Case, I would do any Thing rather than live in such continual Apprehensions. No, reply'd *Pamela*, as *Cato* says of *Liberty* in the Play, so say I of *Innocence*; a Day, an Hour of virtuous *Innocence* is worth a whole Eternity of Guilt.

Why who knows, said the artful Housekeeper, but you may put an End to this Affair one Way or other, and at the same Time preserve your *Innocence*, either by his marrying you, or, as he loves you so much, by his being prevailed upon to let you have your Liberty. Well, said *Pamela*, I will write to him, because he expects an Answer to his Letter, and because he shall not make that a Pretence for his coming over: But which Way shall I send what I write. O! said Mrs. *Fewkes*, I'll take Care of that.

The Gardener coming by just at this Time, Mr. *Jacob*, said *Pamela*, I have set a few Horse Beans, and I call the Place where they are my Garden, it is just by the Door yonder, let me beg you not to dig them up, I will shew you whereabouts they are. So she went along with him a little Way, and having turned the Corner of the Walk out of Mrs. *Fewkes*'s Sight, and being near her dear Sun-Flower, pray Mr. *Jacob*, said she, do so much as step back and ask Mrs. *Fewkes* if she has any more Beans about her for me to set: The Gardener could not but smile at her Simplicity, as he thought it; but, however, went with her Message, and *Pamela*, in the mean Time, popp'd her Letter between the Two Tiles, and covered them over with the Mould, then step'd back, as if waiting for his Return, which was immediately with Mrs. *Fewkes*, waddling at his Heels, who cry'd, What should I do with Horse-Beans, do you think? And scared *Pamela* almost out of her Wits, by whispering in her Ear. Come, come, Madam, this is some Fetch, you are not used to send upon such foolish Errands, my Master writes me Word, that I must have
all

all my Eyes about me; and, adad! I must enquire farther into this.

I knew not what you mean, said *Pamela*, and you may make what Enquiries you please, I do nothing that I am ashamed of, and fear no one's enquiring into my Actions. As soon as they came in, *Pamela* sat down in her little Closet to write a Letter to her Master, in which she told him :

“ That when she considered how easy it was for
 “ him to make her happy, since she desired nothing
 “ more than to be allowed to go home to her poor
 “ Father and Mother; when she reflected, she said,
 “ upon his former Proposal to her in Relation to a cer-
 “ tain Person, of whom he now made not the least
 “ Mention; and of her being run away with in the
 “ forceable Manner she was, and still kept Prisoner;
 “ she hoped he would pardon the Freedom of his
 “ poor Servant, if her Fears made her bold enough
 “ to say, that his general Assurances of Honour
 “ could have no Effect upon her; and tho', as he
 “ had heard, her Restraint was very grievous and
 “ heavy to her, yet if there was no Way for her to
 “ be released but by his coming thither, she would
 “ be contented still to endure her Confinement rather
 “ than that, for she knew she had no Hopes of
 “ Safety but in his Absence.”

“ If he had any Proposals to make she said, that
 “ were consistent with Honour, he might communi-
 “ cate those in a few Lines, and she would return a
 “ suitable Answer. But what Proposals, continued
 “ she, can one in your high Station make to so mean
 “ a Creature as me? She was too sensible, she told
 “ him, of what was due to his own Rank and her's
 “ to expect any thing but the strongest Temptations
 “ from him, if he came over into *Lincolnshire*, to
 “ complete her Ruin, but that he did not know
 “ what she dared do when made desperate.

“ She would not say any Thing, she told him,
 “ unbecoming his Servant, nor presume to expostu-
 “ late with him, on any other Account, but as this

“ was

“ was the greatest Concern of her Life, of her Happiness both here and hereafter, she hoped the not observing Punctilio’s might be dispensed with.

“ Why, Sir, said she, if you mean honourably may you not tell me so plainly? Is there a Necessity of imprisoning me to convince me? And why must I be so closely watched that I can not stir about the House or Garden without an Attendant? nor even be allowed to go to Church, where I assure you, Sir, I would pray for you, pray for your Prosperity in this World, and that God would be pleased to convert your Heart if your Intentions are bad.

“ She begg’d him again to pardon the Freedom with which she had then wrote her Mind; but as to her having the least Desire of seeing him, she said, she could not bear the terrible Apprehensions of it: And hoped, that whatever he had to propose, and whatever he intended, he would let her Assent be that of a free Person and not of a Slave, frightened and threatened into a Compliance.

When *Pamela* had folded up this Letter, Mrs. *Jewkes* came into the Closet, and sitting down by her, when she saw her direct it, for *John Reginald Belmour*, Esq; I wish, said she, you would tell me if you have taken my Advice, and given my Master Leave to come over. If it will oblige you, said *Pamela*, I will read the whole Letter to you. Ay, that would be kind indeed, said she; so *Pamela* read it, and Mrs. *Jewkes*, mightily praised the wording of it, as she called it; but said, she push’d Matters too home, and then, with an impudent Laugh, gave such an indecent Turn to her own last Words about pushing home, with Respect to Mr. *Belmour*, as made *Pamela* blush, and shew’d the other to be a Wretch who was the Disgrace of her Sex. For a Woman without Modesty deserves not the Name of a Woman, it is the Characteristick of one Sex, as Courage is of the other.

This

This nauseous Housekeeper desired very much to have an Explanation of what that Expression meant, concerning the Proposal to a *certain Person*; but *Pamela* told her, she must content herself with what she had heard. Well, well, said she, you understand one another, and I hope will do so more and more in a very little Time; Come, Lambkin, give me your Letter, and I'll take Care to have it safely conveyed to my Master, with that she took the Letter, and went down Stairs.

Pamela, as hath been said before, kept Copies of all the Letters she wrote, and the better to conceal them, had sewed them up in her under Petticoat; but they growing pretty bulky, she was very much afraid of a Discovery; so took an Opportunity, as she every Day look'd at her Horse-Beans, to slip a Note between the Tiles, to beg Mr. *Williams* to take Care of them for her, and said, she would make them up in a Bundle, and leave them in a Hole under the first Step in the great Stair-Case, so that he might take them away when he came to the House; which was done accordingly the next Day, and gave *Pamela* a great deal of Satisfaction, for they were now out of the Danger of falling into bad Hands.

The next Day *Pamela*, going to her Beans and her Sun-Flower, found Mr. *Williams*, had procured a Key for her, which he had put between the Tiles wrapp'd up in a Note, in which he just signify'd to her, that the Gentleman, whose Living Mr. *Belmour* had promis'd him, was dead. And coming in the Afternoon to the House, Mrs. *Fewkes* wished him Joy upon it; at the same Time, he found an Opportunity to slip a Letter into *Pamela's* Hand, without the Housekeeper's perceiving it, and then took Leave in such a respectful Manner, that when he was gone, Mrs. *Fewkes* said: Why, Madam, I fancy our young Parson is half in love with you. Adad, said she, only to sound her Inclinations, I wish we could make it a Match, he has such Obligations to my Master, that to be
sure

sure he will be proud to have a Wife of his chusing, and especially one that is so pretty and ingenious.

This gave *Pamela* some Doubt that she knew of what Mr. *Belmour* had formerly intimated to her, and therefore she ask'd her if she knew that there was any such Thing of that Kind in View ; No, Mrs. *Jewkes* said, it was only her own Thought, but she fancied her Master might have that or something better in View for her. But, that if she approv'd of it, she would propose the Thing directly to him ; and this would be a Way to make all Matters easy, she said, for then, Lambkin, you will have a sure Plaister for any Wound that may be made in this Honour and Virtue that you make such a Rout about. *Pamela* told her she detested her vile Insinuations: And that, as Mr. *Williams* she believed, was a very worthy and civil Gentleman, far above having any such Thoughts, for her own Part, she never liked a Parson. Mrs. *Jewkes* finding she could make nothing of her quitted the Subject and the Room, leaving *Pamela* to read Mr. *Williams's* Letter, wherein he told her ;

“ That he really knew of but one effectual Way to
“ disengage her from the dangerous Situation she was
“ in : And that was by Marriage with some Person
“ whom she could make happy by her Choice. For
“ his own Part, he said, as Things stood, it would
“ be his apparent Ruin, besides involving her in his
“ own Misfortunes : Notwithstanding all which, he
“ had so great a Veneration for her, and so entire a
“ Dependance upon Providence, that he should think
“ himself but too happy, might he be the Person
“ accepted of, in which Case, he would forgoe all
“ his Expectations, and be her Conductor to some
“ distant Place where she might be in Safety : But
“ whether she was pleased to make him this happy
“ Man or not, he said, he would serve her to the
“ utmost of his Power : And as soon as he heard of
“ Mr. *Belmour's* setting out, he would get a Horse
“ ready and be himself her Attendant. He begg'd
“ her not to think that what he had said above pro-
“ ceeded

“ceeded from any sudden Resolution ; no, he told
“her, he had been charmed with her Character before
“he saw her, and from the Moment he did, his
“whole Thoughts almost had been employed in con-
“sidering how he might serve so much Excellence.

Pamela could not help being a little surprized at this unexpected Declaration ; it occasioned many Thoughts and Reflections in her Mind ; and after mature Deliberation, she wrote an Answer to him, in which she told him : “ She could not reflect on the
“generous Offer he had made her without equal
“Concern and Gratitude ; but that nothing but to
“avoid utter Ruin could make her think of chang-
“ing her Condition ; and therefore he ought not to
“accept of such an involuntary Compliance as her’s
“must be.

“She told him, she would rely upon his Goodness,
“in assisting her to make her Escape ; but on his
“Account chiefly, would not think, at present, of
“the Honour he propos’d to her ; nor should she
“ever alter her Condition without the Consent of
“her Parents, who, tho’ they were poor, she thought
“were as much intitled to her Obedience as if they
“were of the highest Rank in Life.

This Letter came safe to Mr. *Williams*’s Hands, and soon after, Mrs. *Jewkes* received one from her Master, which made her much civiler both to Mr. *Williams* and *Pamela* than she was wont to be. But *Pamela*, who knew her to be very cunning, suspected some Design in it, as she still watch’d her as narrowly as ever. And in this she was not mistaken, as will presently appear.

The next Day Mrs. *Jewkes* came into her Room, and brought Mr. *Williams* along with her, who seem’d to have great Joy in his Countenance. Well, now Madam, said the artful Housekeeper, you will see how unjust you have been in your Suspicions of my Master ; and now you will, at last, be convinced of the Honour of his Intentions, and of his Generosity and Good-will to you. Heavens bless him ! he is a
noble

noble spirited and an honourable Gentleman. What say you, Mr. *Williams*? Say, answered the other, I can say no more of him than I always knew, that he is worthy and generous, and delights in making his Friends and every Body about him happy.

Pray, said *Pamela*, what is the Meaning of all this Joy, and why all these Encomiums upon my Master just at this Time? Why, Lambkin, said Mrs. *Fewkes*, they are all upon your Account, good Madam *Williams*, as I hope I may call you in a short Time, here is a Match on Foot: Ah! you have been very naughty to mistrust so good a Gentleman! Mr. *Williams* shew her my Master's Letter to you, and I will shew mine. Said Mr. *Williams*, If you please, Mrs. *Fewkes*, we will leave them with Mrs. *Pamela*, and take a Turn 'till she has read them, for I see her Spirits are in a Flutter: With all my Heart, said the other, but I must say first, that indeed, Lambkin, you ought, on your bended Knees, to ask Pardon of my good Master, when you see him, for mistrusting him as you have.

Pamela's Spirits, as Mr. *Williams* observed, were in such a Flutter, that it was some Time after they left the Room, as impatient as she was to know the Contents of the Letters, before she could compose herself enough to sit down to read them. At length, opening that to Mr. *Williams*, her Master told him: "That he now had an Opportunity, by the Death of Mr. *Fownes*, that he had long wished for, to make him happy, and doubly so, by putting him in Possession of his Living, and, at the same Time, of one of the most deserving Wives a Man could be blessed with, if he had Art enough to make his Addressee acceptable to her. She had indeed, not seen much of the World, and had lived only as a Servant, but had such natural Endowments, and his dear Mother had taken such Care in her Education, that he did not doubt but a little Instruction would make her fit to support the Character of a Gentleman's Wife.

M

" He

“ He said he was going to *London* for a Month,
 “ upon most extraordinary Business, so could not till
 “ that was over, do what he propos’d for his Interest,
 “ but in the mean Time he might try if he could
 “ prevail upon *Pamela*, and give him Notice of it,
 “ for he would have her Consent entirely free in this
 “ Case, and tho’ he had laid some Restraint upon
 “ her himself, he had such Reasons for it as would
 “ make him able to justify his Conduct to her when
 “ he came into *Lincolnshire*.

Pamela next read her Master’s Letter to Mrs. *Jewkes*: In which he says, “ She had been true to
 “ her Trust and very diligent in the Task he had
 “ imposed upon her, for Reasons he should explain
 “ when he came into *Lincolnshire*. Her Trouble he
 “ told her, was almost at an End, for he had writ-
 “ ten his Intentions to Mr. *Williams* so particularly
 “ that there was no Occasion to say much more to
 “ her, because he would not refuse, he believed, to
 “ shew her his Letter. Only one Thing he must
 “ hint to her, he said, that if she found what he
 “ had proposed the least disagreeable to either of them
 “ she might assure them they were at Liberty to pur-
 “ sue their own Inclinations.

Pamela had but just read over the two Letters be-
 fore Mr. *Williams* and Mrs. *Jewkes* came again into
 the Room; Mr. *Williams*, with much Unreservedness
 and Satisfaction, told *Pamela* that he was very much
 rejoiced that he had had the good Fortune to have
 made his Declaration to her before he received this
 Letter from his generous Patron. *Pamela*, who had
 Reason to distrust all her Master’s Words and Actions,
 and who knew the Cunning of that vile Procuress,
 Mrs. *Jewkes*, interrupted the good Man, and cry’d,
 I beseech you Mr. *Williams*, talk no more of this at
 present; who knows——Ay, said the Housekeeper,
 still doubtful! still mistrustful! Why sure you may
 both of you say any Thing you have a Mind to be-
 fore me now, but I find, while my old Orders lasted,
 I was in the right to watch you as I did, and yet Mr.

Williams

Williams here found an Opportunity to make his Declarations, he says: Ay, ay, let a Parson alone for Contrivance to come at a pretty Woman. I give you Joy, Sir, said *Pamela*, of that Part of my Master's Letter which relates to your Living: Poor Mr. *Williams*, tho' otherwise a Man of good Sense, could not forbear on this Occasion, making a most execrable Pun, *Living*, Madam, said he, that *Living* would be *Dying* without you. As ill as her Master had used her, *Pamela* could not forbear thinking he would have been ashamed to have heard such Meanness of Expression; besides the Inconsiderateness of Mr. *Williams* in mentioning his Declaration, began to give *Pamela* some little Disgust to him at the Time when he would have endeavoured to have raised himself in her good Opinion. But, Madam, said he, you mention only the first Part of my good Patron's Letter! I am not able, answer'd she, to say any thing to the other; I am so little, Mistress of myself: While I have a Father and Mother, they have a Right to my Obedience in all Things, and especially in a Matter of such Consequence as what my Master mentions, besides which, I would be quite at Liberty every Way, before I can pretend to make any Choice.

Well, said Mrs. *Jewkes*, holding up her Hands and Eyes, there never was such Cunning and Circumspection to be sure in one of thy Years! But I'll leave ye by yourselves and you'll agree the Matter better it may be. Mrs. *Jewkes* was no sooner out of the Room, but *Pamela* desired Mr. *Williams* to consider what he had done. He said it was impossible there could be any Deceit. *Pamela* said, she hoped not, but sure there was no Necessity to talk of a former Declaration before that vile Woman; you blame us Women, Sir, said she, for speaking without Thought, but you must forgive me, if I say; that Men, who are honest and sincere in their own Intentions, are not always enough upon their Guard in bad Company. I will hope, said she, for the best; but I have been already so often deceived, that I must

guard against the worst, and if this should prove nothing but a Plot, what will become of us both?

Before Mr. *Williams* had Time to make a Reply Mrs. *Jewkes* returned, for it seems her Trouble was but *almost* at an End, as her Master expressed it, in his Letter, and then they all three took a Turn in the Garden, afterwards came in and sup'd together, and Mr. *Williams* stay'd pretty late. During the Time that they walk'd in the Garden, he could not forbear pointing to the Sun-Flower; and while they were at Supper had the Indiscretion to say before Mrs. *Jewkes*, that he would send a Letter over to *Pamela's* Father the next Day. Prepossess'd as she was in Favour of her Master's Person, from the first Sight of him, and now observing how superior he was in Understanding to poor Mr. *Williams*: These Things made the Parson stand in a very disadvantageous Contrast with Mr. *Belmour*, in the Opinion of *Pamela*: However, on Account of his Cloth, for his Integrity and for his Readiness to serve her she shewed him great Respect; but as to Marriage she had no Thoughts, for she had propos'd so much Happiness to herself in living with her Father and Mother, that she could not think with Pleasure, on any other Scheme of Life 'till she had tryed that.

Mr. *Williams* going home late, as was said before, came to a sad Mischance, which he gave them an Account of the next Morning in a Letter to Mrs. *Jewkes*; he said, " That going to cross the Wooden
" Bridge over the Broad Ditch near the Town, two
" Fellows took hold of him, and swore they would
" kill him, if he did not give them what he had
" about him. They rummaged his Pockets, and took
" from him his Snuff-Box, his Seal, Ring, and half a
" Guinea, with some Silver, and Half-Pence; his
" Handkerchief and two or three Letters: By good
" Chance, he told her, the Letter Mrs. *Pamela* gave
" him was in his Bosom and so escaped; but the
" Rogues cursed him for having no more Money;
" and then tumbled him into the Ditch. His Shins,
" he

“ he said; were sadly bruised, and his Gown and Cas-
“ sock very much torn ; but he thank’d God he had
“ caught no Cold, and if he knew that Mrs. *Pamela*
“ pitied his Misfortunes, he should be the sooner
“ well, and able to wait upon her. This Mischance,
“ he said, had not prevented his Writing a Letter
“ and sending a Man and Horse away with it to Mrs.
“ *Pamela’s* Father ; and he would, that Evening,
“ God willing, write to his Patron to thank him for
“ his great Bounty to him.

Mrs. *Jewkes* had no sooner read the Letter thro’
but she shook her fat Sides with laughing ; I cannot
but think, said she, what a pretty Figure the poor
Parson made, after going away in such high Glee,
when he found himself at the Bottom of the Ditch ?
Pamela said, she thought it was barbarous to laugh
at such a terrible Misfortune, that might have been
the Death of the poor Gentleman. I should not
have laugh’d, said Mrs. *Jewkes*, but that I find he is
out of Danger ; but I am mighty glad, Madam, to
see you have so much Concern for him, it looks pro-
mising, and may, in Time, be improved into Affec-
tion. She would fain have persuaded her to have gone
with her in the Chariot to make him a Visit, and
said, she was very desirous to bring this Business about ;
but the more officious she was, the more *Pamela* sus-
pected her, and told her, that as she did not intend
to give any Encouragement to his Suit, it would be
highly improper for her to go to make him a Visit.
And so Mrs. *Jewkes* went by herself, and what was
very strange left the Key of the Back Door with
Pamela so that she had the Liberty not only of walk-
ing in the Garden but the Meadow by herself. This
was all done to persuade her, that no ill Design was
formed against her, and it was thought that after the
Proposal made for her Marriage, she would not run
away from her good Fortune ; *Pamela*, however, was
very irresolute, she went to the Meadow, then fright-
ened at every Thing she saw, flew back to the Gar-
den ; she consider’d with herself that she knew not
one

one Step of the Way to any Place; that she had no Money to purchase the Assistance of any one, and that if Mrs. *Jewkes* should overtake her, or had set any one to watch her, and she should be brought back again, she would use her very ill; it may be beat her, and take her Shoes away for a longer Time than before; these Thoughts made her walk towards the House; then again she would go to the Door and look into the Meadow; a Moment after return, but this incertain State was soon at an End, by her spying the Maid *Nan*, who came up to her and ask'd what was the Matter that she went backwards and forwards, and opened and shut the Door so often? *Pamela*, who was ready at making an Excuse, told her, that tho' Mrs. *Jewkes* had used her so ill, yet she was quite at a Loss without her, and could not tell what to do with herself: Ay, to be sure, said the gaping Country-Wench, she is main good Company, and when she has got a Drop in her Eye, will sing such pretty Love Songs, a little upon the Fat tho', that I don't wonder you find the Lack of her.

Mrs. *Jewkes* returning from her Visit, came up to *Pamela*, Well, Lambkin, said she, I would not have you afflict yourself too much, the Parson will do well again: I am very glad to hear it, said *Pamela*, notwithstanding you seem to make a Joke of the Affair, I should be concerned to hear of any Body's being so robb'd and abused. Well, I'll assure you, said the Housekeeper, the poor Man is down right in love, he talks, and I dare say, dreams of nothing but the lovely! the charming! the innocent *Pamela*! when I told him I would have persuaded you to have come along with me, I thought the Man wou'd never have done with the Expressions of his Gratitude, he took it so kindly that he laid open his whole Heart to me, and has told me all that passed between you, and all that you are now contriving together.

This prodigiously alarmed *Pamela*, and the more as she had observed, by two or three Instances, that
the

the poor Gentleman having no Guile, was ready to open his Heart upon any Occasion, to those who were more designing than himself: But however, as she knew not what Mr. *Williams* might have told, she was resolved she should pump nothing out of her. Ay, Mrs. *Jewkes*, said she, this might have done, had there been any Thing that he could have told you; but you know very well, that had we been never so much inclined to it, we had no Opportunity to communicate our Thoughts to one another. Not so much I warrant, said Mrs. *Jewkes*, as for that Declaration, that he owned before my Face, he had been so happy as to make to you, before he received the Letter from my Master. Come, come, Mrs. *Pamela*, said she, since all Matters are likely to be so happily ended, and that so soon, you need not be concerned at any of his Discoveries; but may make me a Confident as he has done.

Pamela finding Mrs. *Jewkes* so earnest, still more and more suspected that all this was but to pump her; and now saw the Reason of her good-natur'd Visit to Mr. *Williams*, which was only to get all she could out of him. Mrs. *Jewkes*, said she, if Matters are so likely to be all at an End so soon and so happily as you think, what signifies it what Discoveries you have made. Nothing in the World, my dear Lambkin, said she, but mere Female Curiosity, we Women you know have naturally a great Desire to find out Secrets. And that, said *Pamela*, you have done already by Mr. *Williams*. Now tell me, said she, what he has discovered, and I'll satisfy you of every thing else that you can enquire about. Nay, answered the Housekeeper, I have learned as much as I want to know, and I find there is no getting any thing out of you, my pretty cunning Miss, so I don't care whether you tell me any thing or no; nor I don't care, said *Pamela*, what he has told you, for I am sure he can tell no Harm: And so they departed without getting any thing out of one another. Mrs. *Jewkes* went to write to her Master, and *Pamela* was left to reflect upon the Discourse

course they had had; and could not but be pleased that Mr. *Williams*, tho' he had certainly said more than he ought to have done, had discovered nothing about the Key and the Sun-Flower, for if he had Mrs. *Jewkes* would not have failed to have given some Hints of it.

After Mrs. *Jewkes* had finish'd her own Letter, she told *Pamela* she was going to send into *Bedfordshire*, and if she would write a Letter of Thanks to her Master for his Favour to her, the same Messenger should carry it, that went with her's; but *Pamela* said, she could have no Thanks to return him for any Thing 'till she was with her Father and Mother; and as she had no Design to have Mr. *Williams* the Letter he had wrote to him, and the other to her, concerning him, was nothing to her. Mrs. *Jewkes* pressed her to write if it was but two Lines, but *Pamela* was not to be prevailed upon; so Mrs. *Jewkes* went out of the Room much displeased, and continued sour and 'surlly all Day: And the next, when Mr. *Williams* came to pay them a Visit, she appeared in the same Humour, which could not but much surprize the honest Gentleman after her kind Visit to him, and the Freedom with which they had then conversed together: But she went farther, for Mr. *Williams* asking her to take a Turn with Mrs. *Pamela* and him in the Garden, she turn'd short upon him, No, said she, I cannot go. But I hope then, said he, that Mrs. *Pamela* may: Nor her neither, said she, I desire she would not think of it. I am afraid, Madam, said Mr. *Williams*, I have done something or other unwittingly to disoblige you? No, no, not in the least, said she: You need not be so impatient tho', I suppose you will soon have Liberty to walk as much as you please together; I have just now dispatched a Messenger for my last Instructions about this, and Matters of more Consequence, and when I have those I shall leave you to do as you please, but till then, I believe the less you are together the better.

Poor Mr. *Williams* seemed quite Thunder-struck, and by his Looks, shew'd that he thought himself over-reach'd; yet *Pamela* could not forbear expostulating with him, in a Letter she put, the next Day, between the Tiles, on his being so open, and falling so readily into the Snare Mrs. *Jewkes* had laid for him; she told him, there was no doubt but foul Play was intended them; begg'd him to let her know all he had discover'd to Mrs. *Jewkes*, and intimated to him, that there was more Reason than ever for her to resume the Project of making her Escape by the Back-Door.

Mr. *Williams* left an Answer to this Letter, the same Evening, in which he owns " that he had used
" too much Freedom with Mrs. *Jewkes*, betray'd in-
" to it by her Dissimulation, and the Concern she
" pretended to have for his Happiness: He says, he
" wishes he had half *Pamela's* Caution and Discre-
" tion! But hopes what he has said will be of no ill
" Consequence; for he thinks Mr. *Belmour* would
" not endeavour to impose on him in so gross a Man-
" ner. He had confessed to Mrs. *Jewkes*, he said,
" that he would not have scrupled to use any Means
" in his Power to have procured her, [*Pamela's*] De-
" liverance, and before he received Mr. *Belmour's*
" Letter, had propos'd Marriage to her as the most
" honourable, tho' he received no Encouragement;
" but had not taken any Notice of the Key or the
" Back-Door.

" He told her, he had received a Letter from *John*
" *Arnold*, for according to the Advice she had given
" him in one of her's, he had kept a Correspond-
" dence with that poor Fellow, in Hopes he would
" give him Notice when his Master design'd to come
" into that Country; and fancied he might be con-
" sider'd in, since he shew'd so much Inclination to
" make an Attonement for his former Treachery.

" *John Arnold*, he said, acquainted him, that Mr.
" *Belmour* was preparing for a Journey to London, and
" after that, he believed would come into *Lincolnshire*,

“ but Lady *Davers* was at that Time with her Brother, and, he believed, was to go along with him to *London*, or meet him there. *John*, he told her, profess’d great Affection to her, and Zeal for her Service; but referr’d to a Letter that he had sent before, which had never came to his Hands; yet he could not believe it was through Treachery, because he had ordered him to direct to a particular Friend he had at *Gainsborough*, since he knew very well that *Brettlip*, the Post-Master of their Town, was not to be trusted, being entirely in Mr. *Belmour*’s Interest, owing his Place and every Thing he had in the World to him. The missing this Letter, he said, gave him some Pain, but he hoped all would end well, and they should soon hear if there was a Necessity to pursue their former Designs; and if there was he would lose no Time to provide Horses for her and himself, for he would venture every Thing for her Service, let the Danger be ever so great.

Mr. *Jewkes*’s sullen watchfulness of *Pamela* still continuing, every Hour increas’d her Fears: But now an Accident happened which quite confirmed her in the worst of them: A Messenger was returned from *Bedfordshire* with two Letters, one for Mrs. *Jewkes*, and the other for *Pamela*, but, by ill Fortune, Mr. *Belmour* had made the same Mistake that was committed once by a famous Ambassador, who writing to one of the greatest Queens in the World, and at the same Time to his Wife, whom he always called by a very familiar Name: The Letters being folded up exactly of one Size, he chanced to direct the Letter designed for the Queen to his Wife; and that which was intended for his Wife to her Majesty, who could not but be a little surpriz’d, upon breaking it open, to find that his Excellency treated her so freely as to begin with *Dear dirty Pug*; his Wife was no less surpriz’d at the awful Distance of *May it please your Majesty*; but the Error was soon discovered by them, as this was by *Pamela*, who after she had opened her Ma-

ster’s

her's Letter superscribed to Mrs. *Pamela Andrews*, found it addressed to Mrs. *Jewkes*, telling her, " that what she wrote last had given him much Uneasiness; for he found, he said, that the *worthless Toy* was ready to jump at any Thing rather than shew the least Sense of Gratitude for the Favours she had receiv'd from him and his Family; but he would make her feel his Resentment: And charged Mrs. *Jewkes* to watch her with double Diligence: For which Purpose, he had sent her an honest *Swiss*, who attended him in his Travels, and one who was to be trusted and would be a faithful Coadjutor to her; for all his *English* Servants, he said, except herself, were corrupted, even *John Arnold* had proved a Villain, and should soon be punished for it.

He desired, " That *Williams*, that *College-Booby*, might not be suffered to see the *Waxen-Image* any more, while he was at Liberty, which would not be very long, for he had ordered *Shorter* the Attorney to throw him into a Jail, for a Sum of Money he had borrowed of him, and which he would never have asked him for, had he not been such a treacherous Rascal to commence an Intrigue with the Girl, and contrive Ways for her Escape, as she had wrote him an Account of; besides which he had Notice given him by *Sir Simon Darnford* of the Practices of the ungrateful Wretch against him in that Family.

" He was well persuaded that Piety and Compassion were the least Motives for his acting as he did, for if so, continued he, he would have expostulated with me in a friendly Way, our long Acquaintance, and the Friendship I have always shewn him, would have excused it; but that's not the Case, the sensual Brute is in love with the *Shining Geugaw* himself; and in his godly Heat, would leap over the Bounds of Honour, Friendship, Gratitude, and even *Interest*, the dearest of all

“ Things to a Priest, to satisfy his wanton Desires ;
 “ but it is a Pleasure to me to know that the holy
 “ Hypocrite will meet his Reward in a Jail, without
 “ the Preferment he expects, or the fantastical Bauble
 “ he has set his Heart upon.

“ Methinks I now begin to hate her thoroughly,
 “ and tho’ I would have nothing to say to her myself,
 “ yet, to satisfy my Revenge, I could bear to see her
 “ suffer the very worst she dreads from one of my
 “ Grooms : And then let the romantic Idiot, like an
 “ Actress in a Tragedy, make her Complaint to
 “ barren Rocks and Wilds, for the Loss of that one
 “ Virtue to which she would sacrifice all others.

“ I am going, said he, with my Sister *Davers* to
 “ *London*, and at my Return from thence I will de-
 “ cide her Fate. In the mean Time, good *Jewkes*,
 “ be doubly watchful of her, and *Colbrand*, my
 “ trusty *Swiss*, will obey you in every Thing, if
 “ my other Servants should refuse. As to her deny-
 “ ing that she has given any Encouragements to
 “ *Williams’s* Addresses I heed it not, for she would
 “ certainly have run away with him if she had had
 “ an Opportunity ; tho’, as you tell me, she had
 “ hardly spoke three Times to the Fellow, and that
 “ she has not done it, I know is owing to your faith-
 “ fully discharging the Trust I have reposed in you.

Pamela had but just read this dreadful Letter
 through, before Mrs. *Jewkes* came running up, in
 a great Fright, and seeing the Letter in her Hand,
 What Business, said she, had you to read my Letter ?
 Snatching it away, did you not see it was directed for
 me ?

The poor young Creature was in too much Concern
 to make her any Answer, but, throwing herself upon
 the Couch in the Closet, gave up herself to that De-
 spair and Melancholly which she had no Way to re-
 lieve but by her Tears. Mrs. *Jewkes* having read
 over the Letter, Why truly, said she, this is a terrible
 Business, my Master, I find is highly provoked, I
 thought

thought you would carry Matters too far, and stand so long upon your childish Niceties that you would lose his Friendship. *Pamela* begg'd her to leave her by herself. Well, well, said Mrs. *Jewkes*, so I will, and here take your own Letter; but you must not mind every thing said in a Pet; my Master will come to himself again, I warrant; this Wrath and Jealousy are only Proofs of his Love.

Pamela opening the Letter that Mrs. *Jewkes* gave her, when she went out of the Room, there found her Master upbraiding her with being, *perverse, forward, artful*, but yet *foolish*, and said, "He was now convinced how much he had been in the Wrong in placing his Affections on so worthless an Object, he had vow'd Honour and Love to her, he said, believing her a Mirror of bashful Modesty, and immaculate Innocence; and that her Breast was too pure to admit of any Baseness or perfidious Designs; but he had now found her out for a specious Hypocrite; and tho' she would enter into no Confidence with him, to whom she had so many Obligations, yet she made no Scruple of falling into an Intrigue with another Man, as base and ungrateful as herself, with whom she had been acquainted but a few Days.

"Henceforth, for her Sake, he told her, whenever he saw a fair Face, he should suspect a mean and deceitful Heart; and when he heard much pretending to Innocence should mistrust a great deal of Mischief. What, continued he, tho' I did alarm your Fears by sending you one Way when you expected to have gone another, yet did I not engage myself not to come near you without your own Consent? And was not that a sufficient Demonstration of the Generosity of my Intentions? And how have you requited me? Why, truly, by practising your Coquetry upon the first Fellow, your bewitching Face could have any Influence upon, even to his Ruin. If you find *Jewkes* has Orders to be a little more strict in watching you

“ than before, remember it is your own Folly and
 “ Ingratitude that are the Occasion of it.

Pamela could not but think her Case extremely hard, to be thus thought *artful, forward* and *ungrateful*, when all her Endeavours were only to preserve her Innocence, and all the little Tricks she had used, her Master had forced her to, merely for her own Defence and Preservation. To have drawn Mr. *Williams*’s Ruin upon him, was likewise a great Addition to her Grief; and when she saw Mrs. *Jewkes*, she begg’d her, to let him know her Master’s Resentment that he might get out of the Way, and not be cast into a Jail; for that, she said, would answer her Master’s End, and prevent his giving her any Assistance, as much as if he was.

Mrs. *Jewkes* said, she would serve her, or Mr. *Williams*, in any Thing that was consistent with her Duty; but she should not oppose her Master’s Designs, by keeping any Correspondence with the Parson at that Time herself, or suffer her to do it. By this *Pamela* saw she was now in a worse Condition than ever, and especially, when going down to Supper, Mrs. *Jewkes* presented the most hideous Monster, to her, she had ever seen in her Life. Here Monsieur *Colbrand*, said she, is your pretty Ward and mine, she is a rich Jewel and worth the looking after. And begar, Madame *Jewke*, said he, in broken *English*, de Lady ave a de bonne Fortune to be loved by de finest Shentelman in de Varld.

This *Colbrand* was a Man of a gigantick Stature; with great goggle Eyes, and large red Eye-brows, two frightful Scars in his Forehead and another cross one of his Cheeks; he had a monstrous wide Mouth, with a strange Pair of Mustachios, long yellow Teeth, and a horrid Grin: His Dress was agreeable to his Person, his own sandy Hair was ty’d up in a black Bag; he had a black Crape Roller about his Neck; a swinging brass-hilted Sword by his Side, with a Pair of dirty white Yarn Stockings; with black Leather

ther

ther Garters buckled below Knee, and a Shoe upon his Foot, that was big enough for a Child's Cradle.

This hideous Figure was enough to frighten any Body at a Distance ; but Mrs. *Jewkes*, to strike the greater Terror into *Pamela*, would make him stay in the Room when there was no other Occasion for it. But how were all her Pains and Fears augmented, when the next Day she heard that poor Mr. *Williams* was actually arrested, and carried to *Stamford Jail* ! she thought now her Master was in such a Rage, and had began with Mr. *Williams*, notwithstanding he talked of going to *London*, he would be soon there, and therefore there was no Time to be lost ; for which Reason she resolved with herself to get away if there was any Possibility ; for recollecting what he said in his Letter of deciding her Fate when he came down, she imagined no Danger could be so great as that of continuing where she was ; so she formed this Project in her Mind, that when Mrs. *Jewkes* was gone to Bed, and in her first Sleep, which she always gave Notice of by her snoring, she would endeavour to squeeze her Body thro' the two Bars of the Window in the Closet, which being but slender she fancied she could do without much Difficulty, for she had already try'd and could get her Head thro' ; when this was done, it was easy to drop upon the Leads of a little Drawing Room that was under the Window, and which her own Length would reach to within a Foot or thereabouts, and from thence she could very readily get into the Garden, and so having the Key of the Back-Door in her Pocket, could make her Escape. But to prevent an immediate Pursuit after her, when she was first missed, she determined to pull off her upper Petticoat and Neck-Handkerchief, and sling them into the great Pond, that it might be supposed she had drowned herself.

All Things at first seemed to favour this Project, for at about eleven of the Clock Mrs. *Jewkes* came into the Bed-Chamber, very tipsy, with *Collbrand*, to whom, *Pamela*, as she sat writing in the Closet, heard

the vile Woman give an Account of Mr. *Williams* being robb'd and thrown in the Ditch, which she own'd was done by her Contrivance, and seem'd well pleas'd with it as a Joke. The Housekeeper after she had reeled for some Time about the Room, and took Leave of *Colbrand* tumbled into Bed, desiring *Pamela* to make Haste, and, as she had guess'd, was presently in a sound Sleep, which gave the innocent Girl an Opportunity of putting her Scheme in Execution. The Beginning of it succeeded to her Wishes, she got safe into the Garden, flung her Petticoat, Handkerchief and a Cap into the Pond, as she designed, but O! how great was her Disappointment, when coming to the Back-Door, she found a Padlock put upon it! She now wish'd herself safe in her Closet again, for after this fruitless Attempt, when it was discovered, what was she to expect from her Jailors, Mrs. *Fewkes* and the terrible *Colbrand*? This Apprehension adding Strength to her Resolution, she made another Essay to escape, by clambering up, by the Help of the great Stock-Lock, and Padlock on the Door, to the Copping of the Wall, which being old and rotten, gave Way, and Part of the Bricks came tumbling down with her to the Ground, by which she received such a Blow on her Head as quite stunn'd her; when she came to herself she found she had broke the Heel off one of her Shoes, and hurt her Ankle so that she could hardly stand: And now a wicked Thought came into her Head, tho' I cannot stand said she to herself, I can crawl to the Pond, and there avoid all my Persecutors, and finish all my Miseries at once. Then will my Master know I am no Hypocrite, but the *innocent* Creature I pretended to be, who chose rather to give up my Life than my Honour: And then perhaps he may pity me. But *Pamela* was too well grounded in the Principles of Religion to let a Thought of such Impiety remain long with her; and consider'd the Folly it would be to put an End to the Troubles of this Life, by a Crime that could never be repented of, and so run
the

the Risque of eternal Punishment. Thus having determined to suffer any Thing rather than offend that God in whom she had always put her Trust, and who was able to bring her out of all her Distresses, even when there was the least Appearance of Hope from any other, she crawled, shivering with the Wet and Cold towards the House, and took Refuge in a Wood Hole, that was without the Portico at one End, and where Billets were kept for the use of the Parlour, 'till she should be found by her cruel Keepers, and condemned to a Confinement more wretched, and to worse Usage than she had hitherto experienced. Here she laid herself down, with a Heart almost broken, and quite dejected with Grief and Fear.

About Break of Day Mrs. *Jewkes* awaked, and not finding *Pamela* in Bed, called her; but no Answer being made, she got out of Bed and run to the Closet, no *Pamela* being there, she looked under the Bed, up the Chimney, and in every Corner, and finding the Door fast, as she left it, with the Key about her Wrist as usual, she was quite amazed! wept, wrung her Hands, raised *Colbrand* and the two House-Maids, running about like a Mad-Woman, and said, she had read once that St. *Peter* or St. *Paul*, she could not tell which, had been carry'd out of Prison by an Angel, and so to be sure was *Pamela*, or by the Devil at least: For she had searched every Creek and Corner for her, and she was sure there was no Way to escape, for the Windows had all Bars to them so close that no human Creature, she thought, could get thro' them, but she altered her Opinion afterwards when *Nan* told her the Casement in the Closet was open: Upon which Mrs. *Jewkes*, with *Colbrand* and the other Maid hasted to the Back-Door, to see if that was fast, while *Nan* was sent to the Out-houses to raise the Men, to get Horses ready to pursue her.

But finding the Door double lock'd, with the Padlock on, and afterwards the Heel of *Pamela's* Shoe, and the broken Bricks, they all concluded she had,
some

some how or other, got over the Wall, which made Mrs. *Fewkes* rave like one distracted; 'till the Maid, going to the Pond, came running back again, and cry'd out, O Madam! Madam! here's a lamentable Story to tell! Poor Mrs. *Pamela* lies drown'd in the Pond. Thither they all ran, and finding her Cloaths, did not doubt but she was at the Bottom. This made them all beat their Breasts, even *Colbrand* among the rest, who seemed little formed for Pity! *Nan* was now returned from alarming the Men, but Mrs. *Fewkes* sent her back to bid them let the Horses alone, and make all the Speed they could to get the Drag Net ready, that they might endeavour to find the poor *Innocent*, as she was then pleased to call her.

While all the Family was in the utmost Confusion, weeping, wailing, and running about from Place to Place, *Nan* came into the Wood-Hole where *Pamela* lay, who called to her in a low Voice, Mrs. *Ann*! Mrs. *Ann*! which so frightened the Wench, that she was going to take up a Billet to knock her on the Head, thinking she was some Thief; but *Pamela* cry'd out again, It is I, pray help me to get in, for I am sadly hurt and can't stand. Lord, Madam, said *Nan*, Is it you? Why we are all out of our Wits about you, and were going to drag the Pond for you; O! Mrs. *Fewkes* will be glad you are found alive! With that away she ran, without giving *Pamela* any Assistance, and brought the whole Crew, Mrs. *Fewkes*, *Colbrand*, the other House-Maid, *Robin* the Coachman, and three or four more, into the Wood-Hole. Where is she? cry'd Mrs. *Fewkes*, a Plague on her, for a little Head-strong Baggage, I'll make her repent putting me in this Fright, I'll warrant her; with that she gave her such a Pull by the Arm as brought her all along upon her Face. O barbarous! barbarous Woman! said *Pamela*, if you knew what I have gone thro', you would pity me, and not use me in this cruel Manner. How the Devil came you here, cry'd the other, you little cursed Witch? O! what a Fright have I been in! Ask me



I. Cornitham sculp.

no Questions, said *Pamela*, but let the Maids carry me back to my Prison, and there let me die in Peace: And would not you have Mr. *Williams* to pray by you? said the Housekeeper. Well, I'll e'en send for my Master and let him watch you himself, for I am sure I am not able to hold you.

The Maids helping *Pamela*, she limp'd up to her Chamber, where she was no sooner got, but she fainted away, thro' the Excess of Pain, and the great Fatigue she had undergone, and continued two or three Days feverish and aguish: But Mrs. *Jewkes* had bathed her Ankle with some warm old Rum as soon as she came in, and afterwards took such Care of her, that she was able to encounter with fresh Troubles, that were not likely to be quickly at an End. During her Illness she made her relate to her the whole Story of her getting out of the Window, and all she had done to make her Escape. Mrs. *Jewkes* could not but admire at her Resolution in venturing so much as she had; but told her frankly, that she would have found it a difficult Matter to have got quite away; for that she was provided with a Warrant from her Master, who was a Justice of Peace for that County as well as *Bedfordshire*, to get her apprehended, if she attempted any such Thing, on Suspicion of wronging him; let her have been where she would.

A few Days after this Business, an Account came into *Lincolnshire* of the great Danger Mr. *Belmour* had been in himself of being drown'd, in crossing a Stream when he was hunting. *Pamela*, insensible of the true Reason of it, could not but admire at herself that she should be so much rejoiced at the Safety of a Man who had used her so ill; but ungenerous as he was to her, she told Mrs. *Jewkes*, that next to her own Deliverance, she would return Thanks to God for his, and hoped the Danger he had been in, would change his Heart and make him lay aside all Thoughts of persisting in his wicked Designs. Ay, ay, said she, and he has found a Way at last to satisfy all your Scruples. What do you think of marrying

rying Monsieur *Colbrand*, and my Master, as is the Custom of the Country *Colbrand* comes from, may purchase his Wife of him, and you must then be obliged to obey your Husband. Mr. *Williams*, my Master says in his Letter, as a Punishment to him, shall be forced to marry you; and as soon as the *Swiss* has surrendered you up, continued she, he is to return to his own Country, to the Wife and Children he has there.

Whatever was the Custom of his Country, *Pamela* said, she was not so ignorant but that she knew there was no Law or Custom to justify any such Proceedings in *England*, there might perhaps be some sham Marriage design'd, she said, but she was not to be frightened by the silly Scheme she had been talking of. Well, well, I'll warrant my Master schemes it some how or other to get his Ends, said the Housekeeper, and you'll be greatly hurt truly: Z——ns, said she, I am out of all Patience too see what a Fool the Girl is; and then began to talk in so indecent a Way, that *Pamela* told her, her Language was fitter for a *London* Prostitute, than the Principal Servant in so great a Family, who ought to set an Example to the rest of the Servants; and that she was a Disgrace to her Sex. Upon which Mrs. *Fewkes* swore like a Trooper, and had much ado to forbear striking her, and would have done it very probably, but that, at that very Instant, Word was brought that Mr. *Belmour's* Chariot was at the Gate. Now had *Pamela* much more to fear than from Mrs. *Fewkes*, who left her to go down and meet her Master, while she retired to her Closet, and flung herself on her Knees praying to God, in the most fervent Manner, to take her under his divine Protection, and shield her from the Dangers that seemed to approach her.

After Mrs. *Fewkes* had been with her Master a full Hour, relating to him all the Occurrences of the Family, Mr. *Belmour* came up with a stern and majestic Air to *Pamela*, who, immediately at the Sight of him, threw herself down on the Floor at his Feet, pouring

pouring forth such a Flood of Tears as prevented her uttering one Word: There *Jewkes*, said he, take up that fallen Angel: I did indeed once think her an Angel; and O! how is she fallen! The little Hypocrite thus prostrates herself, in Hopes of moving my Weakness in her Favour, and expects that I will raise her up myself; but I disdain to touch her. No, let such Fellows as *Williams* be taken by her artful Wiles. I know her now, and know that she is for any Fool who is weak enough to be caught by her.

Pamela sighed as if she would break her Heart, and Mrs. *Jewkes* lifted her up upon her Feet, for she trembled so that she could hardly stand. Come, said she, Mrs. *Pamela*, I would have you learn to know your best Friend, and beg his Forgiveness for all your Faults. *Pamela* being just ready to faint; O! said Mr. *Belmour*, she has all the Arts of the greatest Coquet in the Kingdom. Ten to one but she falls into a pretended Fit in a Minute or two. Well, I'll let her act the first Scene of her Farce by herself, and it may be see her again by and by, and tell her what she has to trust to: And so went out of the Room; while *Pamela* remained with Mrs. *Jewkes* sobbing and crying. Sure, said she, I am the wickedest Creature upon the Earth! No, not quite so bad as that neither, said Mrs. *Jewkes*, but I am glad to find you see your Error; there's nothing like being humble; if you'll promise to be dutiful for the Time to come, you shall find that I will stand your Friend, and if you are not a Fool, all this may be made up, before To-morrow Morning. Begone, said *Pamela*, thou vile Woman, and add not to my present Afflictions, by thy base Counsels and odious Discourse, fit only for the Ears of Wretches as gross as thyself. Mrs. *Jewkes* upon this gave her a Push from her, and bidding her go and be d-n'd, went of the Room in a violent Rage.

Pamela immediately after threw herself down upon the Floor, and had no Power to stir, but lay bathed in her Tears 'till the Clock struck nine; and then
Mrs.

Mrs. *Jewkes* came up to her again, and told her, she must come down to her Master: *Pamela* said, she feared she could not, for she could scarce stand she was in such a Condition: Well, then, said Mrs. *Jewkes*, I'll send Monsieur *Colbrand* to fetch you; whereupon *Pamela* raised herself and went down Stairs as well as she was able, trembling all the Way. When she came into the Parlour to her Master, she saw a new Servant waiting at Table instead of *John Arnold*, who, as she afterwards heard, was turn'd away for corresponding with Mr. *Williams*; this new Servant withdrew as soon as she came into the Room; and Mr. *Belmour* turning about to her, said, When I came hither I intended you should have sat at Table with me, when I had no Company, but since I see you cannot forget your mean Birth, but prefer my Domesticks to their Master, I have called you down to wait upon me while I am at Supper, that I may talk a little with you, and throw away no more Time than needs must. Sir, said *Pamela*, I am always proud to wait upon you, I know it is my Duty: Then fill me, said he, a Glass of that *Burgundy*; which the poor Girl did with much Difficulty, her Hand shaking so all the while, that she spilt some of the Wine on the Silver-Waiter, which Mrs. *Jewkes* seeing, fill'd the Glass for her, and gave her a clean Waiter, and she, with a low Curtesy, presented it to her Master, who took the Glass with a supercilious Air, and bade her stand behind, out of his Sight.

And so, *Jewkes*, said he, you say this Girl remains as fullen, and eats as little as ever. For my Part, answered Mrs. *Jewkes*, I wonder how she keeps Life and Soul together. And she is almost always crying, you say? I think so, said the Housekeeper, at one Thing or other. Ay, said Mr. *Belmour*, she has Tears at Command; but notwithstanding her Grief, and her slender Diet, I think I never saw her look better. She lives upon Love I suppose. The sweet Parson and her little Plots and Stratagems to be sure have

have kept up her Spirits; for they say, Love, Mischief and Contradiction are the natural Aliments of a Woman. I don't know as to that, said Mrs. *Fewkes*, but I am sure she has so many Plots and Stratagems, that it is no easy Matter to hold her, therefore, said she, whatever your Honour's Intentions are, I hope you will be quick about them, for I would not have the Plague I have had to continue for the *Indies*.

O! Sir, said *Pamela*, falling upon her Knees, hear me, I beseech you, concerning that vile Woman's Treatment of me. I know, said he, interrupting her, she has done her Duty, and it is owing to her Care that you are now where you are, and not with your rascally Parson: Wicked Girl! said he, to draw a poor Man on to his Ruin, as you have done him, just as he was upon the Point of being made happy for his Life. *Pamela* arose, and said, She had done, for she found she had a strange Tribunal to plead before, just such another as the Sheep in the Fable, with the Vulture for a Judge, and the Wolf for an Accuser. Do you hear, *Fewkes*, said Mr. *Belmour*, how well read this harmless Lamb is in Reflections, when her Malice has a Mind to set forth her romantic Innocence at the Expence of other Folks Characters: O! Sir, said Mrs. *Fewkes*, this is nothing, I have been a *Jezebel*, a vile Woman, a London Prostitute and what not! but I can forgive it all now I find it is her Way, and she is pleased to call your Honour Vulture. No, said *Pamela*, I was not going to compare my Master; but Mr. *Belmour* interrupted her, and said, Don't prate Wench. I have done, Sir, reply'd *Pamela*, and since I must not speak I will hold my Tongue, but there is a righteous Judge in Heaven, and to him I appeal. O! said Mr. *Belmour*, I find her Parson as taught her to lug Heaven into her Cause, and she can curse most heartily in the true Spirit of Christian Meekness. Come, Madam, give me another Glass of Wine, but don't let me have any of your Tears in my Glass.

When

When Mr. *Belmour* had done Supper he rose from Table, and said, How happy it is for you, that you can thus make your sparkling Eyes o'erflow without losing any of their Brilliancy! You fancy, I suppose, that you are most beautiful in Tears. Did you ever see a more charming Creature! what a Shape! what a Neck! and Hand! what a Bloom in that lovely Face! But who can describe the little Tricks and Arts that lurk in her treacherous Heart! It is no Wonder the poor Parson was so deluded by her, I can forgive him, methinks, sooner than her, for who can be aware of all the Artifices that the young Sorceress puts in Practice?

Pamela withdrew to the farther Part of the Room; but, in Spite of all she could do, could not refrain from Tears, but cry'd and sobb'd as if her Heart would break. I am surprized, *Jewkes*, at what you tell me, said Mr. *Belmour*, of the Mistake in directing my Letters; but you see I am not afraid that any Body should see what I wrote, or I had been more cautious. I don't carry on any private Correspondence, to reveal all the Secrets that come to my Knowledge, and then basely corrupt People to carry my Letters. Come hither, Hussy, said he to *Pamela*, you and I have a dreadful Reckoning to make; yet I believe, if it was not for the Thoughts of this cursed Parson, I could yet forgive the little intriguing Slut.

O! said the Sycophant Mrs. *Jewkes*, your Honour is very good, come, I hope you will forgive her, and take her to your Bosom, and then, before To-morrow you may bring her to a better Sense of her Duty.

Pamela had no longer any Patience, but yet Grief and Indignation so choak'd up her Words, that she could only give Utterance to a passionate Exclamation to Heaven to protect her Innocence; which Word was a constant Subject for their Ridicule.

Said Mr. *Belmour*, I have been considering with myself, whether I ought to forgive her or no, but I find it almost impossible, she has given me so much Uneasiness; disgraced me both at Home and Abroad; corrupted

corrupted all my Servants at the other House ; despis'd all my honourable Intentions ; and to crown all, has sought Means to run away with the ungrateful Parson. All this cannot, ought not, to be forgiven ; yet he had no sooner said these Words but he kiss'd her again, and would have thrust his Hand into her Bosom ; but *Pamela* struggled, and said, she would die before she would be used so. Consider, *Pamela*, where you are, and don't play the Fool, said he, with a Frown upon his Face ; if you continue these Airs, a more dreadful Fate attends you, than you perhaps have ever yet expected. Take her up Stairs, *Jewkes*, said he, and I'll send her a few Lines to consider of ; and in the Morning, *Pamela*, I shall expect your Answer ; so long Time you have to resolve on what you will do, and after that your Doom is fixed. *Pamela* retired full of Grief, and Expectation of what it was he had to send her, but was however glad of this Night's Reprieve.





THE
L I F E
O F
P A M E L A.

B O O K III.



VER since *Pamela's* endeavouring to escape over the Garden Wall, by getting out between the Bars of the Closet Window, Mrs. *Jewkes*, as a farther Security, had obliged the House-Maid, *Nan*, to lie in the same Bed with her so that *Pamela* lay between them: And these Women being very different sort of Creatures from good Mrs. *Jewis* in *Bedfordshire*, she had most terrible Apprehensions of their letting Mr. *Belmour* into the Room in the Night, and then,

then, she was sure, he would want no Assistance that they could give him ; but as it happened he did not come that Night, nor send the few Lines as he had promised ; but the next Morning Mrs. Jewkes brought her a Paper, in which were some Articles that he propos'd to her serious Consideration, and to which he desired an Answer, that he might take his Resolutions, he told her, accordingly. He bade her consider that he would not be trifled with ; but that what she sent for Answer should absolutely decide her Fate, without any farther Trouble or Expostulation.

These Articles were drawn up indeed a little like a Mechanick, but if there was any Thing in Mr. Belmour's Character, that took from that of one of the finest Gentlemen in *England*, it was his being somewhat too formal. The Articles were as follows :

I. That if she could convince him, that the hateful Parson had received no Encouragement from her in his Addresses ; and that he was not preferr'd to himself in her Inclinations, he would immediately make her a Present of 500 Guineas for her own Use, to be disposed of as she should think proper.

II. That he would make over to her, an Estate he had lately purchas'd in *Kent*, of the yearly Value of 250 Pounds, and that it should be settled on her, and the Heirs of her Body for ever. Her Father to be put into immediate Possession of it for her Use ; and should be allow'd 50 Pounds *per Annum* besides for his own Life, and that of her Mother, for their Care in managing the said Estate.

III. That he would order Patterns to be sent her, for choosing four complete Suits of Cloaths, of rich Silks, that she might appear with as much Reputation as any Gentleman's Wife. That he would give her a Diamond Necklace and Ear-rings, with two Diamond Rings, and would confer other Favours

upon her, as he found himself obliged by her Behaviour and Affection.

He told her, she might now see what a Value he set upon the Free-Will of a Person, who was already in his Power. But if she thought not proper to accept of his Proposals, she should find, that he would not take all the Pains he had for nothing, nor risk his Reputation without gratifying his Passion, at all Adventures.

He moreover told her, that she should be as much Mistress of his Person and Fortune, as if the foolish Ceremony had passed; and that all his Servants should be as much her's: And if her Conduct pleased him, he did not know, tho' he would not engage himself to it, but that he might marry her after one Year's Cohabitation; nay, if in that Time his Love increased at the Rate that it had done for some Months past, it would be impossible for him to deny her any thing.

Now *Pamela*, continued he, it is in your Power to oblige me on such Terms, as will be the making of yourself, and your poor Father and Mother; but if you throw away this Opportunity, by not coming to a Resolution this Day, for I will give you no more Time, you must expect the worst of what you pretend to fear, without receiving any Advantage from it.

Pamela no sooner read the Paper Mr. *Belmour* had sent her, but she sat down to write an Answer to it, for as she told him, it required not a Moment's Consideration with her to determine whether she would accept the Offers he made her or not; but begg'd him to excuse the Warmth with which she wrote, for not to be in Earnest on such an Occasion would look like some Degree of that Guilt that her Soul abhorred.

As to what he said concerning Mr. *Williams*, she told him, she thought it behoved her, that it might remove from her the opprobrious Terms of *artful* and *forward*, to declare most solemnly, that that Gentleman never had the least Encouragement from

from her to make any Addresses to her; and that she verily believed, what he proposed was chiefly owing to the Concern for the Distress she was in, which he might think it his Duty, as a Clergyman, to endeavour to relieve, since it was in the Cause of Virtue and Religion that she suffer'd.

As to his first Proposal, she told him, let the Consequence be what it would, she rejected it with all her Soul, since Millions of Gold, she said, nay, all the Money and fine Things in the World should never make her forfeit that which was more to be valued than them all, an honest Heart and a good Conscience.

His second Article, she rejected for the same Reasons, she said, and was sure that her poor honest Father and Mother would rather chuse to starve in a Ditch than accept of the Fortune of a Prince upon such wicked Terms.

As for fine Cloaths, she said, she thought they did not become her, and she could be much better contented with the humble Dress she now appeared in, than all the outside Finery in the World with an impure Heart and an evil Fame.

She knew, she told him, by sad Experience, that she was in his Power, but God, she hoped would not permit him to use it, to offer her more Violence than he had already, and he might be sure she would make all the Resistance she was able to the last Moment of her Breath.

She had not dared, she told him, once to look so high as what he mentioned in his last Article, and from thence proceeded all her little abortive Contrivances to escape from the Confinement he had put her under, altho' he had promised to act honourably by her. His Birth and Fortune, she knew would not let him stoop to such a Slave as *Pamela*, therefore all she had to desire was to be permitted to return to her native Meanness unviolated. To obtain this, she said, altho' she would not marry his Chaplain, yet she would have *run away* with the meanest Servant about his House.

As to what he hinted, she said, of marrying her perhaps in a Twelvemonth, upon a Continuance of her good Behaviour, that weigh'd less with her, if possible, than any Thing else; for if she had any good Behaviour at present, that must all cease the Moment she consented to his Proposals; and she should be so far from expecting such an Honour, that she would pronounce herself unworthy of it. And she knew very well that a Man of his Rank and Understanding could never stoop to marry a base born Prostitute. Little, she told him, as she knew of the World, she was not to be caught by so stale a Bait.

You threaten, Sir, said she, what you will do to a poor, weak defenceless Girl, but let my Tears, my Prayers prevail upon you to think, e'er it be too late, what will be your Triumph when you have wrought my Ruin. What Remorse, what Stings of Conscience will attend your dying Hours, when you reflect upon so mean an Act as having robb'd a poor Wretch of that Virtue which was all her Pride. May the great God, said she, who so lately saved you from the Peril of the Waters, touch your Heart in my Favour, and, by saving you from this dreadful Crime, save me from Destruction.

Sir *Simon Darnford* and his Lady, with more Company, dined this Day with Mr. *Belmour*, and when they were gone, he sent for her down into the ParLOUR: Well, now, said he, my Life, my Soul, have you consider'd the Proposals that I sent you? O! how impatient have I been till this troublesome Company was gone that I might know your Answer! There, Sir, said *Pamela*, is my Answer, but let me beg you not to read it 'till I am gone. Why, said he, may I flatter myself you have comply'd, and that your Bashfulness makes you choose not to be by when I read your Consent? Or, is it *Pamela*, your Obstinance? You soon will see, Sir, said she, whether I comply with your Proposals or not, but first let me go out of the Room, I beseech you; but Mr. *Belmour* taking her by the Hand, cry'd, But did you well

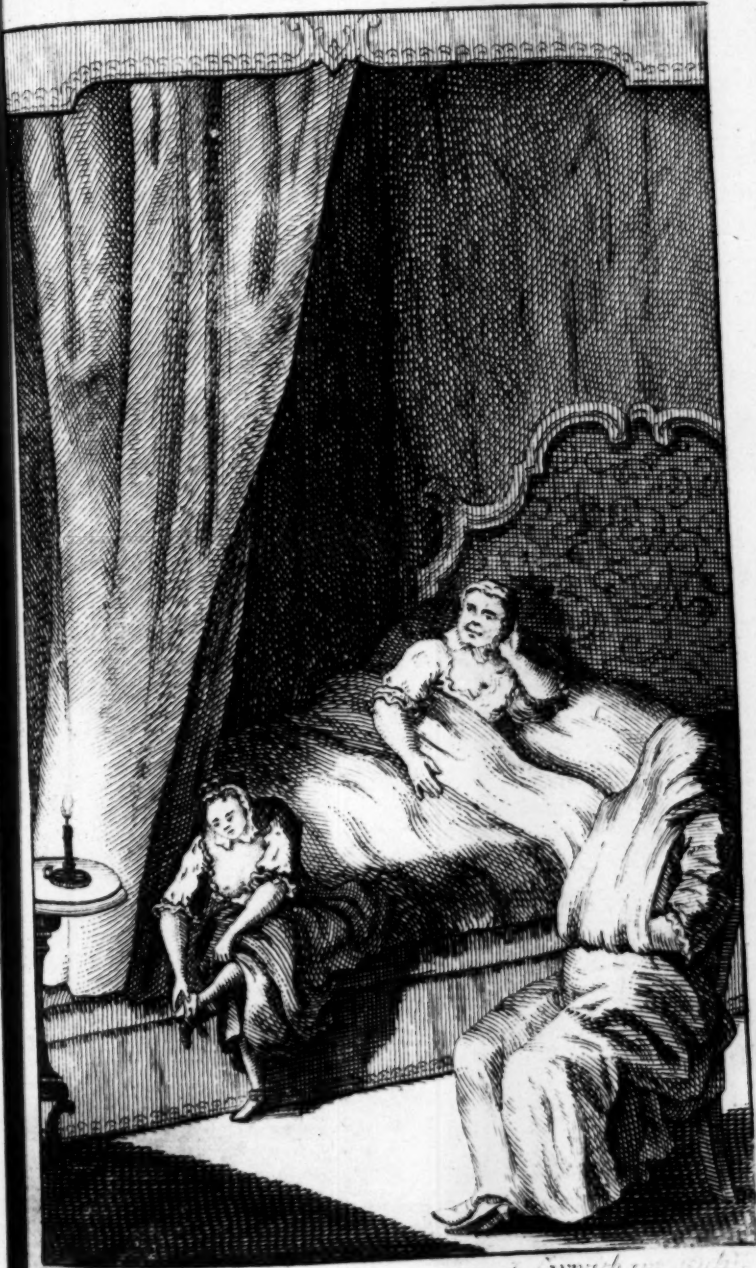
well confider, my deareft *Pamela*, before you wrote your Answer? Indeed, Sir, I did, faid ſhe: But if it be not what you think will pleaſe me, my dear, dear Girl, take it back again, think I cannot, will not, bare a Denial; if the Terms are not ſufficient I will double them: For, ſaid he, ſwearing an Oath, ſince Things are gone ſo far, I am determined not to live without you. So claſp'd her in his Arms and kiſſed her; but *Pamela* ſtruggling, once more got from him: And, as ſhe was upon the Stairs, ſaw Mrs. *Fewkes* go into the Room to him, and heard him talk very loud, as if he was in a great Paſſion, and could diſtinctly hear the vile Mrs. *Fewkes* ſay, that it was his own Fault, and there would be an End of all her Obſtinacy and his Complaints if he would but be reſolute.

About an Hour after, Mr. *Belmour* ſent Mrs. *Fewkes* to deſire *Pamela* to come to him, but ſhe going down two or three Steps, and finding Mrs. *Fewkes* was leading her towards her Maſter's Bed-Chamber, ſtopt ſhort, and ſaid, ſhe would go no farther: Don't be fooliſh, ſaid Mrs. *Fewkes*, but come along, no Harm will be done to you. Well, ſaid *Pamela*, if I die for it I cannot go there, and ſo went back to her Cloſet, from whence ſhe very much dreaded ſhe ſhould be ſoon fetched by Force; but ſhe was miſtaken herein, for Mrs. *Fewkes* came up a little while after, and bade her make Haſte to Bed: No, ſaid *Pamela*, I will not go to Bed this Night that's certain: Then, ſaid the other, you ſhall be made, and *Nan* and I will undreſs you, and if we are not able to do it, *Monſieur Colbrand* ſhall come and help us; ſo after many Diſputes, *Pamela* told her, if ſhe would let her have the Keys of the Door in her own Hand ſhe would come to Bed: The Houſekeeper humoured her for this once; but *Pamela* could not imagine the Meaning of it, that when the Maid *Nan*, offer'd to ſpeak once or twice, Mrs. *Fewkes* ſnubb'd her for it, and ſaid, Wench, hold your Tongue I charge you, and whatever Queſtions
Mrs.

Mrs. *Pamela* asks you, answer not one Word. Mrs. *Jewkes* had a Design in this that *Pamela* could not see thro': However she went to Bed and slept well that Night, having had no Rest for two or three Nights before.

The next Day, being *Sunday*, Mrs. *Jewkes* came up and told *Pamela* that her Master was gone out, and had sent Word he should not dine at home; and at the same Time acquainted her, that poor Mr. *Williams* was still in Confinement, and very much afflicted at it. *Pamela* could not help being greatly concerned at this, as all his Misfortunes were brought upon him on her Account. Mr. *Belmour*, it seems insisted upon having his Money repay'd, which was three fifty Pounds, that the honest Gentleman thought he had given him for three Years Salary, since he had been his Chaplain; but there had been no Agreement between them, Mr. *Williams* had been only brought from *Oxford* by Mr. *Belmour* and depended entirely upon his Favour, and a Promise he had made him of the first Living that fell in his Gift; this being all he had to trust to, his Generosity was the greater, *Pamela* thought, in running such a Hazard for her Sake, but she dared not say a Word in his Behalf for fear of increasing her Master's Jealousy.

When Mrs. *Jewkes* went out of the Room she dropt a Letter, as if by Accident, which *Pamela*, having bolted the Door, immediately caught up and read, and found the Contents to this Purpose: "That
 " he had been so importuned on *Williams's* Affair
 " that he should set out that Afternoon for *Stamford*
 " with Parson *Peters*, and not return 'till the next
 " Night. In the mean Time, he bade her be sure
 " to take especial Care of her Ward, and not to
 " trust her without another with her that Night,
 " lest she should attempt her Escape by the Window
 " again; for she knew what Fate was to attend her;
 " and as to the Articles he had proposed to her,
 " she had obstinately and foolishly withstood her
 " Market,



J. Carnahan sculp.

“ Market, and he would not sign them now if she
“ would agree to them.

Pamela, little thinking what a dreadful Plot was laid against her, was mightily pleased to find, by this Letter, that she was likely to have one more good Night's Rest, and that her Master was to be at such a Distance; but herein was she greatly deceived, for now was come the Time of a greater Trial than any she had had yet.

The House-Maid *Nan*, who had, for some Time, been *Pamela's* Bedfellow with Mrs. *Fewkes*, was very apt to drink if she could get at any Liquor; Mrs. *Fewkes*, therefore, for the better carrying on her Designs, left a Bottle of Cherry-Brandy purposely in her Way, of which *Nan* taking a hearty Dose, was in such a Condition when she came to lay the Cloth for Mrs. *Fewkes* and *Pamela's* Supper, that she was ready to fall down every Time she went to set any Thing on the Table; upon which Mrs. *Fewkes* pretending to be very angry, bade her get out of her Sight for a drunken Sow, and go to Bed to sleep herself sober, so the Wench went muttering out of the Room, and about two Hours after, *Pamela* went up with Mrs. *Fewkes*, into their Bed-Chamber, and saw *Nan*, as she thought, sitting fast asleep in an Elbow-Chair, in a dark Corner, with her Apron thrown over her Head. There, said Mrs. *Fewkes*, is that beastly Wench fast asleep, but I won't wake her, for we shall lie better without her. So we shall, said *Pamela*, but won't the poor Creature get cold? No, hang her, answered Mrs. *Fewkes*, such drunken Sluts never come to any Harm. *Pamela* thought Mrs. *Fewkes* might be somewhat in the right, otherwise she would have been in a bad Way herself, who was oftner in that filthy Condition than the poor Wench that she now blamed so much for being guilty of one of her own Failings.

As soon as they were got into Bed, said *Pamela*, Where are the Keys, Mrs. *Fewkes*, for tho' I am not so much afraid to Night, as I used to be, yet I
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should be glad to know the Doors are fast. Here, said the other, put your Arm under mine, and you may feel them about my Wrist, which *Pamela* had no sooner done, but the vile Procurefs held her Right-Hand fast as it lay under her left Side, and the pretended *Nan* beginning to stir a little, Come, *Nan*, said Mrs. *Fewkes*, why don't you come to Bed? Poor Mrs. *Ann*, said *Pamela*, I'll warrant your Head will ach sadly To-morrow; how do you do, aren't you very sick? You know, said Mrs. *Fewkes*, I have ordered her not to speak a Word; but when the pretended *Nan* came to the Bed-side breathing short and trembling, poor *Pamela* had great Compassion on her, little thinking it was her insidious Master, whose Voice broke upon her like a Clap of Thunder, after he had laid fast hold of her Left-Hand, as Mrs. *Fewkes* had of her Right. Now, *Pamela*, said he, is come the Time of dreadful Reckoning, which I threatened you withal, and now I am resolved—he was going on, but *Pamela* scream'd out in such a frightful Manner as made him start. Wicked Man! Abominable Woman! said she, O my God! my God! this once deliver me from my Distress! One Word, *Pamela*, said Mr. *Belmour*, you see I offer nothing to you. Nothing! said she, is it then nothing to come thus into the Bed to me? to hold my Hands! and make this vile Woman assist you in your wicked Purposes? But hear me, *Pamela*, said he; Lord, Sir, said Mrs. *Fewkes*, what signifies parlying, never stand shilly-shally, she cannot rave and exclaim more than she has done, let the worst that can happen to her.

No, said Mr. *Belmour*, I would not frighten her too much. My dearest *Pamela*, said he, let me persuade you to be kind to one who loves to such Excess; you see I have you in my Power; yet will I not offer any Violence, if you'll but promise to comply with the Proposals that I sent you; but if not I am determin'd not to lose this Opportunity.

O leave me, leave me, Sir, said *Pamela*, and I'll do any thing I ought; do but swear, said he, that you'll

you'll accept of my Proposals, and I am satisfied; and then thrust his Hand into her Bosom, upon which with struggling, and the Fright she was in, she went away into one of the same Fits she had, when he made the same Attempt upon her in *Bedfordshire*, and was in such cold Sweats, and convulsive Agonies, that both he and Mrs. *Fewkes* concluded she was dying for some Time; but she was no sooner come to herself, but the Monster of a Housekeeper, cry'd, Nay Sir, if you give up such an Opportunity as this for a Fit or two, you know but little of the Sex. These horrid Words threw *Pamela* immediately into a fresh Fit, which held much longer than the other, and when she came out of it, she found *Nan* sitting by the Bed-Side, holding a Smelling-Bottle to her Nose; but her Master and Mrs. *Fewkes* were still in the Room; O! take away that vile Woman, said she, I can never recover while that vile Woman is in my Sight. Upon which Mr. *Belmour* desired Mrs. *Fewkes* to go out of the Room; and then taking *Pamela* by the Hand, vow'd he would leave her himself the Moment he saw her a little better. He begg'd her to compose herself, and assured her, that she had given him so much Uneasiness, that now, she might depend upon it, he would never put her into any Fright of the like Kind again; *Nan*, the Maid, he told her, could vouch for him, how greatly he had been concerned, and that he had offer'd no Manner of Indecency to her: And continued, that since he saw Mrs. *Fewkes* was so disagreeable to her, she should have no Bedfellow but *Nan*; therefore *Nan*, said he, undress yourself, and go to Bed, and do all that is in your Power to comfort the dear Creature, whom I have put into such strange Disorders; but first *Pamela*, said he, give me your Hand, and say but you will forgive me, and I will leave you. *Pamela* putting out her Hand, in the weak and trembling Condition she was in, he put it to his Lips, and she cry'd, God forgive you, Sir, as you intend to be just to me in my Distress.

When Mr. *Belmour* had left the Room, *Nan* locked

the Door, at *Pamela's* Request, and brought the Keys to Bed to her. She continued so weak that she lay in Bed all the next Day; and Mr. *Belmour* expressed much Concern at it; he had enquir'd several Times after her Health, and as soon as he heard she was awake, he came himself into the Room, at which *Pamela* expressing some Surprize, he stopt short, and said *Pamela*, I will come no farther rather than give you any Apprehensions, I come only to enquire how you have rested and to beg you to compose yourself, you have my Word already, said he, that I will never frighten you again.

I beg Sir, said *Pamela*, that I may not see that infamous Mrs. *Fewkes*, I fear I cannot bear the Sight of her. Mr. *Belmour* assured her she should not come near her that Day, and desired her to let nothing disturb her, then pressing her Hand very tenderly, went out of the Room.

The Morning after, when Mr. *Belmour* heard *Pamela* was up, he sent for her into the Parlour to him, and taking her by the Hand, You begin to look very well again, said he, I am glad of it, for you frightened me very much on Sunday Night. O! Sir, said she, the Terrors of that Night will be always dreadful to my Remembrance——then, turning away her Head, wept bitterly.

Come, *Pamela*, said he, I will not ask the Meaning of those Tears; but be assur'd, my dear Girl, that no indecent Freedoms were taken that Night more than you already know; for, upon my Honour, as soon as I perceived your Colour gone, and that a cold Sweat bedew'd your lovely Face after you had fainted away, both I and *Fewkes* quitted the Bed: And I now most solemnly declare, that, farther than that white Bosom, I know not what Sex you are of. And tho' I could curse myself for my own Weakness in confessing to you, that I love you beyond any Thing in the World, and cannot live without you, yet as far as I can be Master of my own Resolution, I will never attempt to force you to
any

any Thing again. O, Sir, said *Pamela*, how easy will it be for you to keep that Resolution, by sending me home to my poor Parents, as I have so often, and do now most earnestly, intreat of you.

Indeed, *Pamela*, said he, it will be impossible for me to think of parting with you; but if I could be assured you would not make an ill Use of your Liberty, I would make your Restraint a great deal easier to you. To what End, Sir, said *Pamela*, should I stay? you are not quite sure yourself, that you can continue in the good Resolution you have taken; and would it not look like tempting my Ruin, should I continue where I am, if there was a Possibility for me to make my Escape?

Well then, *Pamela*, said he, will you, for the Present only, grant me two Requests? The first is, to promise me, that you will not, for a Fortnight to come, offer to go away without my Consent; and this I desire of you for your own Sake, that you may be allowed a little more Liberty: The other is, that you will see, and forgive poor *Fewkes*, as her Crime was only her Obedience to me; I hope you will do this for my Sake.

Pamela told him it was hard for her to make the Promise he demanded of her in his first Request, for the Reason she had before given; and that his second Request, relating to Mrs. *Fewkes*, was still more hard for her to comply with, considering how vilely she had behaved, and how unbecoming her Sex, seeming more violently bent upon ruining her than he was himself; but yet, as she saw it would be to no Purpose to refuse him either, she told him, to shew her Obedience to his Commands she would consent to both, and should at all Times be ready to obey him in every Thing that she could do with Innocence.

This, my dear Girl, said Mr. *Belmour*, is a fresh Proof of your Prudence and good Sense, and such a Complaisance as you shall not repent of; so ringing his Bell, he order'd Mrs. *Fewkes* to come in, then taking *Pamela's* Hand he put it into her's, and said,

Jewkes, I am oblig'd to you for all your Fidelity and Care, which, altho' they have made you do some Things not well taken by *Pamela*, yet, at my Request, and as she knows you only acted in Obedience to my Commands, she has consented to be Friends with you; and if she does not give me some extraordinary Occasion for it, I shall not put you upon any Service so disagreeable to her for the future; but I must still desire that you will see, that *Pamela* sends no Letters nor Messages out of the House, nor maintains any Correspondence unknown to me, especially with that paultry Fellow *Williams*; but in all other Respects, *Jewkes*, I would have you shew her all that Complaisance and Civility that are due to one, whom I must love whether I will or no.

Mrs. *Jewkes* look'd a little sullen, and, as *Pamela* thought, as if she would have been glad to have done her a good Turn still, if it had lain in her Power. And indeed she found herself so strictly watched by her, notwithstanding all Mr. *Belmour* had said, that she soon wish'd the Fortnight at an End, that she might be discharged of her Promise, and then try if there were any Means to be found to get home to her Parents.

But in the mean Time, Mr. *Belmour* sent for her, to take a Turn with him in the Garden: *Pamela* knew not how to refuse him, but lik'd not his Behaviour at all, for all the Time they walk'd his Arm was round her Waist, and at length leading her to a little Alcove, she began to be under great Apprehensions from him, for after saying a thousand tender and obliging Things to her, he drew her into his Lap, and kissed her with a great deal of Eagerness; she was the more alarmed at this, as she had happened the Day before to overhear Part of his Discourse with Mrs. *Jewkes*, unknown to either of them, for going by the Parlour Door, which happened to stand ajar, and hearing Mrs. *Jewkes*'s Voice with her Master, she had the Curiosity to listen a little, and could plainly hear Mr. *Belmour* say, I will try
once

once more, but I have begun the wrong Way, Terror I find does but make her the more inexorable, but I fancy I may yet melt her by Kindness. *Pamela*, having overheard this, was the more upon her Guard, not heeding any of the fine Things he said to her, but begging he would let her go, which he took no Notice of; but proceeded so far that she was forced to fall on her Knees; but he still professed great Honour and Love to her. Yes, Sir, said *Pamela*, your Honour is to destroy mine, and your Love is to ruin me; I see plainly what you aim at, and I will not walk with you any longer. Will not! said he, Pray who am I, that you presume to speak so peremptorily? I know not who you are, said *Pamela*, for sure you cannot be the Son of my good Lady, for she really loved, and taught me that Virtue which you seem so great an Enemy to; nor certainly you cannot be my Master, for no Master sure would thus demean himself with his poor Servant.

Mr. *Belmour* putting his Arm about her Neck suddenly, cry'd, who am I then, you little perverse Baggage. The Eagerness with which he laid hold of her, having frightened and vexed her a little: You are, said she, *Lucifer* himself, I believe, in the Shape of my good Lady's Son. How, Madam! this is taking a Liberty not at all becoming you, and which, for your own Sake, I would not have you repeat, for if you observe no Decency towards me, you must not expect that I shall keep any with you.

Pamela was running away from him, but he called to her to come back, and she knowing that all Places were dangerous to her alike, and that she had Nobody to run to, returned, and seeing him look displeased, she held up both her Hands, and weeping, begged him to forgive her! Why do not you say, pray, *Lucifer*, forgive me, said he? If I am like the Devil how can you expect any Good from me, or blame me if I keep up to the Part you have cast for me?

Indeéd, Sir, answered *Pamela*, I was too bold in that Expression and am very sorry for it; but how can I promise to keep within due Bounds of Respect, when you behave so unlike a Gentleman to me, it would be acting like one of those Ideots, whose Conduct I despise, that can mince the Matter, and hardly dare to shew their Resentment, when all that is valuable to them is in Danger, and the greatest Indecencies are used towards them. What Indecencies you little precise Fool! said Mr. *Belmour*, have been offered to you; I wish I had executed my Designs more to the Purpose on Sunday Night, and even then you could not have given me a harder Name; go, said he, and learn more Wit.

Now, Sir, said *Pamela*, I see my Boldness has offended you more than I could have expected, therefore I cannot go, 'till you have said you pardon me, I intreat it, Sir, upon my bended Knees. Well, well, reply'd he, I will pardon you, if you will promise an Amendment. I will promise, Sir, said she, never to say a rude Thing unless you force me to it, nor will I refuse any Obedience to your Commands, but where 'tis inconsistent with my Virtue and my Honour.

Still harping upon the same String, said he; but come, it is now Time to go into Dinner; and if I should make you promise to take a Walk again after Dinner is over, I hope there is nothing in that inconsistent with Virtue and Honour; no, she told him, and she would be sure to attend him.

When Mr. *Belmour* had dined himself, he came into the Parlour where Mrs. *Fewkes* and *Pamela* where at Dinner, upon which they both offering to rise up; No, no, said he, sit still, and let me see what Sort of a Stomach you have, *Pamela*. O! but a poor one indeed, said Mrs. *Fewkes*. I remember my Mother used to say you were a nice Carver, *Pamela*, pray let me see you cut up this Chicken, putting a roast Chicken on her Plate, which she did immediately and put it into the Dish again; I'll assure you, said, Mr.

Mr. *Belmour* it is done with great Dexterity, and now, said he, taking up one of the Wings with a Fork, and putting it on her Plate, let me see you eat that. O! Sir, said *Pamela*, I have eat the Breast of the other Chicken already, and cannot eat so much; but you must eat it, said her Master, for my Sake, I would fain teach you to eat heartily, and patted her on the Cheek; Mrs. *Fewkes* seeing this, thought it behoved her to shew a little more Respect than usual, therefore pressed her to eat a little Bit of Apricot Tart, calling her good Madam at every Word. Mr. *Belmour* after taking two or three Turns about the Room, during which Time he seemed very thoughtful, said to *Pamela*, I am going into the Garden, I hope you have not forgot what I said before Dinner: No, Sir, said *Pamela*, I shall be sure to attend you.

Whereupon Mr. *Belmour* went out of the Room; and Mrs. *Fewkes* cry'd to *Pamela*, Well, Madam, I see how Matters are like to go, and when you are Mistress of the Family what will become of me? O! Mrs. *Fewkes*, said *Pamela*, don't talk thus, if I am but able to keep myself virtuous, I have no other Ambition. Not but that the kind Treatment she had met that Day from the Man, whom, when she thought not of his Vices, she admired, and always had done above any other, could not but give her some pleasing Inclinations, which she had hardly ever known before. When she came into the Garden she found Mr. *Belmour* by the Side of the Pond, who taking her by the Hand, and gently squeezing it, said, Well, *Pamela*, this is very obliging to come of your own Accord, I will now talk a little seriously to you.

You have not only a great deal more Understanding than can be readily expected in one of your Age, but have an honest and generous Mind, which with the Beauties of your Person, greater in my Eyes than any other of your Sex, have altogether so strongly engaged my Affections to you, that I find it will be impossible for me to live without you; I would freely give half my Estate to have you mine upon my
own

own Terms ; but those you have absolutely rejected, and that, many Times, in such Language as may be deem'd saucy in a Servant, yet I cannot help saying, that all your Words and Actions do but make me admire you more and more ; but now *Pamela*, what must I say farther ? I will ask your Advice.

I am not, you know, a very profligate Fellow, and have hitherto been guilty of no enormous Crimes, and tho' I have seized and confin'd you as I have done, yet, it is plain, I have not been entirely given up to my Passions, for if I had, I should have certainly, before this Time, have gratify'd them, and not have shewn that Compunction, which has more than once, reprieved you, when absolutely in my Power, and left you as inviolate a Virgin as when first I saw and loved you.

But what can I do, my Love is strong, and so is my Pride ? The Thoughts of Marriage, even with a Person of my own Degree, have always been irksome to me. I have declined several Proposals that were suitable to my Rank and Fortune, and some superior to it. How then can I think of taking a Wife, who, in the Judgment of the World, is so much beneath me ? Yet I must have you ; for I am distracted at the Thoughts of another's possessing those Charms I so much admire, and the very Apprehension of *Williams's* supplanting me in your Affections, has made me treat him in a Manner, which upon any other Account, I should have abhorred. Now, my dear *Pamela*, since I have thus candidly laid open my Mind to you, deal as ingenuously with me, and tell me what you would have me do.

Pamela was in the utmost Confusion at this unexpected Declaration, her Heart beat, her Head swam, the Tears started into her Eyes, and her Face was covered over with Blushes. I see, said he, my lovely Girl, thy Breast is struggling with something of Importance, give it vent ; speak with the same Frankness and Candour that I have done. *Pamela* only sighed at first, but found she had need to summon up
all

all her Faculties, and use all her Discretion to ward off the Blow that this unusual Treatment aimed at her virtuous Resolution; but all trembling she threw herself at his Feet. O Sir! said she, spare my Confusion, spare your poor Servant, who can only beg you will not ruin her, if as you say, you love me for my Virtue, seek not any longer to destroy what you love, but let me return to my poor Parents; and I will promise in the most solemn Manner, never to engage myself without your Consent. But this, *Pamela*, said he, is not telling me what you think I ought to do. Alas! Sir, answered she, I'm afraid it will be great Presumption in a poor Girl, as I am, to pretend to offer my Advice to one of your superior Rank and Understanding; but if you insist upon it — I do, said he: Why, then Sir, answer'd *Pamela*, I think you ought not to be regardless of the Opinion of the World, or do any Thing that may reflect upon your Wisdom, or be a Disgrace to your Birth and Fortune; therefore, Sir, if poor *Pamela* has really the Honour of having any Place in your Affection, you should for both our Sakes, endeavour to forget it, which Absence, with the Conversation of Ladies more worthy of you, will in a little Time enable you to do. Charming Creature! said he, this Generosity is of a Piece with the rest of thy Conduct: But now *Pamela* you have told me what I ought to do, tell me what you would have me do? O, Sir! said she, I beseech you take no Advantage of my Credulity, and the Sentiments which your present kind Behaviour may inspire me with; but were I not the poor low-born *Pamela*, but a Lady of the highest Station, I then could tell you, what my Blushes now can only speak.

Well, *Pamela*, said he, I will spare your Confusion, but may I flatter myself that you can prefer me in your Love to any other Man, and that no one in the World has a Share in your Heart, for I am very jealous where I love, and if I thought you had the least secret Inclination towards any other

other Man, I could not forgive myself for persisting in my Affection for you. And now my dear Girl, since I have thus frankly own'd the Height of my Love to you, be as generous on your Side, and open all your Heart to me. First, Sir, said she, let me tell you somewhat of my Doubts, may I not doubt the Sincerity of what you now say, after what I overheard you tell Mrs. *Fewkes*, of your having begun wrong with me, and that tho' Terror could not work upon me as you expected it would, yet I might still be melted by Kindness? Now, Sir, tho' by the Grace of God, I fear not that any Kindness, more than Cruelty, should make me forget what is due to my Virtue, yet I find I may be made more miserable by the first, as my Nature is too frank and open to bear the Thoughts of being ungrateful, then should my Heart be taught a Lesson that it never yet has known, how much greater must its Tortures, how much greater must its Struggles be than any yet I have endured! Delightful Girl, said he. O! that I could teach thy Heart that Lesson, which you seem so much afraid to learn! But yet you tell me not whether any other may not have more Power to do it. No, Sir, said *Pamela*, I know not that Man on Earth, whom I would wish myself marry'd to, nor whom I ever thought of with such a Hope. I have been long bringing my Mind to be in love with Poverty, and hoped for, nor desired nothing so much as to return to my poor, my honest Parents.

Then *Pamela*, said he, will you positively affirm upon that Honour you have so great a Value for, that neither an Inclination to Parson *Williams*, or any other Man, is the least secret Motive to your steadfast Refusal of all my Offers to you? I will, Sir, said she, and can safely affirm both upon my Honour and Conscience, before God, that it is not, nor have I had the least Shadow of such an Inclination as you mention. And have you not, *Pamela*, said he, perhaps I am too nicely scrupulous, have you not given *Williams* Encouragement to think you will have him?

Indeed

Indeed, Sir, answered *Pamela*, I have not, but quite the contrary. And would you not have marry'd him, said Mr. *Belmour*, if you could have made your Escape by his Assistance? No, Sir, said *Pamela*, I had resolv'd otherwise, and the poor Gentleman knew it——O! said he, speak not in his Favour, for that will raise a fresh Tempest in my Breast. I have done——said *Pamela*: Not so neither, said Mr. *Belmour*, I beg you will let me know the whole, for should you disguise any Secret of your Soul, and I at length discover it, I know not what my Rage may make me act. If, Sir, said *Pamela*, I have ever had the Happiness to be thought sincere, I beg you will believe me: Say then, cry'd he, interrupting her with much Vehemence, and putting her Hand to his Bosom, say, now in the Presence of God, that you have not the least secret Regard for *Williams*, or any other Man. Sir, said *Pamela*, I do, and as God shall bless me, and preserve my Innocence, I have not. Well, *Pamela*, said he, I hope, nay, I dare say, I may believe you, and then in Time I shall be better able to hear that Man named. And could I once be thoroughly convinced of your not being prepossessed in Favour of any other Man, my Vanity flatters me that I need not fear a Place in your Esteem, I hope preferably to any Man in *England*: But yet I must own my Pride is touch'd when I remember, how readily and upon how short an Acquaintance you were brought to consent to run away with that College Booby.

I hope, Sir, said *Pamela* since you expect that I should tell you the whole Truth of every Thing, it will not raise your Indignation, if I tell you, that indeed it was I myself that put him upon assisting me in my Escape. I could find no other Means I thought, of securing myself from your avow'd Attempts. I first enquired of him what Gentry there were in the Neighbourhood, that I might fly to for Refuge, and then prevailed upon him to apply, first to a Lady, whom he called my Lady *Jones*, next to my Lady
Darn-

Darnford, but being repulsed by these, he told my Story to Mr. *Peters*, the Minister of the Parish, who shew'd no more Regard to my distressed Condition than the others had done: And it was then, that he gave it as his Opinion, that Marriage was the only honourable Way I had to accomplish my Design, but this I declined, and then he agreed to assist me for God's Sake. Now, said Mr. *Belmour* you are going — but *Pamela* begging Pardon for interrupting him, said she had just done, and would only say, that rather than have stay'd to run the Hazard of her Ruin, she would have thrown herself upon the meanest Beggar in the World, if she had thought him honest. And now, Sir, continued she, when you have weigh'd all Matters duly, I hope you will forgive me, and acquit me in your Mind of being that bold and forward Creature you were once pleas'd to call me.

Well, but now *Pamela*, said he, I must insist upon your telling me, without Reserve, whether or not, as I have made such Attempts upon that Virtue and Honour you prize so much, you think you can love me preferably to any other of my Sex? O! Sir, said *Pamela*, how do I know but you ask that Question to take Advantage of my Credulity, if so, I have already said too much; but if you will be good, and spare your poor Servant, I cannot say enough — then glowing with Blushes, she lean'd her Head upon his Shoulder to hide her Confusion, scarce knowing, for that Moment, what she did.

Mr. *Belmour* clasp'd her in his Arms with much Ardor, and cry'd, Hide thy dear Face in my Bosom, my beloved *Pamela*. O! how this innocent Freedom charms me! I have known more real Pleasure in this one Hour, than in all the guilty Transports I have yet felt, even when, as I thought, the nearest to possess you on my own Terms; and, my dear *Pamela*, you must pray for my Continuance in this Temper of Mind, and who knows but those Prayers may get the better of all my Temptations.

Pamela

Pamela, quite overpowered by these kind Expressions, threw herself at his Feet. O Sir! said she, the Satisfaction I receive from these gracious Words, no Tongue has Power to utter; if this Goodness continues, I shall be too well rewarded for all the Sufferings I have gone thro'; and Heaven send it may for your own Soul's Sake as well as mine. But what my dearest Life, my better Self, said he, must we do about the Censure of the World — my proud Heart will never let me marry. *Pamela* was again quite confounded at this; but soon recollecting herself. I have not, Sir, said she, the Presumption to hope for such an Honour: But if I may be permitted to go to my dear Parents, I will there wish you happy in a Lady suitable to your own Degree.

Well, *Pamela*, said Mr. *Belmour*, this Conversation has gone farther than I at first intended; but at this Rate you need not be afraid of trusting yourself with me, it is I that shall be in Danger; and that I may avoid it for the present, lend me your Hand and let me lead you in. When they came into the Hall, Mr. *Belmour* saluted her in a more formal Manner than usual, and went into the Parlour; while *Pamela* retired to her Closet, and ruminating on what had passed, to be sure, thought she to herself, if my Master be false, I have gone too far; but yet I cannot believe but he must needs have been sincere, at least for the Time we talk'd together. No Man can surely be so great a Dissembler as he would otherwise be: But I cannot, will not, think him the worst of his Sex.

Pamela went to Bed pretty well satisfy'd in her Mind that Night; but the next Morning Some-Body rapp'd at her Chamber-Door, soon after it was light; whereupon Mrs. *Jewkes* asking who it was, Mr. *Belmour* answered her, and bade her open the Door. This very much alarmed *Pamela*, who cry'd out, For God's Sake, Mrs. *Jewkes*, don't open the Door: But indeed, said the other, I shall: Then, pray, said *Pamela*, clinging about her, let me slip on my Cloaths

Cloaths first; but Mrs. *Jewkes* not heeding her, opened the Door, and let in her Master. *Pamela*, in the mean while, folding herself up in the Bed-Cloaths: Why, said he, *Pamela*, are you thus fearful after what passed Yesterday? Indeed, you have no Reason for it, I shall speak but two or three Words and then go away.

The Occasion of my being up thus early is, my having an Invitation sent me last Night, to be at a Wedding and a Ball that is to be this Evening at *Stamford*, whither I am going with Sir *Simon Darnford*, my Lady and their Daughters, the Bride being a Relation of theirs, and not being to return again these three Days, I came, said he, *Jewkes*, to caution you before *Pamela*, that she may not be surpriz'd at her being a little more confined for that Time, than she might expect; and to desire that great Care may be taken, that No-Body sees her, or delivers any Letter to her, for here has been a Fellow lurking about the House, and making Enquiries after her. I suppose it comes either from *Longman* or *Fervis*, for you must know *Pamela*, said he, that I have ordered *Longman* to give up his Accompts, and have dismissed both *Fervis* and *Jonathan*, since I have been in *Lincolnshire*. Their Behaviour has been very bad, and they have made such a Breach between me and my Sister *Davers* as, it may be, will never be closed again.

Alas! Sir, said *Pamela*, I am afraid that all these People have suffer'd upon my Account — Why, truly, said he, you are not much mistaken, and certainly *Pamela* there never was any thing so young and so innocent as thyself, that could set such a Family in so great an Uproar and Confusion before. But no more of that at present. I will only tell you, that I have had such a Letter from my Sister as, notwithstanding her Temper, I could never have expected from her, and for which, *Pamela*, neither you nor I have Reason to thank her; but I shall tell you more of this at my Return. You both of you know my Orders, and partly the Reason of them; therefore,

Jewkes,

Jewkes, I charge you let No-Body go to the Gate, without your Knowledge.

I do assure you, Sir, said *Pamela*, I will give Mrs. *Jewkes* as little Trouble as possible, for I will keep very much in my Chamber, and not stir even to the Garden without her, that I may shew how willing I am to obey you in every Thing I can. But O this Journey to *Stamford*—I see your Suspicions, *Pamela*, said Mr. *Belmour*, but there are no Grounds for them, for, I assure you, I am really going to *Stamford this Time*, and upon the very Occasion I tell you. He then took *Pamela* by the Hand, gave her a Kiss, and bade her, God b'w'ye.

Pamela could not help being greatly concerned at the Fate of poor Mrs. *Jervis*, and the rest of the Servants dismissed upon her Account: And thought if Mr. *Belmour* really loved her, he ought not to be so angry that his Servants should love her too; this was a Thought that much perplexed her.

The Morning after Mr. *Belmour* went to *Stamford*, Mrs. *Jewkes* and *Pamela* went to an Iron Gate, that fronts an Elm Walk, leading to the Road, when a Woman, dress'd like a Gypsey, came up to them, and said, Ladies, if you will give me some of your broken Victuals, I will tell you both your Fortunes. O Lord! said *Pamela*, pray Mrs. *Jewkes* let us hear our Fortunes: Said Mrs. *Jewkes*, I do not like these Sort of Creatures; however, since you desire it, we will hear what she has to say, but I shall give her no broken Victuals, a few Half-pence, I suppose, will content her as well; but *Nan* coming out just then, she ordered her to fetch her some Bread and cold Meat, and said, she should have her Fortune told too.

The Iron Gate being fast lock'd, and the Woman on the Outside of it, Mrs. *Jewkes* had no Suspicion of her but thrust her Hand through, upon which the Woman, mumbling some cant Words, said, I can assure you, Madam, you'll be married very soon, which Mrs. *Jewkes* seem'd not at all displeased at,

but swore a great Oath, that she was glad to hear it, and shook her fat Sides with Laughing; the Woman then look'd very earnestly at *Pamela*, as if she had something particular to say to her, which brought it into her Head, reflecting on her Master's great Caution, that this Woman might perhaps be employ'd to endeavour to get a Letter into her Hands, and was resolv'd to watch all her Motions: But pray, said Mrs. *Jewkes*, what Sort of a Man am I to have? one, I'll assure you, answered the other, younger than yourself, and who will prove a good Husband in every Respect: Well, said Mrs. *Jewkes*, that is good again, and laughed as before. But now come let me hear Madam's Fortune. The Woman coming to *Pamela*, took her by the Hand, O! Madam, said she, your Hand is so white and so fine, I cannot see the Lines in it; but said she, I have a Way for that, so stooping down, she pulled up a Handful of Grass and some Mould, with which she rubb'd her Hand: Now, said she, I can see the Lines. Mrs. *Jewkes* watch'd all she did very narrowly, and taking the Grass out of her Hand, look'd to see if there was any Thing in it. Then said the Woman, here is the Line of *Venus* crossing the Line of Life—O! pretty Miss! take Care of yourself, you are strongly beset; you will never be marry'd, but die of your first Child. Out upon thee, said *Pamela*, for a wicked Woman! Come, come, said Mrs. *Jewkes*, I don't like this Woman: Nor I neither, said *Pamela*, let us go in. The Woman telling *Pamela* she was strongly beset, made Mrs. *Jewkes* very much suspect that she knew more than she pretended, therefore about an Hour after, she went again with *Pamela*, taking *Colbrand* for their Guard, to see if the Woman was still lurking about. When they came to the Iron Gate, they spy'd a Man sauntering about in the Middle of the Walk, which rais'd fresh Suspicions in Mrs. *Jewkes*'s Mind, therefore she said to *Colbrand*, You and I, Monsieur, will walk towards

that

that Fellow, and see what he wants, while *Nan* stays at the Gate with *Mrs. Pamela*.

Pamela supposing that if the Gypsie Woman was employed, she must mean something by the Handful of Grass she pull'd up, as soon as *Mrs. Jewkes* and *Colbrand's* Backs were turned, sent *Nan* on a Sleeveless Errand, to gather something that looked like a Flower at a little Distance, while she put her Hand down to the Place where the Woman had taken the Grass from, and there found a Bit of Paper, which she instantly clapp'd into her Bosom. When *Mrs. Jewkes* and *Colbrand* returned, they all went in, it is very sure, said *Mrs. Jewkes*, my Master had some Reason for his Caution, for tho' I can make nothing of that sauntering Fellow, yet there was some Roguery designed by the Gypsie Woman that is certain. But if there was, said *Pamela*, you see she lost her Aim. Very true, said *Mrs. Jewkes*, but that was owing to my Diligence, and you did very well to come away when I bade you.

Pamela, impatient to know what was contained in the Bit of Paper, took the first Opportunity she could to get into her Closet, and read it, when she found that it came from some Friend, who in a disguised Hand, and with much false Spelling, told her: "That many fruitless Contrivances had been thought of to let her know the Danger she was in. And her Friends hoped it might not yet be too late to caution her, if that came to her Hands." The Person, whoever, it was, that wrote the Note, told her: "That the 'Squire was absolutely determined to ruin her, and despairing of every other Way, would pretend to marry her; a Parson was already provided for that Purpose, who was no other than an impudent broken Attorney of *Stamford*, an idle, drunken Fellow, with a broad Face, much pitted with the Small-Pox.

No Words can express the Grief, that *Pamela* was in upon reading this Note. What will now become of me! said she to herself, I have as good as owned

that I love him, but that was upon a Supposition of his being good; however, it was giving him too great an Advantage; but I will break this stubborn Heart, but I will teach it to hate him! O how much ought I to be thankful to God! and to this kind Friend for discovering the Plot that is laid against me, without which I might have found myself utterly ruined, when I thought myself nearest to that Happiness which my highest Ambition could aspire to; found myself a guilty Harlot when I should have believed myself a lawful Wife. And yet I fear this will avail but little, for when he finds himself detected in this Design, he may proceed to Force, for he will never leave, if possible, 'till he has ruined me. O wretched! wretched *Pamela*!

In about three Days, as Mr. *Belmour* had said, he came home and brought a Gentleman with him to Dinner, so did not immediately see *Pamela*, who was at that Time very sorrowful, and writing to her Father and Mother, which she constantly did, giving them an Account of all that passed, and tho' she could not send her Letters as they were wrote, yet she thought she might find an Opportunity some time or other to send a large Parcel together, as she had one by Mr. *Williams's* Means, since she had been in *Lincolnshire*, the Parcel she had now grew very bulky, and it was with no little Difficulty that she had been able to conceal it hitherto; and alas, to what Purpose now! for Mrs. *Jewkes*, coming in upon her unawares, laid violent Hands upon it.

In this Parcel were contained. 1. An Account of Mrs. *Jewkes's* Arts to draw her in to approve of Mr. *Williams's* Proposal of Marriage, and her refusing it, with her Request to her Father and Mother not to encourage his Suit. 2. An Account of Mr. *Williams's* being robbed, and Mrs. *Jewkes's* Visit to him, in which she discovered all his Secrets. 3. Her Reproaches to Mr. *Williams* for revealing himself to Mrs. *Jewkes*, and his Answer to them, with Mention of *John Arnold's* Correspondence. 4. A Copy of Mr.

Belmour's

Belmour's Letter to Mrs. *Jewkes*, directed to *Pamela* by Mistake, and the other directed for Mrs. *Jewkes*, with *Pamela's* Reflections upon them both. 5. The Concern *Pamela* expressed for Mr. *Williams's* being drawn in, deceived, and ruined, with an Account of Mrs. *Jewkes's* triumphing in her wicked Fidelity. 6. *Pamela's* frightful Description of Monsieur *Colbrand*. 7. The Concern *Pamela* expressed for Mr. *Williams's* being thrown into Prison. 8. Her Project of getting away, by squeezing herself out between the Bars of the Window, and throwing her Petticoat, &c. into the Pond. 9. Her farther Concern for Mr. *Williams* on his being likely to be ruin'd on her Account. 10. and last. Her over-hearing Mrs. *Jewkes* brag, when she was drunk, of contriving to rob Mr. *Williams*, in order to get her Papers from him.

In vain were all *Pamela's* Prayers and Tears, to prevail upon Mrs. *Jewkes* not to shew these Papers to her Master. O! Madam, said the Housekeeper jeeringly, here can be nothing to be sure, that you need be afraid of any Body's seeing, for you are all Innocence you know. But, however, I am glad I have got these Papers at last, for I have search'd for your Writings often before to no Purpose. Mrs. *Jewkes* just at this Time hearing her Master coming up, went to him upon the Stair-Head, and gave him the Papers. There, Sir, said she, I have often heard you say Mrs. *Pamela* was a great Writer, but I could never get at any of her Papers before. Mr. *Belmour* taking the Writings went down again, without coming into the Room to *Pamela*, who was so vexed at this ugly Accident, and at the Thoughts of what she had read in the Gypsy Woman's Note, that she could not think of going down to Dinner; but in the Afternoon Mr. *Belmour* came up, and in a much pleasanter Humour than she expected. So, *Pamela*, said he, we have seized, it seems, your treasonable Papers. Treasonable! Sir, said *Pamela*. Ay, to be sure, said he, for you are a great Plotter; but I can say nothing to the Matter yet, for I assure you, I have not read them. Then,
Sir,

Sir, said *Pamela*, it will be very just and very honourable to give them to me again before you have. No, my dear *Pamela*, said he, that I can never consent to, I must read them indeed, and why should you be afraid of it? Those Letters I formerly saw of your's by *John Arnold's* Means were not at all to your Disadvantage, but gave me an high Opinion of your Wit and Innocence. They gave you such an Opinion of my Innocence, Sir, said *Pamela*, that you resolved to ruin it; is it not at all to my Disadvantage to run such a Hazard, nor to be kept a Prisoner and used as I have been by you and your Housekeeper?

Why, *Pamela*, said Mr. *Belmour*, with a serious Countenance, do you put on this Behaviour on Account of my Goodness to you t'other Day in the Garden? This seems to be very different from that Softness and Complacency which was so engaging there. I hope you do not intend to act so much the Part of a Coquet, as to grow the more vain and insolent, the kinder I am to you, and the more you think I am entangled by your Charms. O Sir! said *Pamela*, you know best your own Heart and Designs; but if you still keep your Resolution to undo me, and have only changed your Manner of Proceeding, which I very much dread, then surely I spoke with a great deal more Unreservedness than I ought to have done at that Time.

Why, said Mr. *Belmour*, will you still preserve these Doubts and Fears, when I have told you, that nothing can oblige me more than placing a Confidence in me? But, perhaps, I shall be able to account for the Cause of them in your Papers here, for there is no doubt but you have been sincere with your Father and Mother, tho' from your present Behaviour I cannot but suspect you, for after what passed between us in the Garden, it is impossible you could be thus cold and insensible unless you were prepossessed in Favour of some other Person. And if I find it is so, that Discovery will be attended by such Effects as will make your very Heartstrings bleed.

Mr.

Mr. *Belmour* being going out of the Room in a Kind of Passion, *Pamela* begg'd he would consider one Thing before he read her Papers, since he seemed resolv'd to do it, and that was, that they were not wrote for his Perusal; and, therefore, she hop'd he would make Allowances for all the harsh Reflections of a poor Creature who thought herself hardly used, and was under continual Apprehension of receiving the worst Treatment from him, that could possibly be inflict'd upon her. If that be all, said he, there will be nothing new in it, for in the former Letters I saw, there were almost as many saucy Reflections upon me, as there were Lines; yet, you find, I have not upbraided you upon that Account, though I should have been better pleas'd if you had been less free with your Epithets. Well, Sir, said *Pamela*, since I find you are resolv'd to read my Papers, I am under no Apprehension of being found insincere, or of having told you the least Falshood; for though I do not remember all I wrote, yet I am sure I wrote my Heart, and that is not deceitful. Well, said Mr. *Belmour*, be not afraid but that I shall judge as favourably of you as you deserve: And so he went down Stairs.

About Nine of the Clock, Mr. *Belmour* sent for *Pamela* into the Parlour to him, she went a little fearfully, and her Master, holding her Papers in his Hand, Well, now, *Pamela*, said he, you are come upon your Trial; and I hope, Sir, said she, I shall find a just Judge. Ay, said he, and a merciful one too, or I know not what would become of you. In the first Place, continued he, I expect that you answer plainly and directly to every Question I shall ask you; here are, I find, several Love-Letters between you and Parson *Williams*. Love-Letters! cry'd *Pamela*, — Well, said he, call them what you will, but they are such as I don't greatly like. I am sure, said *Pamela*, you do not find that I encourag'd his Proposals; you have indeed discourag'd his Address, but that in no other Manner than all the artful Part

of

of your Sex usually do, to make ours the more eager in our Pursuits.

That, Sir, said *Pamela*, is your Comment, but it does not so appear by the Text. Spoke like a Parson's Wife, said he, thou hast such a Memory that nothing escapes it, as I see by your Papers. Alas, Sir, said she, the poor Abilities I have serve only to make me the more miserable, and as for my Memory, it only brings such Things to my Mind as I could wish had never been, or could be bury'd in everlasting Oblivion.

But pray, Madam, said he, where are the Accounts, since I find you have kept an exact Journal of all that has happened to you, where are the Accounts that precede these in my Hand? They are with my Father, Sir, said she: And by whose Means were they convey'd to him? said he; by Mr. *Williams's*, Sir, said she. Well said, continued her Master, and cannot you procure me a Sight of them? No, indeed, Sir, said she, but I wish I could have contriv'd to have kept those from your Sight which you have got already. Said he, *Pamela*, I must see them, I shall never be easy else, for by them I shall see how this Correspondence between you and *Williams* began, and if they answer what these give me Hopes of, it will be the better for you I assure you.

If you will give me Leave, Sir, said she, I will faithfully relate the Beginning of it to you, for I was bold enough to begin that Correspondence myself. No, *Pamela*, said he, that will not answer my End, this may seem but a Trifle to you, but it is of the highest Importance to me. Then, Sir, said, *Pamela*, if you will suffer me to return to my Father I will take Care to send them to you, by any Method you shall appoint.

You will, said he, but I dare answer for it, if you will write for them, they will send them, without your having the Trouble of so long a Journey. I think, Sir, said *Pamela*, since you have seen so many of my Letters, you may as well see all the rest; but,

I hope, before I comply with this, you will let me know, Sir, of what Use my pleasing you in this Particular will be to myself ; O! said he, *Pamela*, you must trust to my Honour for that ; but let me ask you one Question, since I have seen so many as I have, would you have shewn me the other voluntarily, had they been in your Possession ?

Pamela, not aware of what he meant by this insinuating Question, said, Truly, she thought she should if he commanded it. Well then, *Pamela*, said he, as without doubt you have wrote a Continuation of your pretty Journal to the present Hour, pray let me see that, 'till we can find a Way to come at the other Part of it. O! Sir, said *Pamela*, I own you have caught me now, but indeed I must beg to be excused.

Come, said he, you cannot deny but you have continued your Journal, and indeed it will very much oblige me, to shew me voluntarily what you have wrote. I have a great Desire to see the Particulars of your Plot, and how you were disappointed in it ! There is something so very * singular in your Man-

N^o IX.

R

ner

* *The Author of some Letters which Pamela never saw, is pleased to compliment himself with calling the Manner of writing those Letters beautiful, and indeed he has been pleased to pay himself some other Compliments which discover more Vanity than ever yet appeared in any one of the Meanest of the Scribbling Tribe, and the Meanest are always the most conceited.*

The Story of Pamela in general is pretty and worthy Example, for which Reason we were resolved, in this genuine Account of her Life, to rescue her Character from the ridiculous Absurdities that have hitherto attended it ; and hope she will now appear with a little more Consistency than to be talking like a Philosopher in one Page and like a Changling the next : As we hope her Master will be found to talk a little more like a Gentleman. Nor shall we load our Readers, with a Heap of trivial Circum-

ner of writing, that I cannot but be desirous of seeing whatever I can of it, tho' the greatest Part be against myself; so indeed, *Pamela*, I must see your Papers. No, indeed, Sir, said she, not if I can help it: Then you will not let me see them but by Force? you had better be more obliging, for you may depend upon it I will see them some Way or other. Come, tell me, have you got them in your Pocket? No, upon my Word, Sir, said *Pamela*, very much afraid he would have begun a Search: I know, said Mr. *Belmour*, you are too scrupulous to tell a down right *Fib*, but no *Jesuit* comes up to you for Equivocation; therefore tell me plainly, if you have no Part of them in your Pockets? No, Sir, said she: Nor about your Stays? said her Master. No, Sir, answer'd *Pamela*, but pray ask no more Questions, for I will not let you know where they are, if possible.

Ay, said he, if possible, but that it is not; for if you will not confess honestly I will use you as they do Criminals Abroad, and put you to the Torture: But, Sir, said she, I am no Criminal, neither is the Torture used in *England*, and I hope you will not be the first to introduce it. Well, Madam, said he, since you are no Admirer of foreign Customs, we have one of our own will do as well; when an Offender won't plead in *England* the Way is to press him to death, or at least 'till he grows less stubborn: Now, *Pamela*, that shall certainly be your Fate; but in the mean Time let me see if I cannot find these
valuable

circumstances, which, tho' they may be true, it is very idle to trouble the Public with, and which occasioned a Gentleman to say, in a Coffee house, where mention was made of some Things wrote about this celebrated Pamela, that he wondered the Author had not told the exact Number of Pins Pamela had about her when she set out for Lincolnshire, and how many Rows of those Pins she bought for a Penny.

valuable Papers about you ; I never undrest a Girl in my Life, but now I will begin with you.

Upon which, beginning to unpin her Apron and Handkerchief, *Pamela* fell upon her Knees, and said, if he would let her go up, she would fetch them to him. He told her, if she would promise, upon her Honour, to let him see the whole of them, without any mental Reservation, without altering any thing in them, he would consent to let her go, as she desired. She gave him her Word and Honour she would ; so going up to her Closet very much vexed and grieved, before she began to undress herself to come at her Papers, which were tack'd about in the Gathering of her Under-Petticoat, she wrote a Note to him, in which she said,

“ That tho’ she feared it would signify but little to
“ expostulate with one who was so arbitrary in his
“ Proceedings ; yet she begg’d him to release her
“ from her Promise, or at least to allow her ’till the
“ Morrow Morning, just to look over her Papers
“ and see what it was she put into his Hands against
“ her : And if he was not pleas’d to grant the first
“ Part of her Request, which she once more intreated
“ of him, she would then give him all her Papers
“ without the least Addition or Diminution.

She sent this Note to her Master by Mrs. *Jewkes*, who presently brought her for Answer, that he would allow her ’till To-morrow upon Condition, that she would keep her Promise, and bring the Papers without being asked for any more.

Pamela knew it would be in vain to contend with him, so the next Morning being *Sunday*, she unript her Papers from the Places where she had sewed them, and made them all up in two Parcels, hoping to satisfy him by delivering one of them to him. These two Parcels contained an Account of every thing that had happened from the Time when those Papers ended, which Mr. *Belmour* had already in his Hands, and the Present, except *Thursday*, *Friday*, and *Saturday*, when he went to the Wedding at *Stamford*, and when

the Gypsey-Woman had convey'd the Note to her concerning the Plot of a Sham-Marriage.

Pamela had but just sealed up the Parcels before Mrs. *Fewkes* came and told her, that her Master was in the Garden; she knew well enough what that meant, and so went thither to him; Well, said her Master, I hope, *Pamela*, you will tell me you have not the Papers to give me, for methinks I long to strip you and search for them now. Yes, Sir, said *Pamela*, I have the Papers, according to my Promise, in my Pocket ready for you, if you insist upon having them; but yet, Sir, I hope you will be pleas'd to excuse me: No, no, said he, do not trifle with me any longer, I think I shew'd a great deal of Condescension to humour you as I did last Night; but woe be to you now, if you do not keep your Promise with me most punctually; Come, come, let me see them. Here, Sir, said *Pamela*, they are; delivering one Parcel to him. And are these all, upon your Honour? All, Sir, answered *Pamela*, that you need see; I have some more, but they contain nothing but what you know very well already. O, said he, you begin to shuffle with me; I find I must search you at last. No, Sir, said she, if you must have them, there are all, delivering the other Parcel; upon which she had wrote, "Letters to my dear Father and Mother, containing an Account of my Sufferings from the Time of the wicked Articles to *Thursday*, the 42d. Day of my Imprisonment."

Mr. *Belmour* reading the Endorsement: By this, said he, you mean last *Thursday*, do you? Yes, Sir, said she. Come, *Pamela*, said he, let us sit down by the Side of this Pond, which is one of the Scenes of Action in the romantic Account of your Sufferings, as you call them, and here will I read your Relation upon the Spot. *Pamela* desired he would give her Leave to walk at a little Distance the mean while, for that was a Part of her Story that always gave her very melancholick Reflections.

Well,

Well, said Mr. *Belmour*, you may do so, but g^o not far. When he came to the Place where she mentioned her trying to get over the Wall, he rose, and went to look at the Place from whence the broken Bricks had fallen, for it was not yet mended, and then came back reading to himself, and afterwards took *Pamela* by the Hand, and put it under his Arm. Why this, *Pamela*, said he, was a desperate Attempt, and had it been possible for you to have got over the Wall, you would then perhaps have been in more Danger than ever. You see, Sir, said she, what I ventured to preserve myself from Ruin, from whence I hope you will judge of the Sincerity of my Profession that I think my Virtue dearer to me than my Life. Ay, said he, but I wish you were not such a little romantic Fool. And had you really an Inclination to have thrown yourself into the Pond? I should not have hesitated one Moment upon it, said she, nay, have thereby joyfully put an End to my Troubles if the Consequence of it had related only to this World; but when I reflected on the Offence it would be to God, I was enabled, by his Grace, to put the Temptation from me.

Mr. *Belmour* kindly putting his Arm about her Waist, my dear Girl, said he, I am sensibly touch'd at this sad Relation; come, kiss me, and tell me you forgive me for driving you into so much Danger, and bringing such Distress upon you; but if the Remainder of the Papers I have to read give me no Cause to alter the Opinion I have of you at this Instant, I will defy the World, and all the Censures of it, to prevent my making you ample Amends for all the Hardships you have endured.

Here was an Appearance of all Things soon ending well; but we shall immediately see a new Turn, that plunged *Pamela* into fresh Troubles; for the Sham-Marriage now coming into her Mind, she told him, that his poor Servant was unworthy of so great an Honour, which would but create Envy to her, and

Discredit to himself; therefore she begg'd still, that she might be permitted to go to her poor Parents.

Mr. *Belmour* upon this, threw himself into a violent Passion. Begone, said he, perverse, ungrateful *Pamela*! Is it thus you answer when my fond Heart o'erflows with Generosity and Love. Go from my Sight, and learn, coquettish Girl, how to behave better against the Time I next vouchsafe to take any Notice of you: *Pamela* was going to speak; but he, stamping with his Foot, and Rage, like Lightening, darting from his Eyes, cry'd, Begone, I say, and tempt my Wrath no farther, then turn'd his Back upon her, and went down another Walk; so *Pamela* went in with a heavy Heart, and feared what she had said was not well timed, when he was talking with so much Condescension to her: But if, as she thought, it was only an artful Introduction to the Sham-Mariage, she could not think herself much to blame.

Mr. *Belmour* came in to Dinner, continuing very much out of Humour, as *Pamela* heard from Mrs. *Fewkes*, who told her, the Chariot was getting ready, and when Dinner was over she came to her, by her Master's Order, and told her, she must go out of the House that Moment, for the Chariot waited for her at the Door. And where am I to be carry'd next, said *Pamela*? To your Father and Mother's, answered Mrs. *Fewkes*. I am afraid, said she, I am not to be so happy, and yet sure he cannot find another House-keeper to send me to worse than you. 'Tis very well, said Mrs. *Fewkes*, I'll give you leave to say what you will of me now I am going to be rid of you, and that cursed Tongue of your's is sufficiently punished for the Liberties it has taken; it has undone you, Madam, that's all; for I'll lay my Life, that it is some of your pretty pert Speeches that has made my Master in such a terrible Rage, that he has ordered me not to let you stay at all, and why the Devil don't you make more Haste? I shall not be long, said *Pamela*, wiping the Tears from her Eyes, I have but little to take with me, and no Friends to take Leave
of

of in this House that will be any Delay to me ; but let me intreat this last Favour of you, Mrs. *Jewkes*, that you will just give yourself the Trouble to ask my Master if he will not be pleased to let me have my Papers. Mrs. *Jewkes* had the Civility to go to ask this Question ; but returned immediately, and told her, that her Master said, he would not read them yet, lest he should be moved, by any thing he might meet with in them, to alter the Resolution he had taken : But if he should think it worth while to read them at all, he would send them afterwards to her Father's : But here, said she, are the five Guineas and a half I borrowed of you, for now I find every Thing is over with you, and so make much of them. Come, I'll call *Robin* to take your Portmanteau ; away with you, Bag and Baggage, Faith, I am glad you are going. And I am glad, said *Pamela*, that all your Care, Mrs. *Jewkes*, is at an End, and I thank you for all your *virtuous* Civilities to me, I dare say no Woman in *England* understands her Business better. I know your Meaning, said the Procureess ; but, come troop ; where's your Trumpery ? I have nothing but what's contained in this little Handkerchief, said *Pamela* ; for all the Time she had been in *Lincolnshire* she had wore only the Country Garb she had bought herself before she came thither.

The Chariot and four now waited at the Door, and *Colbrand* the grim *Swiss*, was mounted on Horseback, as a Guard, by the Side of it. Mrs. *Jewkes* going down Stairs, with *Pamela*, when they came to the Parlour Door, the Housekeeper went in, and as such mean spirited Wretches are always ready to trample on those whom they imagine under Misfortunes, said, Does your Honour want any thing with the Wench before she goes ? *Pamela*, tho' she could not see her Master, could hear him say, Wench ! *Jewkes*, why should you speak in that Manner ? It is me she hath offended, and not you. I beg your Honour's Pardon, said the vile Woman ; but, adad, it vexes me to think she should go Scot-free, after all the Trouble she hath

given you. I have talked to you of this before, said he, therefore mention it no more; do you think, after I have such Proofs of her Virtue and Piety, that I can be wicked enough to persist in my Designs of undoing her? No, let her enjoy that Virtue she so much prizes; that we may be both free from any farther Temptations, let her go home to her honest Parents; and here give her these twenty Guineas; but she hath said something to me in the Garden, that vexes me so much, that I am resolved to have nothing more to say to her.

Pamela was so transported with this unexpected Goodness, that, not knowing what she did, she opened the Parlour-Door, and falling upon both her Knees, with her Hands lifted up, she cry'd, O Sir! I thank you a Million of Times, may the great God for ever bless you for this Instance of your Goodness to me, I will pray for you to the last Moment of my wretched Life, and so, I am sure, will my dear Father and Mother: And Mrs. *Fewkes*, said she, I will pray for you, that you may learn Virtue from my good Master.

Mr. *Belmour* turned his Back upon her, and went into his Closet shutting the Door after him: Upon which, *Pamela* rising, went into the Elm-Walk whither Mrs. *Fewkes* followed her, and, in a more civil Manner than usual, gave her her Master's Present of twenty Guineas, at the same Time, wishing her a good Journey. When *Pamela* came to the Chariot that waited for her, and saw *Colbrand*, What, Monsieur, said she, are you to go with me? Only Mademoiselle, said he, to see you safe Part of your Way: That's kind said *Pamela*, so stepping into the Chariot it drove away.



THE
L I F E
O F
P A M E L A.

B O O K IV.



W H E N Night came on the Chariot with *Pamela* and *Colbrand* on Horseback, put up at a little Inn, where *Robin*, the Coachman told her they were to lie that Night ; and the next Day they were to dine at the Inn kept by Mrs. *Jewkes's* Sister, and then *Colbrand* said, he had a Letter to deliver to her from his Master ; but *Pamela* begg'd she might see it that Night, which the *Swiss*, at first, seemed unwilling she should ; but upon a Promise of Secrecy and

her making no ill Use of it, he, at last, comply'd with her Request. She was impatient to read the Contents of it, and found the Substance as follows :

Mr. *Belmour* told her, " That at the Time that
 " she would receive that Letter, she would be far on
 " her Way to her Parents where she had so long desired to be : And hoped he should, for the future,
 " forbear thinking of her with that foolish Fondness
 " that his Heart had been accustomed to ; however,
 " he said, he bore her no Ill-Will ; but as the End of
 " his confining her was over, he was not willing
 " that she should tarry with him an Hour longer
 " than needed, after the ungenerous Preference she
 " had given against him, at a Time when he was
 " inclined to pass over all other Considerations, in
 " order to make honourable Addresses to her, for
 " he too well found the Tables were turn'd upon
 " him, and that he was in much greater Danger
 " from her than she could be in from him : And
 " that he was just upon the Point of bidding Defiance to the Censures of the World and making
 " her his Wife.

" Another Truth, he said, he would acknowledge,
 " which was, that if she had staid till he had read
 " the other Part of her Letters, he fear'd he should not
 " have been able to trust himself with his own Resolution, for well he knew his Weakness in her Favour, if he had seen her or heard her speak.

" But he said he would endeavour to get the better of his fond Heart, nay, hoped he had already done it, since it was likely to cost him so dear.
 " However, he said, he could not but wish she would
 " not think of marrying in haste ; and particularly
 " not to that cursed Fellow *Williams* ; for as he had
 " already looked upon her as *his*, and she had so
 " soon got rid of her first Husband, so he hoped she
 " would not refuse that Decency to his Memory
 " which was paid to every common Person, of a
 " twelve Month's Compliment (tho' but a mere Compliment) to his Ashes.

" Her

“ Her Papers, he told her, should be faithfully
“ returned. He had paid dear, he said, for his Cu-
“ riosity in the Affection that those had rivetted upon
“ him ; and that she could not but think herself ful-
“ ly revenged if she knew how dearly that Curiosity
“ had been paid for. He would now, he continued,
“ endeavour to recollect himself and resume his Rea-
“ son, and settle his Family, and the Disorders she
“ had occasioned in it : And tho’, he said, he could
“ and did forgive her, yet he never could forgive
“ his Sister, and his Domesticks, for his Vengeance
“ must be wreaked somewhere.

“ He doubted not her Prudence, he said, in not
“ exposing him more than was necessary for her own
“ Justification, and in that Case he would allow her
“ to accuse him, nay, he would accuse himself, for
“ he was and ever should be her affectionate Well-
“ wisher.

This Letter, when *Pamela* was apprehensive of
some new Plot upon her, affected her more than any
thing else could have done. For here the great Value
he had for her was plainly confessed, and his rigo-
rous Behaviour accounted for in such a Manner as gave
her no little Uneasiness. The Gypsy Story, it
seemed, was a Forgery upon them both, and as she
feared had utterly ruined her. Her Heart she found
before was but too partial in her Master’s Favour,
but now she was quite overcome when he treated her
with so much Openness, so much Affection, and so
much Honour, which her before doubting of had
made her keep upon the Reserve.

Since she had missed, as she thought, this Happiness,
she was sure, in her own Mind, that she could never
think of any Body else, how great so ever the Pre-
sumption, yet Love was involuntary ; and since, said
she to herself, my Lot is determined, and I am never
more to approach the Person for whom I have always
had the most sensible Regard, even from the first Mo-
ment I saw him. O ! that I had not seen this Letter,
nor heard him generously take my Part against that

vile

vile Woman, for then I should have blessed myself, as much as I think his Person agreeable, for having escaped the Designs he had upon my Virtue ; but now, alas ! I have found his Intentions honourable only to make me the more miserable, wretched *Pamela* ! more a Slave for having made thy Escape ! O ! what hast thou now to struggle with, poor fluttering Heart ! Does he not call himself my Husband, my first Husband ! And I will be a true and faithful Widow, not only for a Twelve-month, but for my whole Life, will I preserve his Memory, and cherish his Idea in my Mind.

With the tormenting Thoughts of being banish'd from the Man, whom she might now venture to confess an Inclination to, since his Designs were become really honourable, poor *Pamela* went to her Chamber, but in vain sought for Rest, nor had she once closed her Eyes, when *Robin*, very early in the Morning, come to tell her the Chariot was ready.

About Noon they came to the Inn, kept by Mrs. *Fewkes's* Sister, whose first Salutation to her, was, with an Enquiry how she liked the 'Squire ; *Pamela* was so provoked at her using so much impudent Freedom, that she could not forbear telling her, She was a very bold, forward Woman, and that it did not become her, who kept an Inn, to treat Passengers in that Manner. The sordid Creature told her, she was but in Jest, and humbly begg'd her Pardon, she meant no Harm, she said ; but desir'd to know what nice Bit she should get for her Dinner. *Pamela* said, a little Dish of Fish, besides a Piece of Roast Beef that was got for *Colbrand* and the Coachman ; but she was but just set down to it, before the *Swiss* came running to her in a great Hurry. O Mademoiselle ! Mademoiselle ! said he, here be de Groom from Monsieur de *Belmour*, with de Orse all over de Ladder. *Pamela's* Heart began to flutter afresh. What now, thought she, is to become of me, and was ready to faint away with the sudden Surprize, when *Colbrand* stepping out, presently returned with a Letter

ter, which he delivered to her from her Master. In which he told her:

“ He found it was in vain for him to pretend to struggle with his Passion for her. She was no sooner set out, he said, but venturing to entertain himself with the rest of the Letters she had left with him, when he found Mrs. Jewkes’s bad Usage of her; and her generous Concern for him, when he so narrowly escap’d drowning, and in another Part her agreeable Confession, that notwithstanding his hard Treatment of her, she never could hate him, he was so touched by them, that he could not rest ’till he made *Thomas* get one of the best Horses ready to overtake her with that Letter, which was to beg her, upon the Receipt of it, to order *Robin* to drive back again home; he would have followed her, he said, himself, but that he was really ill; but if she would comply with his Request, she could not imagine how great an Obligation it would lay upon him; he would not endeavour to force her to it, he said, any otherwise, than by assuring her it would be a Favour to him, who for the future would never desire any thing of her, but what was perfectly agreeable to that Virtue and Honour which he now thought so amiable in her.

“ He begg’d her, if she was that generous *Pamela* that he imagined her to be, for hitherto she had been all Goodness where it had not been merited, he begg’d her to let him see, by this new Instance, the still farther Excellency of her Disposition; he begg’d her to let him see, that she forgave the Man who loved her beyond all the World, and by that to shew him that she was not prepossessed in Favour of any other.

“ If she thought fit, he said, to do what he now earnestly intreated of her, he desired she would send *Thomas* the Groom, with a Letter to her Father, to assure him, that all would end well, and to her Satisfaction, and to desire him to send those

“ Letters

“ Letters to her, which she had conveyed to him by
“ the Means of Mr. *Williams*.

It is easy to imagine, that *Pamela* was in great Transports of Joy, within herself at reading this Letter, and that she made no Scruples of returning to her Master, who now appear'd another Man to her than he had been formerly. And even by making it a Request to her to return, when she was still in the Power of his own Servants, shew'd that she was to be no longer under that dismal Restraint as before.

So having given the Letter to the Groom to carry to her Father, after he had baited and refreshed himself and his Horse; she sent for *Colbrand* and *Robin*, and told them, that by the Letter she had received from her Master, she found there were some particular Reasons for her Return, and as he was not so well as was to be wished, the more Haste they made the better; she told them they need not regard her Fatigue; but consider themselves and their Horses. *Robin*, the Coachman, who smoked something of the Matter from what *Thomas* had told him, said, God bless you, Madam, and I hope we shall all see you get the better of Mrs. *Fewkes*, for I am sure there is No-Body in the Family has much Reason to love her.

Pamela wondered to hear the Coachman talk thus, for she had been always very careful not to expose her Master or even that very bad Woman, Mrs. *Fewkes*, before the common Servants; but, *Robin* guessing, as is said before, by his Conversation with *Thomas*, that *Pamela* was much more in his Master's Favour than ever, was willing to pay his Court as soon as possible, and used his utmost Diligence in getting every thing ready. Being set forward on their Return, when they came to the little Village where they lay the Night before, *Robin* said, he would only give his Horses a Bait, and push for home that Night; but *Colbrand's* Horse beginning to fail, made them under some Doubt about it; wherefore, *Pamela*, to prevent all Obstacles, said, that Monsieur might leave his Horse where they were, and come into the Chariot to her.

This

This pleased them both, and the *Swiss*, having put up his Horse, with abundance of obsequious Ceremonies, came into the Chariot; but it was with great Difficulty that they reach'd home at near One of the Clock in the Morning, when every Body was in Bed, but one of the Helpers who got the Keys from Mrs. *Fewkes*, and opened the Gates, the Horses being hardly able to crawl into the Stable.

Mrs. *Fewkes* had huddled on her Cloaths, and came down, holding up her Hands with Wonder to see *Pamela* returned, but knew it would be for her Interest to shew all the Respect to her she could, so she was very officious in getting her something to refresh her, and in waiting upon her up to Bed, without tying the Keys about her Wrist, as she used to do.

When Morning came *Pamela* was very anxious to know how her Master did, as he had wrote to her that he was ill; whereupon Mrs. *Fewkes* went to him, and finding him a great deal better than when he went to Bed, she said to him, if she thought it would not surprize him, she would tell him some News: What's that? said he: Mrs *Pamela* was come again she told him; he immediately raised himself up in his Bed, and cry'd, Is it possible? What already? Yes, she told him, she came the last Night. *Colbrand* coming at this Time to enquire after his Health and know his Commands, Mr. *Belmour* ordered him to come near him, and was extremely pleased with the Account he gave him of his Journey, and with *Pamela's* Readiness to come back, and to reach Home the same Night. He said, he was amazed to find the dear Creature was able to bear so great a Fatigue, and desired Mrs. *Fewkes* to take great Care of her, and let her lie a-Bed all Day. O Sir! said the Housekeeper, she has been up these two Hours. Then, said Mr. *Belmour*, ask her if she will be so good as to let me see her here, if not, I will rise and come to her. No, indeed, Sir, said Mrs *Fewkes*, it is not proper for you to go out of
your

your Room yet, I'll fetch her to you: But don't press her too much, said he, if she seems unwilling.

Mrs. *Jewkes* went immediately to *Pamela*, and told her what her Master desired, and she said, she would wait upon him most willingly that Instant; for indeed she longed to see him, and was very much concerned that he was so ill. When they went down Stairs, as soon as Mrs. *Jewkes* entered the Room, Mr. *Belmour*, not perceiving *Pamela*, cry'd, Will she come, *Jewkes*? Yes, Sir, said she, and the very Moment I ask'd her, she said, Most willingly. Excellent Girl, said he. And as soon as he saw her, cry'd, O! my beloved *Pamela*, the Sight of you has quite restored me to my Health: How shall I be able to acknowledge this Goodness, my sweet, obliging *Pamela*, will you not give me your Hand? with that taking her by the Hand he kissed it with much Eagerness. Sir, said *Pamela*, you do me too much Honour. I am very sorry you're so ill. I cannot be ill, said he, while you are with me. No, I am well already, and kissed her Hand again. My Heart, *Pamela*, is too full to express myself as I ought at present, but I am concerned to think what a fatiguing Journey you have had, and all to shew thy Willingness to oblige me, dear, charming Girl. *Jewkes*, said he, you need not now send for the Physician from *Stamford*, for the Presence of this heavenly Creature is my Cure, as her Absence was my Disease.

He then begg'd *Pamela* to sit down by the Bed-side, and ask'd her, if she had obliged him by sending for her Letters from her Father's; she assured him she had, and then took her Leave, not being willing to disturb him any longer at that Time; in the Afternoon Mr. *Belmour* got up, and coming into the ParLOUR where *Pamela* and Mrs. *Jewkes* were sitting, they both rose, and he taking *Pamela* by the Hand, spoke to the Housekeeper, and said, *Jewkes*, after my dear *Pamela* has given me this Proof of her Willingness to oblige me, I think she ought to have no
Manner

Manner of Restraint laid upon her, but if she hath a Mind to go into the Gardens, or to take an Airing in the Chariot, let her be entirely at her own Liberty, and do you do all that is in your Power to repay Part of my Obligations to her.

And *Pamela*, said he, I will tell you one Thing, which I believe will not be displeasing to you, relating to *Williams*: You must know, before you went, I had taken his Bond for the Money he owes me, which, if he gives me no fresh Reason to be offended with him, I shall not perhaps exact the Payment of. How ever the poor Man has behaved he could get no Bail, but he is now released, and attends his little School again; but I should methinks desire that you would not see him yet for some short Time.

You may depend upon it, Sir, said *Pamela*, that I will not do any Thing to disoblige you willingly, but I cannot but say, I am glad the poor Gentleman is at Liberty, because his Misfortunes were owing to me. She did not venture to say any more in Behalf of Mr. *Williams* at this Time, for fear the Subject might be displeasing to her Master, tho' she could wish to have done it, thro' Gratitude for the Services she had received from him. But, Sir, said she, I am very sorry there should be any Difference between you and my Lady *Davers*, who loves you so well; I hope that was not upon my Account too? You shall judge of that yourself, said he, so taking the Letter out of his Pocket, he desired her to read it when she went up Stairs, and give him her Thoughts upon it, and he would go and lie down for the Present, for he was a little heavy; whereupon *Pamela* taking her Leave, went up Stairs to her Closet, and read Lady *Davers*'s Letter, wherein she told her Brother:

" That what she had heard of him made her very
" uneasy, and she could not forbear writing her
" Mind to him, whether it pleased him or not. She
" had had some People with her, she said, who, she
" was sorry to say it, seemed to have a greater
" Regard for his Honour than he had for it him-

“ self. She could not have believed, she said, that
 “ a Brother of her’s could act so meanly as to
 “ run away with his Mother’s Chamber-Maid, and
 “ keep her a Prisoner from all her Friends, and to
 “ his own Disgrace: But, she said, when he would
 “ not let the Wench come to live with her, at her
 “ Mother’s Death, she thought he meant her no
 “ Good. The Girl was then a good innocent Girl,
 “ she believed, but she supposed that was all over
 “ with her now, or would be very soon: For to be
 “ sure he could think of her no otherwise than to
 “ make her a kept Mistress, and that it was cruel to
 “ ruin an honest Girl, whom his Mother loved; for
 “ as to his marrying her, as some would insinuate to
 “ her, that he had such a Design, it was impossible
 “ for her to entertain a Thought of his having so
 “ mean and degenerate a Spirit; such a Piece of Fol-
 “ ly, she told him, would be inexcusable in him, and
 “ make him despised by every Body. He who was
 “ of so ancient a Family, had so noble and clear an
 “ Estate, so handsome a Person, and so much good
 “ Sense, which was never, ’till now, called in Que-
 “ stion, with his polite Education and genteel Beha-
 “ vour, might pick and choose for a Wife, nay,
 “ and had already Offers made to him from some of
 “ the noblest Families in *England*; therefore she
 “ begged him, if he had any Regard to his own
 “ Character, or to the Honour of his Family, that
 “ he would give over all Thoughts of that little in-
 “ considerable Wench, who was with him, and re-
 “ store her to her Parents, with an hundred Pounds
 “ or some such Matter, to make her live comfort-
 “ ably with some honest Fellow of her own mean
 “ Condition.

“ She told him if she had wrote too sharply, she
 “ desired him to consider it was thro’ her Love to
 “ him, and fear of the Shame he was going to bring
 “ upon his Family.

This was a terrible Letter, but it was however a
 Pleasure to *Pamela* to find that it had not the desired

Effect upon her Master, who would not then have shewn it to her. And when she reflected on the Pride and Haughtiness of my Lady *Davers's* Temper, she begg'd God to preserve her from that high Condition, if her Mind was to be thereby tainted with the same Vice.

She knew very well, and daily saw, that a bad Disposition and want of Education, among the Vulgar, oftentimes made almost as much Difference between some Persons and others, as there is between Men and Brutes, nay, that the Brutes had commonly the Advantage on their Side; yet she thought where an honest Mind had been well instructed in the Principles of Religion and Virtue, the mere Notion of Blood ought not to occasion that wide Distinction between the High-born and the Low, which my Lady *Davers* would have established: And Mr. *Belmour* who thought like a sensible Man, thought the same; therefore his Sister's Letter had little other Effect upon him than to shew him more of her Pride and her Folly than he was before acquainted with. As a Proof of which, the next Morning, Mr. *Belmour* sent a Message to *Pamela*, to let her know he would take a Turn for the Air, in his Chariot after Breakfast, and desired her Company with him.

Pamela very highly pleased with this Honour, begg'd God that she might know how to receive and bear it with that Humility she ought; and one Thing to prevent her building too many Hopes upon this new Behaviour of her Master, was the Remembrance of the Sham-Marriage, which was not yet quite cleared up to her, and if there should be any Intention to deceive her that Way, she should be worse off, she thought, than ever; but she hoped for the best: But could not determine with herself what Garb she should attend her Master in. Mrs. *Jewkes*, who was now grown one of the most obliging Creatures in the World to her, told her, she thought, she ought to dress herself as fine as she could; but *Pamela* imagin'd that would look like Vanity, and as if she had a

Mind to put herself nearer upon the Level with him, and yet to go in her Country Garb, she feared would disgrace him: In this Perplexity she was resolved to ask his own Opinion, so going into the Parlour to him, he rose and took her by the Hand, and said she, a little ashamed, I am afraid, Sir, it will be look'd upon as too great an Honour for me to go in the Chariot with you, besides, Sir, I should disgrace you in this Dress.

My dear Girl, said he, you look well in any Dress, and if you should not catch Cold in that round-ear'd Cap, I would have you go just as you are. Whereupon, the Chariot being at the Door, he handed her into it, with as much Respect as if she had been a Woman of the first Quality. After they were gone a little Way, I doubt not, my dear *Pamela*, said he, but you have read my Sister *Davers's* saucy Letter over and over, and find yourself, as I told-you, no more obliged to her than I am. She mentions some People having been with her, and who were those but *Jervis* the officious Housekeeper, and *Longman* and *Jonathan* my Mænials, for which Reason I have dismissed them all three from my Service. I see, my dear *Pamela*, you would fain speak in their Behalf, but I beg you will let it alone for the Present, for I am much offended with them: As to my Sister, she has wrote in such a Style that I question whether I shall ever forgive her, or take any Notice of there being such a Woman in the World, tho' I have been so good a Brother to her hitherto, which makes her Insolence the more provoking, for I made her a Present of Jewels, upon my Mother's Death, to the Value of three thousand Pounds which she had no Manner of Claim to. I know she is very angry that I won't listen to a Proposal she has made me for a Match with my Lord —'s Daughter, who neither in Person, Mind or Accomplishments, notwithstanding all the Opportunities she has had to improve herself, is to be named in the same Day with my dear, dear *Pamela*. Here
he

he took her Hand, and gently squeezing it, put it to his Lips and kiss'd it.

But tho' I myself am sensible of these Perfections, how shall I make the World so, who commonly judge in the Gross, and without considering that no Lady in the Land could better support the Dignity to which you would be rais'd, if I should make you my Wife, would only cry, He has marry'd his Mother's Chamber-Maid. This, my dear Girl, said he, is what gives me Pain on your Account, nor can I imagine how you would be able to bear the Sights and Censures of the little low-minded People about us, who fancy themselves your Superiors. As to myself, it will be easy for me to stand the rude Jokes of my Companions for a few Days, and bear their witty Remarks upon my former Resolutions against Marriage, but with my Fortune I shall be always able to gain Respect, and choose my own Company. But how will you bear to be slighted, and receive no Visits from the Ladies in the Neighbourhood, nor to be looked upon by my Relations, for you see my Sister *Davers* is never to be reconciled.

O Sir, said *Pamela*, I have a much more difficult Point to get over than that of the undeserv'd Censures of the World. How! said he, what have you any more Doubts? No, Sir, said she, only how I may be able to support, and how deserve all your Goodness to me. Angelic Creature! said he, I was afraid you was going to make me angry, and yet I think that could not be, for I am now so thoroughly convinced of thy Affection, thy Gratitude and thy good Sense, that I believe it will be impossible for the future for you to say any Thing to make me so. That's very good, said *Pamela*, and I am sure, Sir, I shall always endeavour to avoid it.

But I would fain know, *Pamela*, said Mr. *Belmour*, what you would think of the Sights and Reflections of the Ladies about us, and how, having no Visits to receive or pay, or Parties of Cards and other Diversion

versions to be engaged in, you would spend your Time?

In the first Place, Sir, said she, if by the most chearful Duty, and ever ready Obedience, I can be so happy as to be agreeable to you, I shall little regard the Reflections of my own Sex, whose Ill-will will be chiefly owing to their Envy of my Happiness. In the next, I dare say who ever you shall think fit to honour with the Name of Mistress of your Family, may find Employment enough in that, without seeking for fashionable Amusements to waste her Time. I would, with your Leave, Sir, look into such Parts of the Management of your Houshold Affairs as might not be beneath the Dignity of one raised, by your Favour, to so exalted a Station. I would make all the fine Linnen for yourself and me: Look into the Bills of Fare, and carefully examine those Tradersmens Bills that came within my Province.

Then if the Ladies would none of them vouchsafe to visit me, or if they did, I would sometimes beg Leave to visit the sick Poor in the Neighbourhood, and administer to their Necessities in such small Matters as might not exceed what you should think proper to allow me for such charitable Uses.

And as no doubt, Sir, you would sometimes indulge me with your Company, I should hope to take an Airing with you in your Coach or Chariot, and perhaps the most agreeable Part of my Time would be fill'd up with your Conversation, and by the Liberty you may give me of pouring forth the impertinent Overflowings of my Heart, fill'd with the grateful Sense of your Goodness to me. And if some times a Good-natur'd Lady, less proud and censorious than the rest of the Neighbours, should drop in, I hope I should behave so as not to add to the Disgrace I may have brought upon you, for I would be very circumspect, and as humble as could be consistent with the Rank you had placed me in.

Quadrille and the usual Games I can play at, but was never fond of Cards, nor would I desire to play
at

at all, but that those Ladies who may vouchsafe to visit us may not be without the Amusement they have been used to.

Then, Sir, you know I love Reading and Scribbling; and one Thing which ought to be remembred above all other, my Duty to God, I hope, will always employ a Part of my Time.

And now, Sir, I have said all this, I hope you do not think I shall have many Hours to hang heavy on my Hands.

But, said Mr. *Belmour*, you have not yet said one Word upon the Article of Dress, I should be glad to hear your Notions of that. I should desire, said *Pamela*, to have no Cloaths that were extravagantly rich; but always to appear in such a decent Manner as might not be thought to dishonour the Name you had so generously bestowed upon me, for she well knew, that nothing excited Envy more in her own Sex than Dress, or would sooner draw upon her the Epithets of *Upstart* and *Low-born*. *Pamela* stopping here, Mr. *Belmour* clasped her in his Arms, and said, O! what Pleasure doth this Foretaste of my Happiness give me! I will now defy the Censures of all Mankind, and say, that those only find Fault with such Excellence, who are incapable of tasting it; but my dearest *Pamela*, I could still add a more pleasing Amusement than any you have yet named to employ your Time, were I not afraid of offending your bashful Modesty, with the Hopes I have of perpetuating my *Pamela's* Virtues through her happy Offsprings; I own my *Pamela*, that I love you with a purer Flame than I ever knew in my Life before, which commenced for you in the Garden, though you had like unkindly to have nipped the opening Bud, when it was too tender to bear the cold Blasts of Slight or Negligence, by your unseasonable Doubts.

Yet, Sir, said *Pamela*, though I was so unseasonable in the Garden, I flatter myself, that if you would then have heard me, you would have pardon'd my Imprudence, and would have owned, that I had
Cause,

Cause, much Cause, to fear, and to wish myself safe with my poor Parents : And this I say the rather, that you may not think me capable of using those coquettish Arts as you then imagined them, and of becoming insolent upon your Goodness to me, and shewing myself ungrateful when you express'd so much unmerited Favour and Kindness.

Indeed, my dearest *Pamela*, said he, that gave me much Uneasiness, for I love you too well not to be jealous of the least Appearance of Indifference, or of your giving Preference to any other Person, not even your Parents themselves ; it was this made me resolve to part with you in my Anger, but O ! what painful Struggles did I undergo, between that and the Time I sent to recall you, and from the Doubt of your Return, after I had read the Remainder of your moving Letters ! They had like to have cost me a severe Fit of Illness, but your ready and chearful Return dispelled all my Fears, and gave me Hopes that I was not indifferent to you : And now you see your wish'd Presence has quite drove away that Distemper which your Absence had like to have brought upon me.

Pamela blessed God for this, and said, that since he was so good as to encourage her, and would not, she hoped, despise her Weakness, she would acknowledge, that she suffered more than she could have imagined she should have done, 'till she experienced it, by being banished from him in so much Anger. And she said, she was the more affected by it, when she heard him answer so generously as he did, the wicked Mrs. *Jewkes* at her leaving his House ; for this so transported her beyond herself, that not knowing what she did, he might remember, she boldly broke in upon him, to acknowledge his Goodness on her Knees. — We have indeed, said he, my dearest *Pamela*, sufficiently tortured one another ; but it will hereafter be a Pleasure to us to look back, and reflect on the Storms and Tempests we have pass'd safely

safely thro' before we obtained that Happiness to which I hope, we shall shortly arrive: But in the mean Time, I would fain know, what my *Pamela* had to offer in Excuse for her Fears, and the Reason of her wishing herself from me, at the Instant that I was expressing my Fondness for her in a Manner, that I thought could not be disagreeable to her Virtue.

Hereupon *Pamela* pulled the Letter out of her Pocket, which had been conveyed to her by the Means of the Gypsy-Woman, but before she delivered it to her Master, she begg'd him, that if he discover'd who it came from, by the Hand-Writing, he would not let it prejudice the Person, whoever it was, since it was plainly wrote with a Design to serve her. Mr. *Belmour* taking the Letter, read it, and said, Tho' there is a good deal of Pains taken to disguise the Hand, I know it is old *Longman's*, an officious Rascal, but I have done with him: *Pamela* said, it would be too much Presumption in her, who was overwhelm'd already with his unbounded Goodness to her, to pretend to plead for Favour to any whom he should think proper to condemn, yet— When, said Mr. *Belmour*, interrupting her, my *Pamela* did you receive this Letter? The next Day, she told him, after he went to the Wedding at *Stamford*. I am amazed, said he, to think how you could do this unknown to *Jewkes*, to whom I gave such a particular Charge to be watchful of you at that Time; for to tell you the Truth, *Pamela*, I had private Notice sent me, before I set out, that there would be some Attempt made to see you, or deliver a Letter to you, and, if possible, to carry you off; but I was not so entirely let into the Secret as to know whether this Design was set on Foot by my Sister *Davers*, by *Jervis*, *Longman*, *John Arnold*, or your Father. It was just at this Time that I had the strongest Conflict imaginable in my own Mind, between my Pride and my Inclinations, for as I was determined never more to make any Attempts upon your Virtue, I could not resolve, without many pain-

ful Strugglings, whether I should give Way to the Dictates of an honourable Passion, or send you home to your Parents to be no longer in the Way of Temptation: And it was for this Reason, that I required *Jewkes* to be so much upon her Guard 'till I came back, not doubting, but in that Time, I should have ended the Dispute that was labouring in my Breast.

O! Sir, said *Pamela* what Satisfaction do these Words give me? By this I see every thing corresponds with the honourable Intentions you have declared to me: And I will relate to you every Circumstance that I know concerning this Letter. So *Pamela* told him in what Manner the Gypsey-Woman accosted her and Mrs. *Jewkes*, how the Letter was put among the Grasse, and every Thing else belonging to that Affair. Well, *Pamela*, said he, since you have obliged me with the Particulars of this Story, and since I have no longer any unworthy Designs upon you, I may venture to tell you all the Truth on my Side too. I had really then, my dear Girl, such a wicked Plot in my Head, as is mentioned in this Letter, and the very Person therein described was prepared and ready to have put it in Execution, by reading a small Part of the Ceremony in my Chamber to have deceived you: But when I considered your untainted Virtue, and all the Assaults and dangerous Trials you had withstood, my very Soul was shocked at the Thoughts of so mean and ungenerous a Piece of Treachery; which your having the Intimation of, that this Letter gave you, I own sufficiently justifies the Fears and Doubts you were under at that Time, and O! how happy do I think myself, that they were owing to any thing rather than Prepossession for any other Person! And may I not hope that my *Pamela's* own Inclination for the Person, who has hitherto been her Persecutor was the greatest Motive of her so readily returning to him? Let me ask my dearest Girl this Question, as in that solemn Act that shall shortly unite us, there can be no Possibility of my having any Motive but the sincerest

Sincere Love, tell me, my *Pamela*, if I were not Master of the Fortune I am, could you give me the Preference in your Love to any other Person, notwithstanding my cruel Usage of you, which was all you know but the Effect of my Passion for you? Your Generosity and Goodness to me, Sir, said *Pamela*, have now taken from me all Cause of concealing my Sentiments; wherefore, I will speak the undisguised Truth of my Heart, and assure you, Sir, that at the Time when you used me with the greatest Severity, and when without Doubt you had the most dangerous Designs upon my Honour, which were shocking and dreadful to me, yet even then, nay, from the Time almost that I first saw you, when you danced at my Lady *Dawers's* Wedding, you were so far from being indifferent to me, that you inspir'd me with a Passion which I now blush to own, and was at first too young to know the Meaning of, and which tho' it made every other Person indifferent to me, would have prevented your being so, how miserable soever you might have made me by persisting in your ill Designs and rigorous Treatment of me.

My *Pamela*, said Mr. *Belmour*, I am now thoroughly satisfy'd: Nor do I want those Papers that are in your Father's Hands, on any other Account than the Pleasure I always have in reading any thing of your's: And that when I have before me the whole Series of your Sufferings, I may consider how to recompence them by my future Kindness and Behaviour.

And now, my dear *Pamela*, continued he, tho' I believe you are satisfy'd, that all Trials from me of your Virtue are over, there will yet perhaps be some few of your Patience and Humility: For I have promised a Sight of my beloved *Pamela* to my Lady *Darnford* and her Daughters, at their earnest Request; and so intend to have them, with Lady *Jones* and Mr. *Peters's* Family to Dinner one Day this Week, when, as I would not have you sit at the Table 'till you can do so as the Mistress of it, I hope you will not be against

coming down to us, when I desire it : For methinks I would have the good Opinion of these my Neighbours be the Prologue to our Nuptials ; and to gain their good Opinion, my *Pamela* has nothing to do but to shew herself, and a very little of that engaging Manner that accompanies all her Actions ; and I'll assure you, my sweet Girl, said he, that the Ladies and Gentlemen are all already much prepossessed in your Favour.

Honoured Sir, said *Pamela*, I should think myself unworthy of all the kind and generous Professions you have made me, if after those, I could have any Will but your's, and therefore shall have no Scruple to shew my Obedience ; tho' really, Sir, I shall hardly be able to possess myself as I would do, when introduced to so much Company and on such an Occasion.

I would have you dressed, said Mr. *Belmour*, as you are now ; for as they know your Condition, and as I have given them an Account of the Way you took to provide yourself with these Cloaths, they will be much more suitable to my Purpose than any other ; besides, methinks I would have them see that your native Charms want no Addition from the Ornaments of Dress, and that my *Pamela* in this homespun Stuff, has more Attractions than the finest Lady of the Court, with all her Jewels and Brocades.

O, Sir ! said *Pamela*, how much beyond her Merit is your Goodness pleased to esteem your poor Servant ? But it is not to be expected, that others, Ladies especially, will behold me with your favourable Eyes : But it is in your Eyes only that I desire to be agreeable, and whatever Dress can make me so shall be what I shall at all Times prefer to any other.

Excellent *Pamela* ! said he, how doest thou transcend in every Sentiment, the most admired of thy Sex ! Where, among the Ladies, who value themselves on their high Rank and great Breeding, could I have found such Sweetness and Complacency of Temper ! Where so much good Sense as thou shewest, in setting no Value on those Trifles, which the greatest Part of thy Sex regard as their chief Blessings.

In this obliging Manner, and with many more Compliments, did Mr. *Belmour* entertain *Pamela* till they reached home, when he handed her out of the Chariot with the same Affability and Good-nature that he put her into it. After they were got into the Parlour, Mrs. *Fewkes* came in to enquire how her Master did. O perfectly well, *Fewkes*, said he, how could I do otherwise with such a Physician, as my dear *Pamela*? But, really, *Fewkes*, you and I have used my dear Girl a little too cruelly between us. I thought, Sir, said Mrs. *Fewkes*, she would make me the Subject of her Complaints, when she was got alone with you. Indeed, *Fewkes*, said Mr. *Belmour*, you do her great Injustice; for she has not once opened her Lips about you, we have had a very different Subject, I will assure you, to entertain us. But since I have named this, I will beg my *Pamela* to forgive us both, your Pardon she must not refuse because you did nothing but by my Directions, therefore the whole Blame is to lye upon me; but now, *Fewkes*, the Orders I shall give you, will be very unlike what you received from me before, for it is my Desire that you will make it your Study to oblige her in every Thing, and remember that she is now to be perfectly her own Mistress.

And mine too, I suppose, said Mrs. *Fewkes*, and then I may guess what will be my Fate, for Madam, I am sure, can never forgive all my Rudenesses to her; and so I shall be ruined for having discharged my Duty too faithfully, which is a very hard Case, continued she, putting her Handkerchief up to her haggard Eyes. Come, my dear *Pamela*, said her Master, you see the poor Woman's Concern, say something to comfort her.

How great, thought *Pamela*, is this Generosity of my Master, already to put the Person, as it were, in my Power, who has shewn me the greatest Discourtesy! So taking the Housekeeper by the Hand, Indeed, Mrs. *Fewkes*, said she, since my Master is so generous, and all the harsh Things you did to me

are like to have so happy an End, I should think myself very much to blame if I did not most heartily forgive you all that was done in Obedience to that Will, which I shall ever be proud to submit to myself.

Well, *Fewkes*, said Mr. *Belmour*, you find we are in generous Hands. *Pamela*, says he, heartily forgives you: Ay, Blessings on her, said Mrs. *Fewkes*, and I will assure my good Lady, for so I find she is to be, that I will double my Diligence in executing all her Orders to make Amends for my past Offences to her.

Mrs. *Fewkes* now going out of the Room with a great many reverend Curtesies. *Pamela* looking round, and finding No-Body but her Master in Sight, flung herself down on her Knees: Permit me, Sir, said she, to thank you, in this humble Posture, which, had I been able, I would have done in the Chariot, for all your Goodness to me, and to assure you, that to the utmost of your poor Servant's Power, it shall not be thrown away upon me: And thereupon she took his Hand and kissed it.

Mr. *Belmour*, with Transport, raised her up, and kissing her, said, My dear *Pamela*, if it pleases God to bless us but with half the Joys that seem to open to our View, we need not envy the Felicity of the most powerful Princes of the Earth; in possessing thee I shall have more than all the Power and Dominion in the World can purchase.

Pamela retiring with a Heart fill'd with Raptures for all the kind Expressions of her Master's Love, went into her Closet, and threw herself on her Knees, to return Thanks to that gracious God, who had thus changed her Distress into Happiness, and so over-abundantly rewarded her for her passed Sufferings. O! thought she, how ought every one in this Life to rely stedfastly on the divine Providence, who knows better than ourselves what is fit for us, and frequently makes the very Evils we dread the Causes of our Happiness. As this Day was so agreeable to *Pamela*, she could not but be very desirous to write down the
Occur-

Occurrences of it to be joined to the Series of other Transactions which she had always written a faithful Account of. In the Afternoon Mr. *Belmour* rode out on Horseback for the Air, and when he returned, about Nine of the Clock, in the Evening, he came up to pay her a Visit, but finding the Pen in her Hand, I see, my dear *Pamela*, said he, you are at an Amusement which I am sure is entertaining to you, and it is pity you should be disturbed from it, therefore, as I have some Letters to write myself, I will leave you to proceed, only wishing you a good Night; so saluted her and went down.

When Bed time came Mrs. *Fewkes* entering the Room told her, that as she knew what Distance there now ought to be between them if she pleased she would lie in another Room, but *Pamela* thanking her, desired that she might still have her Company.

In the Morning, after delightful Dreams of her Happiness, and having repeated her most devout Thanks to the Almighty Being, Mr. *Belmour* came into her Room, and in a very agreeable Humour talked to her upon various Subjects in a most tender and enchanting Manner; among other things he asked if she would order any new Cloaths for her Wedding. *Pamela*, with a Blush in her Face, glowing between Shame and Delight, told him, she would leave every thing to his good Pleasure, only begged leave to repeat her former Request, that, for the Reasons she had before mentioned to him, she might not be too fine: I think, said he, my Dear, we will have it as private as possible, and I hope you have no longer any Apprehensions of a Sham-Marriage. Pray get the Service by Rote, that you may be sure nothing is omitted in it. O, Sir! said she, I have no Apprehensions but of my own Unworthiness. I think, said he, we will have this Wedding within this Fortnight from this Day, and at this House; What says my Charmer, have you any Objection to any Day within that Time? because my Affairs require me to be soon in *Bedfordshire*, and, methinks,

I would not go from hence 'till I am perfectly happy. I have no Will, Sir, said *Pamela*, but your's; but did you not say in this House? Ay, said he, for, as I said before, I would have it done privately, and we must make the Matter very Publick if we go to Church. It is a holy Right, said *Pamela*, and therefore I think it would be better in a holy Place: Well then, said Mr. *Belmour*, so it shall, for I will have my own little Chappel, which hath not been used for many Years, but for a Lumber Room, cleaned out, and got ready for the Purpose, if you dislike to have the Ceremony performed in your own Chamber or mine. Indeed, Sir, said *Pamela*, I should like the Chappel best, which I hope will never be made a Lumber Room of again, but kept to the Use for which I presume it was consecrated: Yes, said he, it was consecrated several Ages ago, in the Time of my great Grand Father, who built that, and this good old House together. And now, my dear Girl, said he, if I may not add too much to your sweet Confusion, let me ask if this happy Ceremony shall be performed in the *first* or *second* seven Days of the Fortnight to come? *Pamela*, quite out of Countenance, answered, In the *second* if he pleased: Nay, said he, it shall be as you please; but I should thank my *Pamela*, said he, if she would choose the *first*. I would rather, said she, Sir, if you please, choose the *Second*: Be it so, said he, but let me hope, that you will not defer it to the last of the fourteen Days. Now, Sir, said she, since you have embolden'd me to speak upon this important Subject, I will beg to know if I may send an Account of my Happiness to my dear Father and Mother? You may, said he, but at the same Time desire them to keep it secret till they hear farther. He had no sooner said this, but Mrs. *Jewkes* came into the Room, and said, *Thomas*, the Groom, was returned from Mrs. *Pamela's* Father's. O! said Mr. *Belmour*, let him bring up the Papers, not doubting but he had got them; but he was much disappointed when *Thomas* told him, that Goodman *Andrews*

Andrews had not delivered them to him, because he told him he was sure his Daughter was forced to write the Letter he brought to him. And indeed, Sir, said the Groom, the old Gentleman seemed very much afflicted and said, His Child, his poor Child was undone or she would not have turn'd back when on her Way to him and her Mother.

Well, *Tom*, said Mr. *Belmour*, don't mince the Matter, but tell me before Mrs. *Andrews*, all that her Father and Mother said. Why, Sir, said *Thomas*, Mr. *Andrews* and his Wife, after they had read Mrs. *Pamela's* Letter both wept so much, that it really grieved my Heart to see them: They said, their Daughter had either wrote that Letter by Compulsion, or, what was worse, had yielded to your Honour, and then she was ruined indeed.

Mr. *Belmour* looking a little displeased at this Account, *Pamela* begged him to be so good as to excuse her honest Parents Fears, since it was impossible they should know, or even imagine his Goodness to her. But what Reasons, *Thomas*, said Mr. *Belmour*, did they give for not delivering the Papers? The old Man, Sir, said he, said, There were abundance of Things in the Papers that were fit for No-body to see but themselves, and especially not the 'Squire, that was their Expression, and please your Honour. It was a strange Thing Mr. *Andrews* said, that his Daughter should set out in such Haste to come to them, and then when she was got above half Way, should send them that Letter, and go back again of her own Accord. O! it was impossible it could be of her own Accord, he said, for all her Desires, all her Inclinations he was sure, was, to be with them. This is more than I can bear, said he, my Child, my Child, without all doubt is ruined, my dear Child is ruined before this Time; and then, Sir, said *Thomas*, the good old Couple sat down Hand in Hand, and wept and lamented in such a piteous Manner that it would have moved a Heart of Flint to have seen them: All I could say could give them no Comfort,

nor

nor could I prevail upon them to give me the Papers.

Pamela hearing this Description of her Parents Distress and Grief, could not forbear bathing her Cheeks in Tears, which Mr. *Belmour* perceiving, said, Do not let this concern you too much my dear *Pamela*, since you know it is easily in our Power to dry up the old Man's Tears and turn his Mourning into Joy; he is a good Man, and I am not disobliged by his Caution and Care for you; but to put him and your Mother out of Pain as soon as may be, I would have you write to them immediately, and I will inclose what you send under a Cover to Mr. *Atkins* by the Post, desiring him, who lives within two Miles of your Father's Village, to convey it safely to his Hands. You need not say any thing more about sending the Papers, said he, for I want them now only to satisfy my Curiosity, and that may be done at any other Time, and I would not make them uneasy, by giving them any, the least Grounds for fresh Jealousies.

O, Sir! said *Pamela*, how very good is this, after all your Kindness to me, not only to forgive the Disappointment you have had in these Papers not being brought to you, but in shewing such Compassion and Tenderness for my poor Parents. Well, my dear *Pamela*, said he, I will not detain you any longer from writing, which I know you are impatient to do, least you should be too late for the Post. Only let me tell you, that *Fewkes* has Orders to prepare for my Neighbours coming, whose Company I expect To-morrow at Dinner. And must I, Sir, said *Pamela*, be shewn to them? To be sure, said he, that is the chief Design of their coming; but you need not be afraid, for it is no great Compliment to you to tell you, you won't find yourself outdone by Lady *Darnford* or her Daughters, or by Lady *Jones*, or the Parson's Wife, or any one of her nine Daughters, let her bring as many of them as she will.

Mr.

Mr. *Belmour*, taking Leave of *Pamela* went out to take the Air, and upon his Return, she went down to him, with her Letter in her Hand, before she had sealed it, and asked him, if he would be pleased to see what she had wrote to her Father and Mother; he thanked her, and setting her on his Knee, while he read it, afterwards told her, that the affectionate Things she said of him, were inexpressibly obliging, and then putting his Lips to her's, said, By this Kiss, I confirm the Truth of all you have promised for my Intentions in your Letter.

Now, *Pamela*, said he, who do you think I have seen since I have been out? I don't know, Sir, said *Pamela*; Why, said Mr. *Belmour*, having an Inclination to walk cross the Green Meadow, I ordered *Robin* to meet me on the farther Side of it, and who should I spy there but your *quondam* Servant Mr. *Williams*, walking with a Book in his Hand; nay, do not blush *Pamela*, said he. His Back being towards me I thought I would speak to him before he saw me: So, said I, how do you do old Acquaintance; I thought, said he, the Man would have jump'd into the Ditch, he gave such a Start at hearing my Voice. Poor Man! said *Pamela*. Ah! *Pamela*! cry'd her Master, how would those Accents of Pity, not long since have disturbed my Quiet! But I can hear them now unmoved, since I dare say they are merely of Pity; but to proceed, I am sorry, said I, Mr. *Williams* you are so startled at my Voice; I hope in Time it will grow more familiar to you; pray what Book are you reading? He told him, A Part of the * *History of the Bible*. Mr. *Belmour* then said, if he was going to the Village he would set him down, for his Chariot was on the other Side the Meadow: Mr.

Wil-

* *There have been many Histories of the Bible, and may be many more, tho' that is a Book which needs no Amendment, yet we have heard of some Prig vain enough to imagine, the Letters of Pamela are too sacred for History.*

Williams returned him Thanks, and so they fell into Conversation as they walked.

Mr. *Williams* told him, that he was now more sensible than ever of the Cause he had for the Displeasure he had shewn to him, since he was informed by my Lady *Jones*, that he had a more honourable View than he at first apprehended. Whether it had been so or not, said Mr. *Belmour*, you may imagine I could not like well to be supplanted in an Affair that I had so much at Heart, and by an old Acquaintance too, whose Interest I was at that very Time about to serve.

Mr. *Williams* reply'd, that he could only say for himself, that his first Motive was entirely what he thought becoming his Function, and very sparkishly added, for he had been formerly an *Oxford Smart*, that however, inexcuseable he might seem in the Progress of the Matter, yet Mr. *Belmour* himself would be sorry to have it said, that he had cast his Thoughts upon a Person, whom No-Body would wish for but himself. I find, said Mr. *Belmour*, you have not forgot your Gallantry, Mr. *Williams*; but, come, the Business is now at an End, and I bear no Malice, I assure you. The Parson, continued he, seemed mighty well pleased, and kept your Secret very faithfully, my dear *Pamela*, if you did ever give him any Encouragement to make his Addresses to you.

Indeed, Sir, said *Pamela*, he could not say I did, and I hope you believe me. I do indeed, said Mr. *Belmour*: Which was a great Satisfaction to *Pamela*, and made her hope Mr. *Williams* would soon be restored to her Master's Favour, for she could not in Gratitude but wish well to the Man who had taken such Pains and ran such Hazards to serve her.

About twelve of the Clock, the next Day, Sir *Simon Dannford*, his Lady and his two Daughters, with Lady *Jones*, and Mr. *Schrimshaw* her Son-in-law, Parson *Peters*, his Spouse, and their eldest Daughter, all came to Mr. *Belmour*'s against Dinner. After they had taken a Turn or two in the close Walk in the Garden, they grew so impatient to see *Pamela*, that
her

her Master came to her; himself, and said, the Ladies would not be satisfy'd 'till they had her Company, *Pamela* said, she was very much ashamed, but would follow him if he pleased: Well, pray do, said he, as soon as you can; there are Lady *Darnford's* two Daughter's set out to all the Advantage they are able, yet how mean is their Appearance to that of my dear *Pamela*. Mr. *Belmour* going to the Company, who were all seated at the upper End of the Walk, and *Pamela* following presently after they had a full View of her the whole Length of the Walk: As soon as she appeared Lady *Jones* cry'd, She's a charming Creature I can see at this Distance. And old Sir *Simon*, who had been a Rake and a Beau in the Days of Yore, swore, *Mordie*, he never saw so jauntie an Air, or so easy a Shape! Lady *Darnford* said, She was a sweet Creature; and Mrs. *Peters*, who was a little upon the Precise, said, Truly the young Woman has a most becoming Deportment; and her Husband said, She would be the Pride of the Country and the Glory of his Flock.

When she came near, Mr. *Belmour* saw she was a little out of Countenance, so coming forward to meet her, he took her by the Hand, and presented her to the Ladies, who all saluted her, and desired they might have the Happiness of being better acquainted with her. Sir *Simon* gazing upon her very attentively, Well, said Mr. *Belmour*, Sir *Simon* what do you say to my little Rustick? Faith, my dear *Belmour*, said he, I should know better what to say to her if I was as young as thyself. Fie upon you, said Lady *Darnford*, Sir *Simon*, you'll never leave off your old Ways.

My good Girl, said Mr. *Belmour*, you are a little confounded and out of Breath; you may venture to look up, for my good Neighbours here are no Strangers to your Story; Yes, my dear Neighbour, for so I must call you, said Lady *Darnford*, all that are here present have heard your uncommon, your moving Story. Then, Madam, said *Pamela*, you have heard what will require a great deal of your Indulgence

dulgence and good Nature, very necessary to excuse the Failings of one who has so little Experience in the World. O! no, said Mrs. *Peters*, all we have heard is for your own Honour, and the Honour of our Sex: And may make you an Example to all the young Ladies in the Kingdom. O! Madam, said *Pamela*, you are very good to enable me, by your kind Expressions, to look up and be thankful for so much Honour as you are pleased to do me.

Mrs. *Fewkes* at this Time came into the Walk, attended by a Footman with some Wine and Seed Cake, which Mr. *Belmour* had ordered to be brought thither, so *Pamela* took the Silver *Mazarene* with the Cake upon it, and served the Company round herself, ending with her Master. The Ladies were all mighty complaisant, and said, she gave herself too much Trouble. *Pamela* said, not at all, and she hoped her Master's Favour would never make her forget it was her Duty to wait upon his Friends. Master! said Sir *Simon*, *ma Foy!* I hope she won't always call him so, who knows but it may become a Fashion with all the Ladies in the County if she did. No, Sir, said *Pamela*, there may be Reasons for my doing so, which do not at all affect your good Ladies. After a good deal more Chit-Chat in which *Pamela* bore a Part that by no means lessened the Company's good Opinion of her, Lady *Darnford* said to Mr. *Belmour*, she hoped they should have Mrs. *Andrews's* Company at Table; but *Pamela* begg'd to be excus'd in so handsome a Manner, that Mrs. *Peters* whispered Lady *Jones* and said, Did you ever see such Prudence and Discretion? Never, said the other, she will be so far from disgracing her Master, that she would be an Ornament to any, the highest Rank in Life.

Said Lady *Darnford*, we will not oppress you Mrs. *Andrews*, by insisting upon your doing what you seem so desirous to avoid, I think with a little too scrupulous Nicety, with us, who know how Matters are to go, but nothing shall excuse you from letting us have your Company after Dinner, at Tea, and at the Card.

Card-Table, for you know Mr. *Belmour*, said she, we are to spend the whole Day with you. Well, *Pamela*, said Mr. *Belmour*, what say you to that? she told him she should be very proud to do as he and the Ladies would be pleased to have her.

The youngest Miss *Darnford* desired that Miss, as she called *Pamela*, and her Sister, might take a Turn in the Garden together, wherupon those three, with Miss *Peters*, and Mr. *Schrimshaw*, Lady *Jones's* Nephew, went and took a Walk: The youngest Miss *Darnford* was very well bred, and seem'd to be extreamly delighted in *Pamela's* Company, but her eldest Sister was more upon the Reserve, for upon Mr. *Belmour's* Return from his Travels, there were great Expectations of his making his Addressees to her, but tho' she had ten thousand Pounds, that was not thought a sufficient Fortune for him, therefore she could not but be a little mortify'd to find he was now going to be marry'd to a Girl with nothing.

After the Company went in, and Dinner was over, Mr. *Belmour* came to *Pamela*, and asked her if she should not be surpriz'd to see Mr. *Williams* in the Parlour? No, Sir, said she, why should I? Well then, said he, the Card-Table is prepared, and the Ladies insist upon your Company. I see, Sir, said *Pamela*, you have a Mind to try all my Courage: Why, said he, doth it require so much Courage to face him? No, Sir, said she, but you may be pleased to remember some Passages relating to his Application in my Behalf, that I am afraid the Remembrance of will put me a little out of Countenance: Well, said he, I would have you guard your Heart against a Surprise, for when you come down, you will see a Man, whom I can allow you to love dearly, though hardly preferably to myself.

Pamela was greatly astonish'd at these Words, and was afraid her Master was beginning to grow jealous again; as to Mr. *Williams* she thought it was all over, and could not imagine that he could have any Grounds for it, from her having taken a Turn
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with the young Ladies and Mr. *Schrimshaw*, who, tho' a pretty-behaved Man, was very modest, and had scarce spoke three Words to her, and those only about the Weather: However, *Pamela* went down with as much Composure as she could, but her Master's serious Air, and his bidding her guard her Heart against Surprizes, made her very thoughtful. The youngest Miss *Darnford* rose, and met her at the Door, and said, *Miss* we have longed for your Company; so they sat her down at a Table, where they had made a Party for Quadrille. Lady *Darnford* asked what they should play for; *Pamela* said as little as she pleased; they therefore agreed upon Six-pence a Fifth. Mr. *Belmour* dealt, and *Pamela* could not help admiring to see the Ladies oftentimes smiling, then looking at her, and afterwards towards the Corner of the Room, behind the Door, where sat a Man, whom she took to be Mr. *Williams*, but could not distinguish him, though her Face was that Way, with the Table before her, and the Candles, which indeed dazzled her Eyes.

Said Mr. *Belmour*, my good Girl, did you send away your Letter to your Father by the Post as you intended? To be sure, Sir, said she, I could not forget a Matter which I thought of so much Concern to me. I wonder, said he, what the good old Folks will say to it? O, Sir! said she, your Goodness will be a reviving Cordial to their honest Hearts. At that Goodman *Andrews*, for it was he who was plac'd behind the Door, could not forbear bursting into Tears, and cry'd out, O! my dear Child.

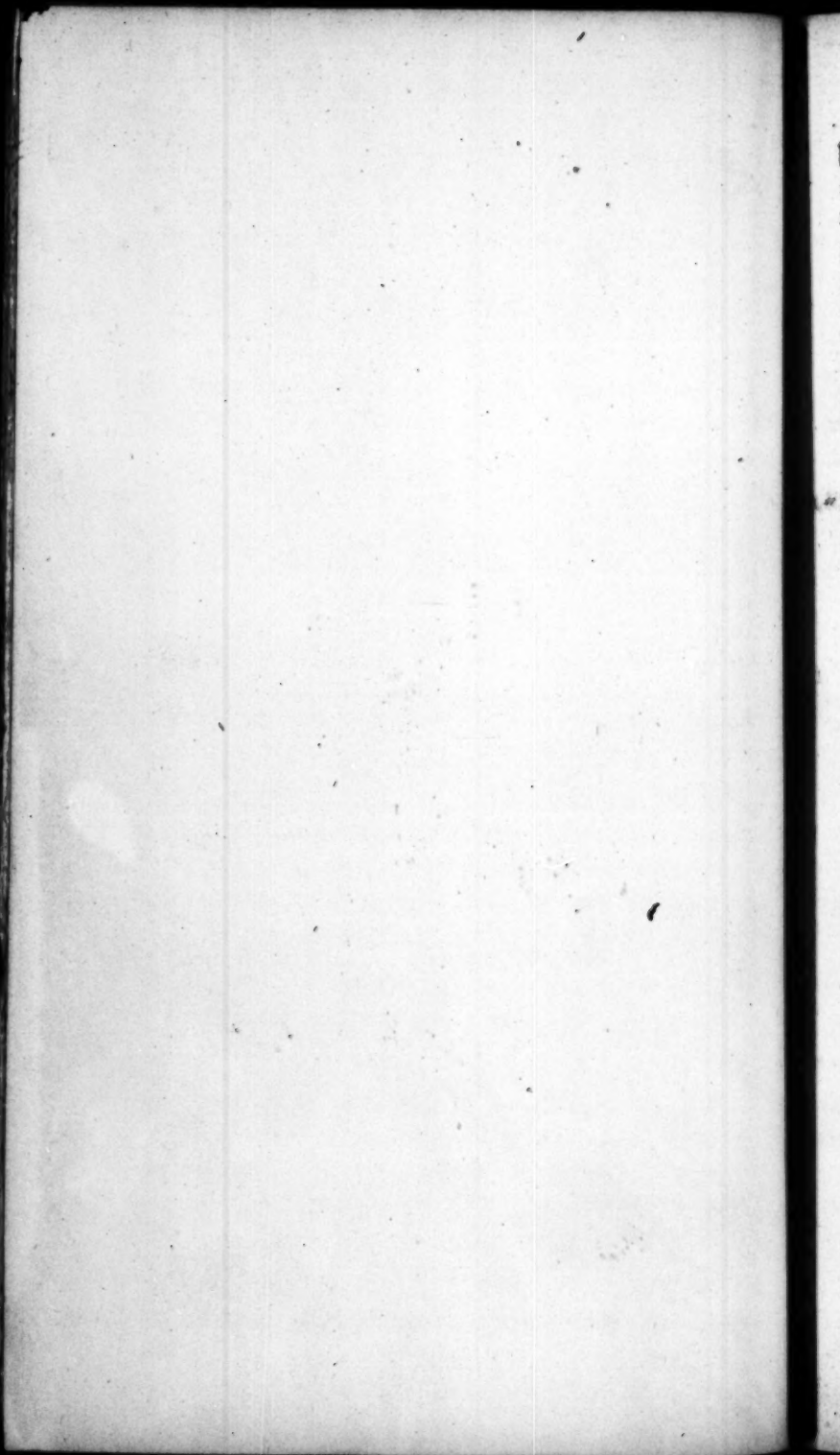
Pamela hearing the well-known Voice, lifted up her Eyes, and seeing her Father, gave such a Spring as overturned the Table, and threw herself upon her Knees at his Feet. O! my Father! my Father! said she, can it be! is it you! It is, it is, said the good old Man: Bless your happy — Daughter, she would have said, but sunk down with Excess of Joy.

Mr. *Belmour* seemed greatly concerned and said, I fear'd this Surprise would be too great for her to bear:





J. Carnwitham sculp.



bear; the Ladies all ran to her, and made her drink a Glass of Water, and when she came to herself she found she was in the Arms of her Father. O! tell me, said she, tell me every thing: How long have you been here? How does my dear Mother? O! I have a thousand Questions to ask. Then turning to the Company she made the best Apology she could for all the Indecencies that the Transport of her Joy had made her commit, and begged they and her Master would give her Leave to retire for a little while with her Father, which was very readily granted her.

When *Pamela* and her Father were by themselves, the good Man, after embracing her, with much Affection, told her how he came there. He said, Her Mother and he being very uneasy to know the Truth of what *Thomas*, the Groom, had told them, and fearing she was betray'd, and undone, he had got Leave to be absent from his Master, and set out soon after him; that very luckily he got a Cast part of the Way in Farmer *Brady's* Waggon, and arrived between One and Two of the Clock that Afternoon in the neighbouring Village, where he heard there was a great Entertainment at the Squire's. He went into a little Alehouse, he said, and after getting a Bit of Bread and Cheese, and a Cup of Ale, he got himself shaved, and then put on a clean Shirt and Stock which he had in his Pocket, and set out for her Master's House, with a heavy Heart, very much fearing he should meet with no good Reception. When he came there, he said, he asked for the Housekeeper, that Mrs. *Jewkes*, said he, my Child, whom you have given me such a dreadful Account of. She at first told him, he could not speak to her Master, because he was engaged in Company; but upon his telling her, he had Business with his Honour of greater Consequence to him than Life or Death, she did go in, and the 'Squire soon after came into the Hall to him, a little surprized, as he thought, to see who he was: But the old Man, cry'd, Sir, as great as you are, I must ask you for my Child, and then

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burst into Tears. Mr. *Belmour*, very courteously, taking him by the Hand, said, Don't be uneasy, Goodman *Andrews*, your Daughter is like, I hope, to be very happy. What, said the old Man, is she then dying, Sir? No, no, said he, she is very well, God be thanked, and, as I said before, like to be happy. You have no Reason to be under any Apprehensions about her, and if you had staid at home, you would, before now, have had a Letter under her own Hand, to assure you, that she is well satisfy'd and in good Health.

Ah! Sir, said Goodman *Andrews*, you once told me, she was in *London*, waiting on a Bishop's Lady, when she was at that Time a strict Prisoner in this House. Well, well, said Mr. *Belmour*, Goodman *Andrews* the Times are altered, for now your Daughter has taken me Prisoner, and in a few Days, I shall put on the most agreeable Fetters that Man ever wore.

I hope, Sir, said the old Man, you do not make Sport of my Afflictions. My Heart is almost broke — May I not see my Child? You shall presently, said Mr. *Belmour*: In the mean Time, good Sir, let me ask but one Question, said he, Is she honest? Is she virtuous? As the new-born Babe, said Mr. *Belmour*, and in twelve Days Time, I hope will be my Wife.

That cannot be, said *Pamela's* Father, I beg your Honour would not flatter me with such Thoughts, but if may see her, and see her honest, it is all I expect, and if she be not so, poor as I am, I would not own her. *Fewkes*, said Mr. *Belmour*, do you tell my dear *Pamela's* Father, while I step into the Company a little, all that you know, concerning me and your Mistress that is to be, and pray make much of him and bring him something to eat; but I would not have you let *Pamela* know yet that her Father is here.

So he went in again to the Company, and told them he had been agreeably surprized, for there was old Goodman *Andrews* come full of Grief to enquire
after

after his Daughter, and feared she was seduced, and the good, honest Man, said he, tells me, poor as he is, he would not own her if she was not virtuous.

All the Company, almost with one Voice, begged they might see the good old Man whom they had heard him praise so much for his plain good Sense and Honesty. Mr. *Belmour* said, if he thought *Pamela* would not be too much affected by the Surprise, he would make them all Witnesses of the first Interview between her and her Father; for never to be sure was more Affection between a Parent and a Child. All the Ladies and Gentlemen begg'd it might be so, but Mr. *Belmour* still expressing his Fear that the poor Girl would be too much affected by the Surprise, Lady *Darnford* said, that they would all help to keep up her Spirits; so he said, he would go up a little to prepare her for it, without telling her what she was to expect; and it was then, half to prepare her for a Surprise, that he amused her about Mr. *Williams*.

After Mr. *Belmour* had been with *Pamela*, he returned to her Father, and asked Mrs. *Jewkes* if he had eat any Thing, she told him, no, she believed his Heart was too full to do any Thing 'till he had seen his dear Daughter: Well, said he, that shall be soon, for I will have you, Goodman *Andrews*, come into the Parlour with me, and she is just coming down to Cards with the Company. O, said the good old Man, that will not do, good Sir, good Sir, and now sure I ought to call you so upon my Knees, for this Gentlewoman has been telling me all your good and honourable Intentions to my Child, the Joy of which overcomes me, and brings these Tears into my Eyes. Well, said Mr. *Belmour*, wipe your Eyes, and come with me. I am not fit to appear before such Gentry, said the old Man, I beseech you let me see my Daughter by myself. No, no, said the other, the Company all know your honest Character, and all long to see you for your Daughter's Sake. So taking the old Man by the Hand, he car-

ry'd him into the Parlour, much against his Inclination, and introduced him to the Company. Ladies and Gentlemen, said he, I present one of the honestest Men in *England* to you, this is my dear *Pamela's* Father, whom you have often heard of. The Company all shewed him great Civility, and Mr. *Peters* coming to him, took him by the Hand, and said, We are all glad to see you, you are the happiest Man in the World in a Child. This, Goodman *Andrews*, said Mr. *Belmour*, is Mr. *Peters*, the Rector of our Parish, he is somewhat older than Mr. *Williams*—Mr. *Belmour* behaved with so much Gaiety, and had so much Mirth in his Countenance, that the good old Man could not help fearing, for a Moment, that all he had told him was a Jest; the rest of the Company all took Notice of him, and Lady *Darnford*, in particular, told him, he had great Reason to value himself upon having such a Daughter: If she be but virtuous, Madam, said he, I am satisfy'd; but I doubt his Honour has been joking a little too much with me. No, said Mrs. *Peters*, we are all Witnesses of his honourable Intentions. The Lord's Name be praised, said the old Man, that I have so worthy Witnesses of my Child's Virtue. The Company, several of them, would have had him to have sat down by them; but he chose to seat himself in the lowest Part of the Room, behind the Door, where *Pamela* first discovered him, as mentioned before.

After *Pamela* and her Father had been some Time together, Mr. *Belmour* went into the Room to them, and ask'd them both how they did; and told *Pamela*, the Company were all in Pain to know, for she had spoiled their Diversion, but they were greatly pleased with the Interview they had seen between her and her Father; and, continued he, my dear Girl, when you have had a little more Discourse with the good Man, let us have you again in the Parlour, for the Company won't stay long, and you will have Time with your Father after they are gone; I expect he should make this House his own, and the longer he
stays

stays the more welcome he will be; and then he returned to the Company. As soon as he was gone: Now, my dear Father, said *Pamela*, do you see what Goodness there is in this once naughty Master of mine. O! let us both pray that I may deserve this great Happiness.

How long, my dear Child, said her Father, has this happy Change been wrought? O! several Days, said *Pamela*. And does he say that he will marry you? Can it be! can such a brave Gentleman, with so noble an Estate, think of making a Lady of the poor Child, of such mean People as we? Your Mother will never be able to support herself under these joyful Tydings. O! what a Turn is this? But Yesterday almost we were half distracted with the Fears of your bringing Disgrace upon us, and now we must go and hide ourselves in some distant Country that you may not be shamed by us. No, my dearest Father, said *Pamela*, your Poverty has always been my Glory, since no Temptation even in that could ever make you do any thing to dishonour yourself.

In this Manner they continued discoursing, 'till Miss *Darnford*, who expressed a prodigious Regard for *Pamela*, came to her, and said, dear Miss how do you do, I am mighty glad you are so well recovered. I am come to fetch you down, indeed we must have your Company, and, taking her Father by the Hand, yours too good Mr. *Andrews*; so they went with her into the Parlour, where Mr. *Belmour* took the old Man by the Hand, and made him sit down by him and drink a Glass of Wine. In the mean Time, Miss *Darnford* told *Pamela*, that she had heard she had learned on the Harpsicord, and as there was a very fine one in that Room, she must give them a Lesson. *Pamela* begged to be excus'd, and said she believ'd the Instrument was not in Tune, for she had never seen it unlock'd before. O! but, said Miss *Darnford*, I have tried it already, and it is very well in Tune, and to encourage you I will sit down and play a Set of Lessons first: So placing herself at the Harp-

Harpicord, she thrumm'd over two or three slight old fashion'd Things, and with some Intreaty sung a very indifferent Song with no Manner of *Gusto*, but was what the other Ladies much commended, and Mrs. *Peters* especially said, was extremely fine, Mr. *Belmour*, who was a Judge of Music, was forced too to strain for a Compliment. But how was he astonished, with what new Raptures fired, when *Pamela* sat down, and, with the Voice of a Nightingale, sung a very difficult Song in the last Opera; playing the Symphonies and thorough Basses with a masterly Hand. Good God! cried he, how is it possible this Girl could have acquir'd this, she cannot sure be Mortal, all *Italy* can not match her! If she continues thus every Day to discover new Charms, my Love in Time must turn to Adoration.

The whole Company was transported, and the good old Father wept for Joy, to see his Daughter so accomplished and so admired. Miss *Darnford* said, tho' she was sure she was Good-humour'd in every thing else, yet it was cruel in her not to play first and so have prevented her exposing herself as she had done. The Butler came in to lay the Cloth, but the Company could think of nothing but feasting their Ears, 'till Supper was put upon the Table, and then every Body begged that tho' Mrs. *Andrews* would not do them the Favour of her Company at Dinner, she would sit down to Supper with them; *Pamela* desired to be excused again, but her Master said, Come, *Pamela*, since the Ladies, my good Neighbours, are so urgent with you, I think you may sit down, it is but a little before the Time you know. But when *Pamela* came towards the Table, she seemed a little confounded to know where she should sit; upon which, Lady *Darnford* taking her by the Hand, said, Madam, every Body here knows their Place, the Mistress of the House always sits at the upper End of her own Table, it is but a little before the Time, as my good Neighbour says, and therefore sit you down here in this Chair, for No-body else

elſe will take it I'm ſure, and Lady *Jones* will ſit on one Side of you and I on the other. When Supper was over, which was an *Ambigu* of thirteen Diſhes, four hot, four cold, with five Pyramids of Fruit and Sweetmeats, and the Company began to take Leave, they all ſeverally invited Mr. *Belmour* to their Houſes, deſiring him to bring Mrs. *Andrews* with him. Lady *Darnford* ſaid, when the happy Knot was ty'd, ſhe hoped *Pamela* would prevail upon Mr. *Belmour* to be more in *Lincolnſhire* than he had been, they were always glad to have him among them, ſhe ſaid, but now it would be on a double Account.

Theſe Things could not but be very grateful to the Ears of old *Andrews*, who frequently liſted up his Eyes to bleſs God for what he heard and ſaw. The Company being gone, Mr. *Belmour* made *Pamela* and her Father both ſit down by him. Goodman *Andrews*, ſaid he, I have been telling this dear Girl, that in fourteen Days, and two of them are already paſſed, ſhe muſt fix upon one to make me happy, and which that is to be I have left to her own Choice : And now, ſaid he, my dear *Pamela*, don't let a little Baſhfulneſs protract the Time of my Happineſs too long. I have Buſineſs in *Bedfordſhire*, and would not return thither, 'till I can carry home a Miſtreſs of my Family. What ſay you, Goodman *Andrews*, ought ſhe to delay this happy Hour ? I think ſaid the old Man, ſhe ought not, and I dare ſay is ready to do any thing to oblige ſo good a Maſter. Well ſaid Mr. *Belmour*, what ſays my *Pamela* ? Sir, ſaid ſhe, ſhould I be too haſty it would look as if I doubted whether you would continue in the ſame Mind, and was afraid to give you Time for Reflection. O ! ſaid he, I have had ſufficient Time to reflect, and have long ſince told you, it was impoſſible for me to live without you. Come, my dear Girl, ſaid he, tell me here, before your Father, what Day you fix upon. Shall it be *Monday*, *Tuesday*, *Wednesday* ; or what Morning next Week ? *Pamela* begg'd he would be pleaſed to excuſe her for an Answer till To-morrow. I will,

will, said he, thereupon calling for Mrs. *Jewkes*, he asked her where Mr. *Andrews* was to lie that Night, and bade her besure to take care of him for he was a good Man, and would bring a Blessing upon every Place where he was.

The old Man return'd him Thanks for all his extraordinary Bounties to him and his, and said, before he went to Rest he should give Thanks also to God, and pray for his Happiness in this World and the next. Mr. *Belmour* then ordering Candles to be brought went with the old Man to his Chamber-Door, and very courteously wished him a good Night.

In the Morning early Mr. *Belmour* sent Mrs. *Jewkes* to *Pamela*, to desire, that if her Father had brought her Papers he might see them, which she went and got from her Father, and sent accordingly, while she continued with the good old Man, running over all the Scenes of her past Sufferings and her present happy Condition, which often brought Tears into both their Eyes! And O! my dear Child, said the Father, I wish, when your poor Mother hears all this, the Abundance of her Joy may not overpower her Senses.

About nine of the Clock Word was brought that Breakfast was ready, and that Mr. *Belmour* would come to them in the *Vestibule* where it was set out, and the Housekeeper desired to know, what Mr. *Andrews* chose for Breakfast, if he did not like Tea or Coffee; he said, he was not much used to those Things, but he could breakfast very well upon either of them with a Bit of Bread and Butter.

When Mr. *Belmour* came to them in his Night Gown and Slippers, *Pamela* told him, she feared he had not rested well, for he looked a little heavy, that, he said, was not for want of Rest, but for having looked into the Papers she had sent him; he was shock'd, he said, at his own Picture which she had painted in so lively a Manner, but he forgave her, she had said nothing but what was just: But, my dear
Pamela,

Pamela, said he, I find if you had got off, you must have been *Williams's* Wife. Indeed, Sir, said *Pamela*, I had no Notion then of being any Body's. That may be, said he, but it was what must have been of Course; and I see your Father was not against it: Indeed, Sir, said old *Andrews*, I little thought, at that Time, of the great Honour you design'd her; and the other was a Match that, in our low Circumstances, we had great Reason to be proud of; but when I found my Daughter not inclined to it, I urged it no farther; she had given her Mother and me so many Proofs of her Discretion and Obedience to us, that we were determin'd not to contradict her in any Choice she should make, or in any Offer she should reject.

I am thoroughly satisfied, said Mr. *Belmour*, all was honest and sincere, as all the little Artifices of my *Pamela* were innocent; but I am concerned, said he, to find by one Part of your Papers, that *Jewkes* went a little beyond her Instructions, and if you retain any Ill-Will to her, on that Account, I will remove her from you. No, Sir, said *Pamela*, we have already forgiven one another, for I was a little provoking to her; besides, as what she did was to shew her Zeal in executing your Orders, which in the End have brought so much Happiness to me, I think I ought rather to be thankful to her. Well, said Mr. *Belmour*, you are of a sweet forgiving Temper, and I shall henceforth endeavour to make you Amends for all your Sufferings: If you have no Objection to it, said he, my *Pamela*, we will take an Airing when Breakfast is over, in the Coach, because we will have your Father's Company with us. Goodman *Andrews* desired to be excus'd, being ashamed of the Meanness of his Apparel, but Mr. *Belmour* would have it so: And now, *Pamela*, said he, I would have you dress as you used to do, for I hope you think you may safely take Possession of your two Bundles now, and if you have a Mind to any thing else, against the approaching Day, which I hope is to make us both happy, I will send over to *Lincoln* for it; No, *Pamela* said,

said, she thanked him, by his own and her good Lady's Bounty to her, she wanted for nothing to dress suitable to any Occasion. I believe, said Mr. *Belmour*, you may have what is sufficient for this, as I design to have it so private, but the Case will be altered when I publickly own our Nuptials, and go into *Bedfordshire*, you must then have all Things fit for my Wife: And I hope, said he, Mr. *Andrews*, you will not leave us, 'till you see the Business over, and then you will be sure I mean honourably by your Daughter, and that too may induce my *Pamela* to set a shorter Day. O! Sir, said the old Man, I bless God I have no Reason to doubt of your honourable Intentions, but I beg you will be pleased to allow me to go home on *Monday* Morning with these blessed Tydings to my dear Wife, while my Heart holds, which is almost ready to burst with Joy. Good Man, said Mr. *Belmour*, I love to hear the honest Simplicity of his Heart! Why, continued he, may not this Ceremony be performed, my *Pamela*, on *Tuesday* next, and then perhaps your Father may stay: I should have been glad to have had it To-morrow but I have sent *Colbrand* for a Licence, and he cannot possibly return before To-morrow or *Monday*. *Pamela* said, since he had been so good as to give her a Fortnight from the last *Thursday*, she hoped he would be pleased to indulge her with some Day in the second Week? Well, he told her, he would not be too urgent, but said, the sooner she set the Time the better.

Pamela, as soon as Breakfast was over, went up, and new dressed herself, taking Possession of the two Bundles, she had formerly put away from her. She put on a very handsome green Mantua Silk Gown and Petticoat, with a fine laced Head and Ruffles, and all Things suitable to them. Mrs. *Fewkes* was very officious in helping to dress her, and passed a thousand Compliments upon her, like an errant Sy-cophant as she was. She told her, she now look'd like

like her Lady indeed, and outshone the whole Drawing Room upon a Birth-Day ; and, Madam, said she, do you know that the little Chappel is quite clean'd out, and in order for Service to be performed in it Tomorrow ? *Pamela* told her, No ; Well then, said Mrs. *Jewkes*, I can assure you it is to be so, and the two Miss *Darnfords* and Lady *Jones* are to be here at the opening of it, and will afterwards stay to Dinner. *Pamela* told her, that her Master had acquainted her with Lady *Jones* and Miss *Darnfords* being to dine there, tho' he had said nothing about the Chappel yet. Master ! said Mrs. *Jewkes*, Lord, Madam, sure you will begin now to change that Style, you don't always intend to call him Master I hope. Why not, said *Pamela*, he will be now more my Master than ever, and I hope I never shall be vain enough to forget that I was once his Servant.

Pamela being now completely dressed, took up her Fan, and went into the Parlour, her Father not knowing her immediately, got up, and made her a low Bow, tho' his Heart was up at his Mouth at the same Time, for seeing her come into the Room with the Freedom of the Mistress of the House, he thought she might be some fine Lady, who was really to be Mr. *Belmour's* Wife, and that his poor Daughter might be only made a Fool of at last ; but soon finding his Mistake : O ! my dear Child ! said he, how well will you become the high Condition to which this honourable Gentleman means to advance you ; why, methinks you look like a Lady already.

My dear Father, said *Pamela*, whatever Condition I am in, I hope I shall always be your dutiful Daughter. My *Pamela*, said Mr. *Belmour*, is charming in every Dress ; so taking her by the Hand, and the Coach being ready, he led her to it.

The Conversation as they went was very agreeable, being chiefly on the Preparations for the happy Nuptials, and the old Man's Heart was fill'd with Joy on a double Account, for while *Pamela* was gone

up to dress, Mr. *Belmour* had made him a Present of fifty Guineas, and bade him lay it all out in such Necessaries as he and his Wife might have an immediate Occasion for, assuring him he would provide for them both.

When the Coach was got to the great Meadow, Mr. *Belmour* said, he would walk cross it, and asked Mr. *Andrews* if he would choose to do so too, or go on in the Coach, the poor Man desired to stay in the Coach lest any Body might see him in the Meadow, where Mr. *Belmour* had told him, some of the Gentry in the Neighbourhood sometimes walked, so being left to his Choice, Mr. *Belmour* led *Pamela* into the Meadow, while the poor old Man fell upon his Knees in the Coach, to return Thanks to God for his gracious Mercies to him, and to beg a Blessing upon the worthy Gentleman who had been so kind to him and his dear Child.

When Mr. *Belmour* and *Pamela* came to the Shady Walk on the farther Side of the Meadow, she was a little surpriz'd to see Mr. *Williams*, who, it seems, was there for the Purpose, Mr. *Peters* having contriv'd it so between Mr. *Belmour* and him, that they might meet at that Hour, as if by Accident.

What, old Acquaintance, said Mr. *Belmour*, have I met you here again with your Book? Let me present to you my little Fugitive, that would have been; upon which Mr. *Williams* bow'd very low, and *Pamela* curtesy'd with a very serious Air; Why my *Pamela*, said Mr. *Belmour* with great Gaiety, are you so strange? And you Mr. *Williams* where you have been once so familiar? I give you my Word I do not intend this Interview as an Insult upon either of you: Pray, *Pamela*, speak to Mr. *Williams* with your usual Freedom. *Pamela* being thus encourag'd, said, Mr. *Williams*, upon my Word, I am very glad to see you well, and, tho', by my good Master's Generosity, the Scene is much changed with me, that I have this Opportunity of returning Thanks for your good Intentions to serve me at a Time when I had

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Reason to believe myself in Distress. But if those good Intentions had succeeded, said Mr. *Belmour*, how miserable should I have been? And pray Mr. *Williams*, let me ask you one Question, Now you are acquainted with my honourable Designs to my dear *Pamela*, do you believe you can be *almost*, I won't say quite, as well pleased with the Friendship of Mrs. *Belmour*, as you should have been with the Favour of Mrs. *Andrews*?

Was I to consider only myself, answered Mr. *Williams*, to be sure I would have preferr'd any Condition in Life with her, but when I consider her great Merit, and your Passion, I should be very ungenerous, if it was put to my Choice, if I did not rather desire to see you both so happy as you are like to be, than only to satisfy my own Inclinations which would be so greatly to her Disadvantage and your Disquiet.

Well, said Mr. *Belmour*, I dare say Mr. *Williams* wishes us both very well, and I hope, my dear *Pamela* you will take him into the Number of your Friends, as he has been long in the Number of mine, and the Incident which had like to have broke the Chain of our Friendship will serve only, I hope, to fasten it the stronger. Then taking *Pamela's* Hand, he put it into Mr. *Williams's*. Mr. *Williams*, said he, I here present my *Pamela's* Hand to you in Token of Friendship: Mr. *Williams* kissed it, and said, he was so very generous in forgiving him what he had done to offend him, that it should be the Business of his future Life to shew his Gratitude.

Mr. *Belmour* told him, he must go home and dine with him and then he would shew him the little Chappel that he ordered to be set to Rights against the approaching Occasion: So they walked towards the Coach, and when they came just up to it, *Pamela*, said Mr. *Belmour*, tell Mr. *Williams*, who that good old Man is. O! Mr. *Williams*, said *Pamela*, this is my dear Father: And Mr. *Belmour* added, one of the honestest Men in the World. Mr. *Williams* taking him by the Hand, said, Mr. *Andrews* I am very glad to

see you; I dare say you think yourself very happy in being with your virtuous Daughter, and seeing she is now going to reap the Fruits of your pious Instructions to her. I am, said the old Man, thoroughly sensible of her great Happiness and mine, and bless the Lord for it. The Coach-Door being open'd Mr. *Williams* put *Pamela* into it, and then slept back, but stood not long upon Ceremonies with Mr. *Belmour*, knowing he was too well-bred to go into his own Coach first.

As they were going, Mr. *Andrews*, said Mr. *Belmour*, I told you Yesterday that the Clergyman that you saw at my House then was not Mr. *Williams*; but this is, and tho' I cannot say his good Intentions to serve your Daughter were very obliging to me, yet I hope, you will love him for them, if I should not promise to do so myself.

Mr. *Williams* bowing, said, it was impossible for any thing to equal his Generosity, but his genteel Manner of conferring his Favours. And the old Man shaking Mr. *Williams* by the Hand, said, God bless him for his good Intentions to my Child, but the Lord who knew best what was fitting, was pleased to disappoint them, however I must always acknowledge his good Will to serve us.

When Mr. *Belmour* came home, Mrs. *Jewkes* look'd as if she would have sunk into the Ground, to see Mr. *Williams* brought home in the Coach, and treated so civilly. They all dined together in a very pleasant Manner, and *Pamela* found, from her Master's Generosity, that she had no Need to be under any Restraint with Regard to her Conduct towards Mr. *Williams*, for if she was sometimes a little more reserved than ordinary, he would call upon her to be free and chearful, when there was none there but Friends whom she ought to love and value.

When Dinner was over they all went to view the little Chappel, which was very neat and decent, and while the rest of the Company were admiring a Picture, and some other Things about the Commu-
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nion Table, *Pamela* stept a-side into a Corner out of Sight, and, on her Knees, returned Thanks to God, that after having been so long absent from divine Service, the very first Time she entred into a House dedicated to his Honour, it should be with the Prospect of so many Blessings before her, and begged that she might continue humble, that she might not be unworthy of his Mercies to her; by this Time Mr. *Belmour* looking about, and crying where is *Pamela*! she broke off sooner than she would have done, and came up to him. Mr. *Williams*, said he, my past Conduct to you has been such as I am really ashamed of, and here again, in this holy Place, must ask your Pardon for; but as all that, I hope, will be forgot and forgiven, I must beg you will not refuse to officiate here To-morrow, and oblige us with a Sermon.

Mr. *Williams* said, He would obey him most willingly, but was not prepared with any particular Discourse for the Occasion; Mr. *Belmour* said, he would not desire to have any Occasion pointed out, but if he had a Discourse upon that Text, that *there is more Joy in Heaven over one Sinner that repenteth, than over ninety nine just Persons that need no Repentance*, and treated in such a Manner as might not make him appear too sad a Fellow before his own and his Neighbours Servants, he thought it would be very proper.

Said Mr. *Williams*, I have a Sermon, Sir, on that very Text. But it would, methinks, be more suitable to my own grateful Sentiments, if the Sermon was to be a Thanksgiving one, if I might be permitted to make my Acknowledgments of your Favours the Subject of a Discourse from the Pulpit. It is on this Text—*Now lettest thou thy Servant depart in Peace, for mine Eyes have seen thy Salvation.*

That Text, said *Pamela*, would be a very suitable one for me, and I may say, with the blessed Virgin, *My Soul doth magnify the Lord, for he hath regarded the low Estate of his Handmaiden.*

If there was Time for it, said old *Andrews*, the Book of *Ruth* would afford a good Subject for the

great Honour that is done to my dear Child. Well, said Mr. *Williams*, I will go home and look among the Discourses I have for one against To-morrow. But, said Mr. *Belmour*, I have one Thing to say to you before you go. You know, Mr. *Williams*, said he, when my jealousy of this dear Girl, made me give a Loose to my Revenge, I took your Bond for the Sum I had caused you to be arrested for, which indeed, at the Time that I presented it to you, I never thought of having again, therefore I have Reason to be ashamed of acting so ungenerously as I did; but this Love, like Charity, I hope, will cover a Multitude of Faults; and there, Sir, is your Bond again cancelled as it ought to be. Mr. *Williams* returned him a great many Thanks, and Mr. *Belmour* asking him if his Chariot should carry him home; he said, No, he thank'd him, his Time would be so well employ'd all the Way in thinking of his Favours, that he chose to meditate upon them as he walk'd home.

While Mr. *Williams* was taking Leave of Mr. *Belmour*, *Pamela's* Father took that Opportunity to let her know of the fifty Guineas her Master had presented him with to buy Cloaths for himself and her Mother; but at the same Time expressed the Uneasiness he had of appearing in the mean Habit he was in, the next Day at Chappel. Mr. *Belmour* just then coming up to them. O! Sir, said *Pamela*, will your Bounty know no Limits! my dear Father has been telling me of your noble Present to him. A mere Trifle, my *Pamela*, said he, only as an Earnest of my future Kindness—Pray say no more of it: But, continued he, did I not hear the good Man express some Concern about something he wanted? Come, don't conceal any Thing from me. My Father, Sir, said she, knows not how to absent himself from divine Service To-morrow, and yet is afraid of disgracing you by appearing in the mean Garb he is in.

Poor Man! said Mr. *Belmour*, how mean soever his outward Appearance may be, he has a Mind within more richly cloathed than many who appear in the greatest State. But don't let him be concern'd about his Dress, I fancy he is much about my Size, and so, Mr. *Andrews*, said he, if you will come with me into my Wardrobe I'll warrant I can find a Suit of Cloaths that will fit you; but don't you come near us *Pamela*, said he, you must not know yet how Men dress and undress themselves. O! Sir, said Goodman *Andrews*, I cannot bear the Thoughts of being so troublesome to you, you are too good. Come, come, said Mr. *Belmour*, you must not stand upon little Ceremonies with me; so he carry'd the old Man up Stairs and shew'd him several Suits of Cloaths for him to take his Choice of; and he pitch'd upon one, which being the plainest he thought would the best become him. Mr. *Belmour* then calling for Mrs. *Jewkes*, here *Jewkes*, said he, let these Cloaths be well aired against To-morrow Morning for Mr. *Andrews*, for, not thinking of staying with us 'till Sunday, he has brought only his common Apparel; and pray now look for some Stockings, Shoes, and a Hat, Wig he has no need of, for his own venerable grey Locks are more graceful than the best Peruke in the Kingdom. I will take Care, Sir, said Mrs. *Jewkes*, to look out every Thing as you order. Mr. *Belmour*, taking his own Silver Buckles out of his Shoes gave them to the old Man: There Mr. *Andrews*, said he, you will want a Pair of Buckles, and I have several other Pair; so that the next Day, when every Body was preparing to go to Chappel, the old Man looked as much like a Gentleman as if he had been one of the *Quorum*.

On Sunday in the Morning the two Miss *Darnfords* came with Lady *Jones*, in her Coach, and they all breakfasted together very agreeably. While they were at Breakfast Mr. *Belmour* told Mr. *Williams*, he doubted they must let the Singing Psalms alone, for want of a Clerk; but Mr. *Williams* said, Nothing should

should be wanting that he could supply; whereupon old *Andrews* said, if it might be permitted him, he would perform the Office of a Clerk for them, for he had been used sometimes to set the Psalm at Church in his own Parish. The Company were all pleased with his Offer, and when they all went to Chappel, made a tolerable Appearance. Mrs. *Jewkes* with all the other Servants, attending, except the Cook; and Divine Service was performed with much Solemnity, Mr. *Belmour* himself, *Pamela*, with the other Ladies all setting a good Example of Devotion.

Old *Andrews* acted his Part as well as if he had been bred to the Trade of a Parish Clerk; and Mr. *Williams* gave them a good Sermon on Liberality and Generosity, and the Blessings waiting upon the right Use of Riches, from *Proverbs*, Chap. xi. Ver. 24, 25. *There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet; but it tendeth to Poverty. The liberal Soul shall be made fat: And he that watereth, shall be watered also himself.* Mr. *Williams* keeping to Generals, gave no Offence to Mr. *Belmour*, whose Delicacy made him at first afraid of some personal Compliments.

The Ladies and Mr. *Williams* stayed Dinner, and in the Afternoon went to Chappel again to Prayers, after which they took a Turn or two in the Garden, and then came in to drink Tea: When Lady *Jones* placing herself on one Side of *Pamela* as her Master was on the other; But pray, my good Neighbour, said she, when is this happy Time to be? We all long to see it over, since we are sure it tends so much to both your Happinesses. Mr. *Belmour* said, He was for having it To-morrow, or the next Day at farthest. Sure, said Lady *Jones*, to *Pamela*, it will not be delay'd by you more than needs must. Now, Lady *Jones*, said Mr. *Belmour*, I find you are of my Side, I will leave you with her to be my Advocate, but pray, *Pamela*, don't let the Time be delay'd longer than *Thursday*.

Mr.

Mr. *Belmour* now going to the two Miss *Darnfords* and chatting with them: Lady *Jones* took upon her to tell *Pamela*, that she thought she would be extremely to blame, if she delayed obliging her Neighbour one Moment longer than was absolutely necessary; for she heard that Lady *Davers* was very uneasy upon the Matter, and now, said she, if any thing should happen, what a sad thing it would be! Madam, said *Pamela*, when he first talked of the Time to me he mentioned a Fortnight, and afterwards asked if it should be in the first or second Week of it: To which I answered, as how could I do otherwise? In the Second, then he desired it might not be the last Day of the Second. Now, Madam, said *Pamela*, as he then spoke his Mind, I would not for the World seem to be too forward: But, said Lady *Jones*, as he now presses you in so genteel a Manner, if it was my Case I would comply with what he desires.

While Lady *Jones* had been talking to *Pamela*, Miss *Darnfords* were desiring Mr. *Belmour* that they might be at the Wedding, and that he would let them have a Ball: And upon *Pamela's* joining them, they said, dear Miss, I hope you will back our Request, and desire Mr. *Belmour* to have a Ball upon his Wedding Day. Indeed, Ladies, said *Pamela*, I don't know how to come in to that, there is something so solemn in the Affair of Matrimony, that I cannot think how the Parties themselves of our Sex can be very gay upon it, and I dare say, Ladies, upon the same Occasion you will be of my Mind.

I told you, said Mr. *Belmour*, what Sort of an Answer you would have from *Pamela*. Well, said the youngest Miss *Darnford*, such grave People did I never see, upon such an Occasion. I hope you will sing Psalms all Day. Such Sack-Cloth and Ashes Doings for a Wedding were never heard of!

All that Mr. *Belmour* could be brought to by the young Ladies, was to consent to a Dancing Bout, before he left the Country. Then it shall be at our House,

House, said one of the Miss *Darnfords*, for if we are not to be at the Wedding, my Sister and I will be affronted, and not come near you any more 'till you have been with us.

When the Company was all gone at Night, Mr. *Belmour* told Goodman *Andrews* that he would have him stay 'till the Business was over; but the old Man begged he might set out as soon as it was light in the Morning; for he said, his Wife would be doubly uneasy at his Stay, and he burnt with Impatience to carry her the happy Tydings of all the Honours and good Fortune that was come, by the Blessing of God, to their dear Child.

When Mr. *Belmour* found, that the old Man was resolved to go, he ordered *Thomas* the Groom to come to him, and bade him get the Bay Horse, with the white Spot on his Off-side, ready by five of the Clock the next Morning for Mr. *Andrews* to ride, and get himself ready at the same Time with a Cloak-Bag to carry his Things, and attend him a Day's Journey, or if he pleased to see him safe home. And, continued he, Mr. *Andrews*, that Bay-Horse, is a very good, and a sure-footed Beast, therefore I will make you a Present of it, to go backwards and forwards when we come into *Bedfordshire*. The old Man going to say something to excuse himself from accepting the Horse, Mr. *Belmour* told him he would not be said Nay, it must be so: He afterwards said a great many kind Things to them both at Supper, and, then wished him a good Night's Rest, saying, he would leave him then, for to be sure so affectionate a Father and Child would be glad to be by themselves a little. He desired him to remember him to his good Wife, and tell her he hoped it would not be long before he should see them together in a Visit to their Daughter at his other House: So shaking him by the Hand, he went out of the Room, the old Man bowing and lifting up his Hands to pray for him, but was so overcome by the Sense of his great Obligations to him, that he was not able to speak.

Soon

Soon after the old Man set out, *Colbrand* returned with the Licence, and Mr. *Belmour* when he rose, and had received it, was impatient 'till he went with it to *Pamela*, whose Heart fluttered at the Sight of it. Now, *Pamela*, said he, tell me if you will oblige me by naming the Day; that now is all that's wanting. *Pamela* blushing, and unable to look up, said, She knew not what to say to so much Goodness; but would not, upon any Consideration, that he should believe her capable of receiving with Negligence an Honour, that she could never make sufficient Acknowledgments of. She ought, she told him, to resign herself implicitly to his Will, in every thing she might or could; but — But what, said Mr. *Belmour*, with some Sort of Impatience. Why, Sir, said *Pamela*, when from last *Thursday* you mentioned a Fortnight, I had Reason to think that Term was your Choice, and my Heart is so wholly your's, that I am afraid of nothing more than being forwarder than you desire. My dearest Creature, said he, clasping her in his Arms, that is impossible! and if that be all, it shall be done this Moment, I will send for the Parson this very Instant, and was going to put his Hand upon the Spring of the Bell, to ring in a Hurry. O! dear Sir, said *Pamela*, I beg you will hear me, it cannot be To-day, indeed, Sir: Why, then did you flatter my fond Heart with that Hope, said he? Sir, said she, if you will vouchsafe me your Attention, I would say something to you, but I am afraid you will think it a little foolish, when ever that Day is to be, methinks I would fain have it on a *Thursday*, for on a *Thursday* I have heard my dear Father and Mother say they were married, who, tho' but a poor, are a happy Pair; on a *Thursday* also was your poor *Pamela* born; on a *Thursday* my late good Lady took me into her generous Protection; it was on a *Thursday* that I returned to this House, when you so generously put an End to my Fears; and when you were pleased to order me not to defer the Honour you design'd me, to the last Day of the Fortnight you had

mentioned, I am sorry to say that last Day is the *Thursday* in next Week.

Indeed, my dear *Pamela*, said Mr. *Belmour*, I should have said this Superstition was a little foolish in any Body but you, and certainly there is as much Reason to think any Day as happy as *Thursday*; as for Example, on a *Monday* you may say your Father and Mother concluded to be married on the *Thursday* following. On a *Monday* so many Years ago your Mother was preparing all Matters to be brought to Bed the next *Thursday*; and on a *Monday* Colbrand brought the Licence from *Lincoln*, which is to put me in lawful Possession of you; therefore why should we defer it to any other Day? *Thursday* hath reign'd long enough o'Conscience, let us now set up *Monday* in its place, and I hope that and every other Day in the Week will be happy to us alike. I must own, Sir, said *Pamela*, you rally my Folly very pleasantly, but I hope, Sir, as you are obliging me in greater Matters, you will not let this small one stand in the Way, for indeed, Sir, if I may choose, I like *Thursday* best. Nay, said Mr. *Belmour*, if you can give no better Reason for deferring it 'till *Thursday*, I will send for the Parson this Minute. Indeed, indeed, Sir, said she, it must not be To-day: Well then, said he, shall it be To-morrow? If it must not be on a *Thursday*, said *Pamela*, you have given me so many pleasant Distinctions for a *Monday*, pray then let it be next *Monday*, and that will be in the second Week of the Fortnight you enjoined. What cry'd he, my dear Girl, a whole Week still! why those seven Days will seem seven Months; come, said he, since you wont let it be To-day nor To-morrow, let it be on *Wednesday*, for I protest I will stay no longer. Then, Sir, replied *Pamela*, let it be deferred for one Day more, and it will be my belov'd *Thursday*. Should I consent to this, said Mr. *Belmour*, will my dearest *Pamela* then promise that *Thursday* next shall certainly be the happy Day? I will, Sir, said she, blushing and looking on the Ground.

Mr.

Mr. *Belmour* after this, seemingly in great Satisfaction, went out to take the Air on Horseback, and did not return till Night, which short Absence, so fond was *Pamela* grown of his Company, seemed very tedious to her; but when he returned he said, he had a very pleasant Ride, and was led to a greater Distance than he at first intended to have gone.

At Supper he told her, that he had a great Mind that Mr. *Williams* should marry them, because, said he, it will shew a thorough Reconciliation on his Part, but yet, continued he, considering what has passed between you and him, I fear the poor Man will take it hardly, and as a Sort of Insult upon him, that I don't mean. What do you think, *Pamela*, said he? I hope not, answer'd *Pamela*, you have been already so generous to him, that I think he cannot mistake your Goodness.

Now, *Pamela*, said he, I cannot help expressing to you my great Resentment against my Sister *Davers*. *Pamela* asked him if any Thing new had happened? Yes, Mr. *Belmour* said, he had had a Letter delivered to him since he went out, from the impertinent Lord, her Husband, plainly at her Infliction, which amounted to nothing less than an insolent Piece of Bravery on the Supposition of his being to be marry'd to her. But, added he, I was so much provoked, that after I read it, I tore it in a thousand Pieces, and scattered them in the Air, and then bade the Fellow who brought it, tell his Lord what I had done. He talk'd something, I think, of his Lady's coming here, but I would not listen to him, but bade him begone. And if my Sister had any such Design, I suppose my using her Lord's Letter as I did will prevent it; for 'till she has learn'd more Manners she never shall set her Foot within my Doors.

I am sorry, Sir, said *Pamela*, to be the Occasion of such an unhappy Difference between so good a Brother and Sister. Say not so, my *Pamela*, said he, for this is but the natural Consequence of my Regard
for

for you. I hope you will bear it as well as you can, because she is my Sister, and leave me to make her sensible of her Pride and Folly.

Pamela assured him, that if the humblest Behaviour in the World could any Ways soften my Lady, she would shew no other to her. No, said Mr. *Belmour*, when you are my Wife, *Pamela*, I will not suffer you to do any Thing beneath that Character; and I will protect thy Gentleness to the utmost of my Power, as much as if you'd been a Princess by Descent.

You are inexpressibly good, Sir, said *Pamela*; but I do not think that an humble Deportment discovers any Meanness of Spirit, but on the contrary, I have always observed the Basest and most Unworthy to be the most tainted with Pride and Self-Sufficiency. You say right, my dearest *Pamela*, said he, but there is a Decorum proper to be kept in every Degree, which I need not tell you, who so well maintain it upon all Occasions; and who remember the Behaviour of my dear Mother, who tho' the humblest Creature alive in all the Duties of Religion, and in all Acts of Friendship, Charity, and Maternal Affection, lost nothing that was due to her Rank.

But, now *Pamela*, as to this Sister of mine, we will have the Business over before she comes, if she should, after what has happened, think proper so to do, not that her Presence, or that of a hundred Sisters, if I had them, could make me in the least swerve from a Resolution not taken up suddenly, and upon slight Grounds.

Mrs. *Fewkes* tells me, said he, that every Body imagines *Thursday* se'nnight is the Day fix'd for our Nuptials, so I will get Mr. *Peters*, who has a Desire to see our little Chappel, to assist Mr. *Williams* under a Notion of breakfasting with me next *Thursday* Morning, since you will not have it sooner; and I will desire Mr. *Peters* to keep the Matter as a Secret, even from his own Family, for a few Days.

But, Sir, said *Pamela*, if Lady *Davers* should come, I hope you won't go so far as to make an irreconcilable

ciseable Breach between you; for my own Part I will shut myself up, that I may not disgust her by my Sight.

That, *Pamela*, said he, we will talk of hereafter; and when we are married, as I am sure you will be a very obedient Wife, you will then take a little of my Instructions how to behave *

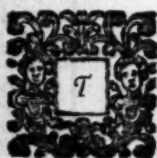
On *Tuesday*, *Thomas*, the Groom, returned with an Account of Mr. *Andrews's* being got safe and in good Health one Day's Journey on his Way home; which was very agreeable News to *Pamela*, whom he found at her Hapficord, with Mr. *Belmour* sitting by her, who was so exceedingly delighted with her Voice and Music, that not a Day passed, since he first heard her, in which he did not prevail upon her to play and sing some of her favourite Pieces to him. At other Times they went out together to take the Air, and tho' every Day was spent agreeably, yet the Time seem'd tedious to Mr. *Belmour* till that, which he esteem'd happier than any other, arrived.

* In this Part of one of the Accounts published of *Pamela*, is a most shocking Abuse of Lord *Davers*, who is known to be a Gentleman of very great Parts; but this plainly betrays the Mechanick; for such, knowing nothing of the Behaviour and Conversation of the Nobility, imagine every LORD is a FOOL.



THE
L I F E
O F
P A M E L A.

BOOK V.



Thursday, the dear, the long expected *Thursday* being come, Mr. *Belmour*, about Eight of the Clock in the Morning, came into *Pamela's* Chamber, and approached her with a kind of Rapture that he endeavoured to restrain. My dear *Pamela*, said he, let me not chide you on this propitious Day: But why is my Fairest not yet dress'd? I every Minute expect the two Parsons to Breakfast. Then chancing to see a Common-Prayer-Book lying on the Table,

Table, I hope, said he, my charming Bride has been conning the Lesson she is going to repeat; and so clasp'd her in his Arms and kissed her. I have indeed, said *Pamela*, been reading over the Service, and think it is most solemn: I am of the same Opinion, said Mr. *Belmour*, but very suitable; and I can assure my Fairest, that there is not one Tittle in it but what I can very readily subscribe to, and according to the Liberties we People of Fortune generally give ourselves, that is, saying a great deal: But whatever you do my dear *Pamela*, continued he, be chearful, lest some in the small Company, that will be present, not knowing how to account for your too nice Modesty, should think there is some other Person in the World to whom you would more willingly have resigned yourself; having said this, and giving her another Kiss, he left her to dress; which was in a clean white Sattin that had been her Lady's, and with her best laced Pinner.

When she came down to Breakfast, Mr. *Peters* and Mr. *Williams* were both there; and as soon as Mr. *Belmour* heard her near the Door, he met her, and led her into the Room with great Civility and Tenderness. *Pamela* was in such Confusion, that she made her Compliments a little awkwardly, and when she sat down to Breakfast, her Hand shook so, that she spilt some of the Chocolate, and was forced to put the Cup down again.

When Breakfast was over, Mr. *Belmour* said, before the Footman that waited, Well Gentlemen, we will now go into the Chappel, and you will be so good as to give me your Advice about the Alterations I intend to make in it against this Day Seven-night. The Gentlemen getting up to go, I hope, *Pamela*, said Mr. *Belmour*, you will follow us, and give your Opinion too. Ye--s, Sir, said *Pamela*, with a great deal of Stammering and Confusion. But as soon as they were gone, she sunk down into the Chair again, and said to Mrs. *Jewkes*, she was strangely out of Order; whereupon Mrs. *Jewkes* offering

offering her Smelling Bottle to her, she desired she would keep it in her Hand, when they came into the Chappel, tho' she hoped, she said, that she should not have Occasion for it.

Mrs. *Jewkes* said all she could to keep up her Spirits, and told her as they went along, that the Maid *Nan*, was let into the Secret, and was ordered to be at the Chappel Door, to see that No-Body offered to come in. As soon as *Pamela* entered the Chappel, Mr. *Belmour* meeting her, took her by the Hand, and led her up to the Altar; and whispered her as they went along, desiring her again to be chearful.

Mr. *Peters* gave the Bride away, and when the Ceremony was over, Mr. *Belmour* saluted *Pamela* most ardently, and said, God give my dear Love as much Joy as I have upon this Occasion. He presented her next to Mr. *Peters*; and Mr. *Williams* modestly drawing a little back: Mr. *Williams*, said Mr. *Belmour*, pray accept my Thanks, and wish my Wife Joy. Whereupon Mr. *Williams* saluted her, and said, Madam, I do most heartily wish you Joy; and to see so much Innocence and Virtue so eminently rewarded, is, I do assure you, as great a Pleasure as I ever knew.

Mr. *Belmour* taking a Diamond Ring from his Finger, of about forty Pounds Value, presented it to Mr. *Peters*, who, no Doubt of it, received it very kindly. And then he told Mr. *Williams*, that, notwithstanding a Number of Sollicitations, he had reserv'd the Living, which he always designed for him, and desired he would prepare to take Possession of it; and as that might be attended with some Expence, he said, he must accept of That, slipping a Bank Bill of fifty Pounds into his Hand.

In this generous Manner did Mr. *Belmour* behave, doing every Thing as liberally as if he had married a Woman with a Fortune equal to his own. The two Clergymen being gone, the Bride and Bridegroom went in the Chariot to take the Air, thro' some of the neighbouring Villages; but, at their Return,
what

what a Vexation was it to Mr. *Belmour* to be told, that one of Sir *Charles Hargrave's* Footmen had been there, to let him know, that his Master and two other Gentlemen were coming to dine with him in their Way to *Nottingham* !

He complained to *Pamela* what a horrid Intrusion, he thought this was at this Time, at any other, he said, he should have been glad of their Company, but that they were such terrible hard Drinkers, and that he should not, perhaps, be able to get rid of them that Night.

He had scarce done speaking, before the three Rakes came whooping into the Court-Yard, and smacking their Whips in Concert ; Sir *Charles* led the Van, and was followed by *Jack Tanner* and *Tom Ringwood*, Fellows who were never out of their Way, when they could find any Body to drink and sit up with them ; all three Men of good Estates, but with the Vices of Tinkers. It is easy to imagine how a Man of Mr. *Belmour's* Cast, must be tormented by such Wretches at so critical a Time ; he could not turn them out of his House before they had dined, but he ran the Hazard of being thought a sad Dog, and abused by them for a Twelvemonth after, by resolving they should not stay to drink after Dinner. To prepare them for which Disappointment, he told them, he was sorry it happened so, but he was obliged to go ten Miles that Afternoon upon most extraordinary Business ; but he had much ado to persuade them, *Tom Ringwood* especially, that any Business ought to be preferr'd to good Company and a Bottle.

After Mr. *Belmour* had seen a Bumper of *Old-Hock* go round, which was the Liquor they chose, he took an Opportunity to steal up Stairs to *Pamela*, O ! my dear, dear Bride, said he, how am I concerned to be so long deprived of your Company ! these confounded Rakes below are half mad, and would make me so too, but that I hope I have contrived a Way to get rid of them as soon as they have dined. I find,
said

said he, my haughty Sister *Dawers* is mighty full of our Affairs, for she hath taken great Liberties in talking of me before Sir *Charles*, and they have been all upon me without Mercy, to see you, 'till I was forced to be serious with them, and I believe I shall downright quarrel with them, if they do not go away soon, for they have already robb'd me of two or three of the most precious Hours of my Life; so giving her a Kiss he went down again to his Company.

A Footman coming up at this Time to tell Mrs. *Jewkes* Dinner was ready, she asked *Pamela* if she would please to walk down into the little Parlour, where being come, Mrs. *Jewkes* was so complaisant, that she said she would have waited at Table, and it was with much Difficulty that *Pamela* could prevail upon her to sit down, Mrs. *Jewkes* saying, that she hoped she should always know her Duty and the Deference that was due to her Master's Lady; however, at last, she forced her to it, and *Pamela* made a Shift to get down a little Bit of a White Fricasey of Rabbits, when Mr. *Belmour* came in again, and said, the Rakes were now going, and that he must set out with them, but he would choose the Chariot, because if he went on Horseback, he feared, he should not easily get free from them. But why, said he, my charming Bride, do you look thus down? Why so silent? you hardly spoke twenty Words when we were out together. Something may be allowed to thy bashful Sweetness; but not so much. Mrs. *Jewkes*, continued he, have you no pleasant Tale to tell my *Pamela* to make her smile in my Absence? Yes, Sir, said Mrs. *Jewkes*, I could tell her twenty pleasant Stories proper for the Occasion, but I am afraid Madam is too nice to hear them. I knew a bashful young Lady once, who being to be put to Bed — O good, Mrs. *Jewkes*, said *Pamela*, no more of your Story, I do not like the Beginning of it. Well, said Mr. *Belmour*, we will hear it another Time, for by this Time, I believe the Gentlemen are ready to go, and so once more, my dear Life,
adieu



J. Carnivham sculp.

adieu for a short Time, though I shall think every Minute an Age 'till I come back again, to have you in my Arms.

When Mr. *Belmour* and his Company were gone, *Pamela* took a Walk with Mrs. *Fewkes* in the Garden, and after some Time, desired she would go with her down the Elm-Walk to meet the Chariot; for tho' she knew not how to look upon her Master, now her Husband, when she saw him, yet was she more uneasy by his Absence.

What a different Aspect thought she, has every thing about this House and Garden from what it once had. And, said she to herself, my Prison now is become my Paradise. They saunter'd a little down the Walk and then to the broad Style leading to the Road, where, in a very short Space of Time, the impatient Bridegroom came, and alighting, ran to catch his *Pamela* in his fond Arms and hugg'd her to his Bosom.

What, said he, brings my Virgin Bride this Way? may I flatter myself it was to meet me? Yes, indeed, Sir, said she, it was. That's kind, said Mr. *Belmour*, but why that down-cast Look as if you fear'd me? Has my dear Girl any Doubts and Fears that I can cure? speak, and with one Smile you may command all that is in my Power. Indeed, Sir, said *Pamela*, I can have no Doubts or Fears, but that I shall never be able to deserve all your Goodness to me.

At Night as they sat at Supper, Mr. *Belmour* took Notice of her endeavouring, thro' the tender Struggles of her over nice Modesty, to deport herself according to his Wishes, and told her, he ow'd much to her Intention of obliging, tho' he found she could not be so chearful as he would have her. With much Persuasion he forced her to drink two Glasses of Champaign, by naming her Father and Mother's Healths; and as the Time of retiring drew on, he took Notice, but in a very delicate Manner, how her Colour went and came, and how she trembled. Then he said to her, My dear Girl, I fear
you

you have had too much of my Company, and would be glad to recollect yourself in your Closet for half an Hour or so. This was what *Pamela* wished for, but would not say so much for Fear of giving him Offence, for as the Hours grew on she found her Apprehensions increase, and every Time she dared to lift up her Eyes and look him in the Face, she thought there was something in it so sweetly terrible that she could not long behold him.

Mr. *Belmour* seeing her hardly able to stand, lent her his Hand and led her to her Closet, where the first Thing she did, was again to fall upon her Knees and thank God for the Blessings of that Day, and to beseech his divine Goodness to conduct her future Life in such a Manner as might make her a happy Instrument of his Glory.

In about a Quarter of an Hour Mrs. *Jewkes* came up to her, with a Message from Mr. *Belmour*, to know whether he should attend her in her Closet, but as she knew his Meaning, she told *Pamela*, it was in another Place he expected to find her, and so begged she would accept of her Assistance to put her to Bed.

Never did any Man behave with more Delicacy than Mr. *Belmour*, upon the Occasion, no light indecent Jest dropp'd from his Lips, the next Morning, to shock the modest Ears of his chaste Bride; but when she was scarcely able to look up at Breakfast, he emboldened her to speak by talking only of her Parents, a Subject that he knew was always pleasing to her, and gave her Assurance that he would make them both happy. He told her he would have her send a Letter to acquaint them with her Nuptials, and that *Thomas* should go with it the next Morning.

At the same Time, he said, as he found she had hinted in one of her Letters, that her Father had some Debts, that might be heavy upon him, he desired her to send Fifty Guineas, which he then gave her, to pay those Debts, and said, when he came into *Bedfordshire*, he should do something better for them.

To *Pamela* herself, he gave no less than an hundred Guineas, and said, my Dear, I would have you give what you think proper to Mrs. *Fewkes* when we go from hence. Dear Sir, said *Pamela*, let it be what you think proper: Why then, said he, I would have you give her twenty Guineas, as a Compliment on your Nuptials. Give *Colbrand* ten; five a-piece to each of the House-Maids; ten to the Cook; ten to the two Coachmen; five to the Gardener, and two Guineas a-piece to all the Footmen, Grooms and Under-Servants round. When we go to the other House, I will make you a Present, that you may do as you ought to the Servants there, and buy you such Ornaments as are fit for my beloved Wife to appear in. For now, my dearest *Pamela*, notwithstanding what you once said, with Regard to the Censure of other Ladies, I must have you appear as my Wife ought to do. Nor will I, in any Respect, have less Regard paid to you than if I had marry'd the greatest Fortune in the Kingdom: And why should there, since I never found any, even of the first Quality, that could equal my Dear, my charming Bride in the Excellencies either of her Person or Mind?

By this generous Discourse did he encourage her to look up, and banished the bashful Apprehensions which made her almost dread to see him when he first sent for her to Breakfast: And when that was over proposed to take a little Turn in the Chariot before Dinner, at which Time he gave her the Characters of several of the Ladies and Gentlemen in his Neighbourhood in *Bedfordshire*, telling her whose Acquaintance he thought would be the most agreeable to her: And when she mentioned Lady *Davers*, with some Apprehension: Without doubt, said he, my dear *Pamela*, I do love my Sister notwithstanding her violent Spirit; and I know that she loves me, for which Reason, I can allow a little for her Pride, knowing what Difficulty I lately had to subdue my own, and that she is not acquainted with the hundredth Part of the Merits of my dear, and invaluable

luable Spouse: But then, my Dear, I must not have you forget what is due to my Wife, nor stoop too low to her. I know thy gentle Temper will be for endeavouring to soften her by Submission and Humility, but I shall take Care that you do not yield too much to her; but, it may be, if she does not come till we are in *Bedfordshire*, when I shall declare my Marriage publicly, she will not come at all, unless she has a Mind to acknowledge herself in a Fault for what she has already done, for to come to quarrel with me, after she knows I am actually marry'd, would have a very hateful Appearance with it, and look like endeavouring to make a Difference between a Man and his Wife——But enough, continued he, on this disagreeable Subject: I would not have my dear Spouse give way to one Thought, nor hear one Word, that may disturb that Serenity of Mind which I would wish her always to enjoy.

When they returned home, Mr. *Belmour* told his Bride, that he had already wrote to his Taylor in *London* to provide his new Liveries, and to his late Mother's Mercer, to send down Patterns of Silks for her to choose what she thought proper. *Pamela* told him she was unable to express her Gratitude for all his generous Favours to her, and said, that he knew best what was fitting for his own Rank, and therefore she should be wholly directed in that as in every thing else by his Pleasure; but said, that all his repeated Bounties of so extraordinary a Nature made her look with Awe on the Condition he had exalted her to, and feared she should not be able to act in it as she ought, unless he would make some kind Allowance for her Imperfections, and be so generous as to give her his Instructions; and, so far from being uneasy at his telling her any of the Faults he might observe in her Conduct, she should look upon it as one among the many other Proofs of his Affection. He answered her in the kindest Manner, and assured her that nothing should lie upon his Mind which he would

not reveal to her, either to give her an Opportunity of convincing him, or of being convinced herself.

He then mentioned his Design of going the Beginning of the next Week into *Bedfordshire*, and asked if that was agreeable to her, she answered, that, without all manner of doubt, it was; because she found it was so to him, and her Inclinations she hoped would always be the same with his. He asked her next, if there was any thing more she had to wish or desire before they left that Place; she said, that to ask any thing she feared would look like taking Advantage of his generous Condescensions to her, and as if she knew not when to be satisfied; yet continued she, I have one or two Things to wish, and if I could obtain those I should be but too happy.

Speak freely, said he, my *Pamela*, my Love, and whatever those Things are I promise to grant them, unless I can give very good Reasons for the contrary, and then I know you will not any longer desire them. Say, what would my Fair One ask? I would, Sir, said she, in the most humble Manner petition you to forgive and reinstate those of your Servants, who have been so unhappy as to incur your Displeasure upon my Account. Well, said he, my Fairest, and let me know, in particular, whom you would have me take Notice of; and then pressed her gently to his Breast. In the first Place, Sir, said *Pamela*, Mrs. *Fervis*, for she is a good Woman, and I dare say bears your Displeasure with a grievous Heart. Who next, said Mr. *Belmour*? Mr. *Longman*, Sir, said she, and kind as they have been to me, I would not presume to speak for them, if I did not believe them to be just and faithful to you, and that it would be for my dear Master's Interest to have so good Servants about him. And have you nothing to say, said Mr. *Belmour*, for your old Friend *Jonathan*? Indeed, Sir, answered *Pamela*, I would, if I durst, be an Advocate for him too. Well, said he, upon one Condition I will immediately reinstate them all. O! Sir, cry'd she, tell me what that is; that you will reward me,

said he, with one sweet Kiss for my so readily complying; for indeed, my dear *Pamela*, what I not long since thought a Crime in them I now look upon as their Merit, for whatever they did was all owing to their Love and Concern, for what I love and value more than all the World besides, my dear, my virtuous *Pamela*.

O, Sir, said *Pamela*, in how generous a Manner do you confer all your Benefits, when even what you ask for a Reward is adding to the Obligation! And with that she threw her Arm about his Neck, and kissed him, and said, It should be three Times, once for every Person he had forgiven.

I will write to *Longman*, said he, to let him know what he owes to your Interposition; and I would have you, my Dear, send a Letter to *Ferwis* yourself; to order her upon the Receipt of it, to return and take Possession of her former Post; for she will now be more immediately your Servant, and you love her so well, that I know you will go into *Bedfordshire* with the more Pleasure, in Hopes of finding her there. But, said Mr. *Belmour*, there is one you have not yet thought of, the poor penitent *John Arnold*. Why, as he has been penitent, said she, I hope he may be forgiven especially at this Time of Jubilee. I think so too, said he, for as his only Crime was, that his good Wishes to you clashed with his Duty to me, as our Interests for the future will be always the same he can never more be puzzled in doing his Duty; but what, continued he, if I should put *Ferwkes* up in some Way of Business, to keep an Inn as her Sister does, and marry *John Arnold* to her? Then your Gypsy's Prophecy will be fulfilled, for she will have a Husband younger than herself. You are very good, Sir, said *Pamela*, in thus providing for all your Family, but I am afraid this won't look like forgiving, but rather punishing poor *John*.

Mr. *Belmour* smiled, and said, she was very severe upon *Ferwkes*: And then asked her, if she had any thing else to desire. No, *Pamela* told him, he had been

been so generous, and so indulgent to her, that she had not one single Wish to make, but that God would bless him with Life and Health, and that she might continue to preserve his Love and Esteem which would give her all the Happiness she could possibly desire in this Life.

Mr. *Belmour* clasping her in his Arms, said, And I, my dearest Life, never knew what it was to be truly happy 'till now. There are no Joys I find like those which flow from virtuous Love: Such Joys as while a Libertine, I had no Faculties to taste. O! how I despise the Folly of my passed Life! And pity those who have not Souls to relish Virtue as they ought! Thus pleased, thus satisfy'd with one another did this happy Bride and Bridegroom pass their Hours, never with more Delight than in each other's Company, yet Mr. *Belmour* thought it sometimes proper to leave her to her own agreeable Reflections, while he rode out to take the Air, or visit his Neighbours; and being to leave the Country so soon, he told *Pamela*, on *Saturday*, that he would invite Sir *Simon Darnford's* Family, and Lady *Jones* and Mr. *Peters* the next Day to dine with him, and would have Service again in the Chappel in the Morning; but he found that could not be done conveniently for Mr. *Williams* was gone to take Possession of his Living, and Mr. *Peters* could not, at so short a Warning, get one to preach for him at the Parish Church, but he promised to come to Dinner, and said, he would read Service in the Afternoon, so Mr. *Belmour* went round and invited all the rest; but Miss *Darnford* told him, she was resolved not to come unless he would promise to let her dance at his Wedding, by which he found that the Affair had been kept quite secret. When he returned, his lovely Bride and he having dined with great Pleasure by themselves that Day, he took her out with him in the Chariot in the Afternoon, and there she took the Liberty to beg him to let her send a Guinea to a poor Person in the Village, whose Poverty and Distresses Mrs. *Jewkes* had been giving her a lamentable Ac-

count of. He desired her to send two, and whenever she had a Mind to do any Acts of Charity of that kind, he said, he hoped she would not flint herself, for he was sure her Discretion would not make her choose improper Objects, or do more than was fitting. And now, my dear *Pamela*, continued he, I will tell what I have determined to do for your Father and Mother, if they and you approve of it. I would have them go and reside at that little *Kentish* Estate, which you once refused with that Nobleness of Mind, which, tho' it gave me Pain at the Time, I shall never reflect on for the future but with the utmost Satisfaction.

There is a pretty neat House upon it, and I will stock the Farm for them, for I dare say such industrious People would not choose to live idle if they might. This Estate, with fifty Pounds a Year more to keep up their Stock, I will settle upon them for both their Lives. And I propose that we may go to see them and spend a few Days with them every Year, and that they may come over to see us as often as they please, the oftner the better, in *Bedfordshire*, and whenever they have a Mind to come together, I will send a Vehicle of some Sort with six Horses for them; but your Father not having a great deal to do, and having a Horse of his own, will come, I hope, more frequently. What says my *Pamela* to this?

Pamela, taking his Hand between both her's, pressed it to her Lips and kissed it: There is so much Generosity and so much Goodness in it, said she, that it is impossible for me to find Words to express my Gratitude. I know thy grateful Heart, said he, but all I want is, to know that my Proposal is agreeable to you, which I find it is. And now, my Dear, I will tell you what I would have you do with Respect to your own private Charity, far be it from me to give that Name to the last Subject we have been talking of, for what I have mentioned on that Account and more is but a Duty due to Persons so worthy and so nearly related to my Soul's Delight. But that

that you may have it in your Power to shew your Charity and Beneficence to others, I have determined to allow you two Hundred Pounds a Year Pin-Money, which at fifty Pounds a Quarter shall be constantly pay'd you, by *Longman*, for your Use, and which I shall expect no Account of. So the Day we come into *Bedfordshire* you shall receive the first Quarter, that you may have something to begin with, and from that Day it shall continue to be punctually paid.

Pamela saying he was too liberal, and that his Bounty made her quite ashamed to think how unworthy she was of so much Goodness, he bade her not make herself uneasy about such small Matters, for that his Estate could very well bear it, and much more, and she should find that what he had hitherto promised, was short of that Proportion of his Fortune which he intended she should share, and which as his dear Wife, she had a Right to.

How was it possible for *Pamela* to be otherwise than rejoiced and happy, with so kind, so generous a Benefactor, as well as fond and indulgent Husband? There was but one Thing could give her the least Shadow of Uneasiness, and that was the Apprehensions of Lady *Davers*, she told Mr. *Belmour*, if he and his Sister were but once reconciled she could not possibly then have any Thing to wish but the Continuance of his Favour. He said, he wish'd for a Reconciliation as much as she did, and very much for her Sake, and that if Lady *Davers* would but behave tolerably, he would the sooner come to Terms with her.

And now, my dear *Pamela*, said he, I have one Observation to make to you in relation to Dress; I have often taken Notice, that Ladies soon after they are married, very frequently grew careless in this Particular, which, in my Opinion, plainly shews, that they are not willing to be at any Pains to secure the Affection they have already gained and it must be looked upon as slighting their Husbands. Now this is what I could hardly forgive, even in my *Pamela*,

who would have an Excuse that Thousands of her Sex could not make, which is, that she looks well and lovely in any Garb ; therefore, my Dear, I shall always expect to see you dressed against Dinner-Time, except something happens extraordinary. So that, let who will favour us with their Company at our Table, you will always be ready to receive them, as well as in the Afternoon, without being drove to those awkward Apologies which are so common among the Vulgar in high Life as well as low ; for a Woman of Fashion ought always to be in Order to receive the most unexpected Visits without any Confusion.

In the Winter, my Dear, continued he, we shall spend some Part of our Time in *London*, and there I shall not debar you of any of the Diversions you have a Mind to take, because I am sure, my *Pamela* has too right an Understanding to give into any Excesses : If she sometimes makes a Party at Quadrille it will not be with such as turn Night into Day, and neglect all the Duties of their Family for a Game at Cards. Nor tho' she may sometimes be pleased with a moral and sensible Play, she won't be running to the Theatre every Night to shew her Fondness and countenance the Follies of an Harlequin : Nor will she, tho' she has so exquisite a Taste for Music herself, die away in affected Raptures at the Trill of an *Italian* Eunuch's Throat. But I am sure her accustomed Prudence and Moderation will accompany all her Actions in public as well as private Life, and that as she will avoid a formal and precise Behaviour on one Side, so on the other, she will not give a Loose to that extravagant Vanity and Flutter, which make some Women of high Rank and great Fortune most contemptible Creatures. You will always have Judgment enough to distinguish those Ladies who behave in that becoming Manner that makes them every where esteemed, and I am sure will make Choice of such only for your particular Notice, and when you are dressed suitable to the Condition of my
Wife,

Wife, I dare say you wont swoon away if you should chance to see another Lady with a finer laced Head or a richer Solitaire than your own. And such Sort of Women I'll assure you there are in what is called the *Beau Monde*, who always looking above their own Condition are continually creating vain Uneasinesses and Disquiets to themselves. Then, Sir, said *Pamela*, to avoid the Infection of such Folly, I shall desire to appear as little in Public as may be, for I shall be sure of Pleasure and Tranquillity at home in the Conversation of my good Master, my kind and generous Benefactor. And what Pleasures can the Pomp of Theatres, the vain Gaiety of Assemblies, or all the Splendours of a Court, afford equal to the Satisfaction of one half Hour's Society where one is sure of meeting with that good Sense, Sincerity and true Affection, that will always be found inseparable from my own dear Lord and Master, and from my own dear, but now you have prevented my calling them poor, Parents?

Pamela forgot not Mr. *Belmour*'s first Injunction, but the next Day after Breakfast, went up and dressed herself as much like a Bride as she could, in the very best Cloaths she had, and when she came down hearing he was gone to walk in the Garden, she went to him, and finding him in the Summer-house, said, you see, Sir, I have observed your first Command to dress before Dinner, and I hope I shall never be unmindful of any other: But as Mr. *Belmour* was reading, it may be, Sir, continued she, I disturb you at present, and interrupt your Studies? No, said he, there is no Book in the World can give me half the Delight of my dear *Pamela*'s Company, so getting up, he took her by the Hand, and was pleased very much to commend her Dress and Air, then spanning her Waist with his Hands, cry'd, What a Shape is here! It would almost make one regret the Loss of it, and yet, my dear Bride, said he, I can think nothing but that Loss wanting to complete my Happiness. Hold, hold, dear

dear Sir, said *Pamela*, this is the freest Thing you have said to me since I have been Your's. Mr. *Belmour* kissed her Hand, and said, My Dear, such an innocent Wish may be indulged after Marriage, since it is the End of that Institution, and would such a Circumstance be unwelcome to my *Pamela*? I must say, said she, hiding her Blushes in his Bosom, that your Wishes in every Thing shall be mine; but good Sir, say no more.

Conversing in this affectionate Manner they walked about the Gardens, 'till they heard the Coaches stop that brought the Company to Dinner. Mr. *Belmour* went out of the Garden to meet them, and when he was gone, *Pamela* coming by the Back-Door, kneel'd down against it, and returned Thanks to God for not permitting her to escape that Way when she so much desired it, and no sooner rose up from her Knees, but Miss *Darnford* come running up to her, So, Miss, said she, how do you do? You look so pleased, so easy, and so Good-humoured that I am sure you will not refuse me now to dance at your Wedding. Lady *Jones* soon after coming up, told her, she looked like an Angel. Lady *Darnford* and Mrs. *Peters* likewise both complimented her upon her Looks and her Dress; and Mr. *Peters* softly whisper'd in her Ear, God bless you, dear Daughter! but I assure you not so much as my Wife knows it. Sir *Simon*, afterwards came into the Garden, and in his jovial Humour, took *Pamela* by the Hand, and said, Mr. *Belmour*, by your Leave, and kissed her half a Score Times. *Pamela* soon after whisper'd her dear Master, as she yet called him, and said, she was afraid she should suffer much from Sir *Simon's* rude Jokes; by and by, when he revealed the Business to the Company; O! said he, it is his Way, you must grow above these Things now; but shall I lead the Company to the Summer-house and tell them there, or stay till we come into Dinner? *Pamela* said, she wished he would do neither, for she was afraid she should not be able to stand it; Nay, said he, they must know it, for I have
have

have invited them for that Purpose. Then, dear Sir, said she, let it alone 'till they are just going. But to cut the Matter short, Mrs. Jewkes, coming very officiously to know if her Ladyship, with a very low Curtesy, as she called *Pamela*, would please to have any Thing for the Company to drink before Dinner; they all immediately took the Hint; O! said Miss *Darnford*, I'll be farther if they have not stole a Wedding. Ay, ay, said Mrs. *Peters*, it is so without doubt, and Mr. *Peters* never told me one Word of it. I'll assure you, said Mr. *Peters*, I have not married them. O! said she, where were Mr. *Williams* and you together last *Thursday*? Ah, ha! said Sir *Simon*, if there has been any Thing stolen, I am Justice of the Peace, let me examine them, I shall soon find it out; Come, come, Madam, said he, taking *Pamela* by the Hand, answer me by the Oath you have taking, are you entered into the Bonds of Wedlock or no?

Mr. *Belmour* could not help smiling to see how confounded poor *Pamela* looked, Well, my Dear, said he, since your Bluthes discover you, e'en own the Truth and boldly confess it at once. Well! I vow, said Miss *Darnford*, I am quite angry; and I, said Lady *Darnford*, am quite pleased, for these Ladies, tho' an hundred Miles from *London*, were as fond of the Word *quite*, as if they were the actual Inhabitants of *Pudding-Lane* or *Puddle-Dock*. Dear Madam, said Lady *Darnford*, if it be so, give me Leave to wish you Joy: And me, said the eldest Miss *Darnford*, saluting her, but I suppose my Sister will be quite wild because she's not to dance at your Wedding. No, said the Younger, it will be quite as well to have the Dancing-Bout afterwards, and so, dear Madam, I wish you Joy; And I, said Lady *Jones*, and all the rest saluting her round.

No-Body wishes me Joy, said Mr. *Belmour*: No, indeed, reply'd Lady *Jones*, very obligingly, with such a Sponse you need no good Wishes, for it is impossible but you must be happy. That's kindly said, my dear Lady *Jones*, said Mr. *Belmour*, and perfectly agreeable

agreeable to my own Sentiments ; so he went up and saluted her, and then the other Ladies, ending with his Bride, Here, said he, let me conclude, 'twas here my Love first began, and here I mean it shall end ; but that with my latest Breath, for while Life remains I am sure I can never think of any other Love.

Sir *Simon* was very jocose upon the Occasion, and upon one of the Footmen's bringing Word that Dinner was serving up, desired he might have the Pleasure of leading the Bride to her Place ; tho' adad ! she put wanton Thoughts in his Head, and since she was now one of them, he should not be so scrupulous, he said, as he had been.

When the Company came to Table, *Pamela* then made no Difficulty of taking her Place, at the Upper End, as she ought ; and did the Honours of it with as much Presence of Mind, and as good a Grace, as if she had been used to it all her Life. Miss *Darnford* pressed hard for the Ball some Time before Mr. *Belmour* and his Lady left the Country ; but he assuring her that they would return in a short Time, got it off ; but promised to sup at Lady *Darnford's* the Tuesday following, being the Night before he intended to set out for *Bedfordshire*.

In the Afternoon the Company all went to Prayers in the little Chappel, and would have staid Supper as usual, but as soon as Prayers were over, Mr. *Belmour* received a Letter sent by a Man and Horse on Purpose to let him know, that Mr. *Carlton*, a particular Friend of his, lay at the Point of Death, and express'd an extreme Desire to see him ; he could not well refuse complying with his Request, not only as he had a great Friendship for him, but as it would be necessary to see him before he died, having Affairs to settle of great Concern with his Family, Mr. *Belmour*, having a large Mortgage upon his Estate. Sir *Simon* and the rest of the Company, in such a Case, could not but dispense with him, and so to his great Regret, he left his charming Bride for that Night, resolving

solving to set out immediately, the Company therefore all took their Leaves, thinking it would be but decent to let the new marry'd Couple have some little Time to bewail the Misfortune of their being to part so soon.

After Mr. *Belmour* was gone, *Pamela* desired Mrs. *Jewkes's* Company to sup with her, and when it grew towards Bed-Time, the Housekeeper asked her, if she would please to have her for a Bedfellow, instead of a better? but Mrs. *Belmour* thanked her, and said, she would see how it was to lie by herself for one Night.

The next Day about Noon *Thomas* came home from his Master with a Letter to his dear *Pamela*, in which he told her, " that he found his Friend so ill, " that there were no Hopes of his Recovery; and " that he had begg'd him so earnestly to stay one " more Night, which he believes, and so indeed does " the Physician, will be his last, that he could not " tell how to leave him, tho' his Soul and his Wishes " were so much in another Place.

" He said, he had made his dying Friend, and his " distressed Wife and Children so easy, in assuring " them that he would settle every Thing agreeable " to the poor Man's Desire, that they looked upon " him as their good Angel they told him.

" He could wish, he continued, that they had not " engaged themselves to sup at Sir *Simon Darnford's* " the next Night, because he was very desirous to " set out for *Bedfordshire* on *Wednesday*; but in Return to the Civilities of so many good Friends, " who would be there on Purpose, he could not tell " how to put off the Engagement; therefore he " begg'd her, that she would go in the Chariot, " soon in the Afternoon, to Sir *Simon's* and he would " join the Company there about Tea Time, which, " he said, would be better than going home and returning with her, because both together would " make six Miles Difference to him; and he was " sure the Company would excuse his Dress, as they " knew

“ knew the Occasion. He said if she went to dine
 “ with Lady *Darnford*, it would be a Freedom that
 “ would be pleasing to them; and the more as they
 “ did not expect it.

Pamela, who received every, the least Hint, from her Spouse with as much Regard as if it had been a positive Command, was resolved the next Day to dine with Lady *Darnford*, and had accordingly order'd the Chariot to be got ready; but when she was just dress'd, she saw from her Window a Coach with six Horses at the Gate and three Servants on Horse-back, the Coach she saw had Coronets upon it, which put her in some Pain, guessing who it was, when Mrs. *Fewkes* came running up quite out of Breath, to tell her that Lady *Davers* was in the Hall enquiring for her Master and her: *Pamela* ask'd in what Manner she enquired for her. Really Madam, said Mrs. *Fewkes*, I am ashamed to say in how rude a Manner it was. Pray don't mince the Matter but let me know, said *Pamela*, the worst of what she said. Why, Madam, said Mrs. *Fewkes*, I told her you were within, but was preparing to go Abroad, and she said, *But truly she would see the Creature first; she would see the Creature*, she said, *as soon as she could have a little Patience; What has my Brother whor'd her yet? She is not marry'd I hope?* And I told her no, said Mrs. *Fewkes*, as you have not thought proper publickly to own it yet.

O! said *Pamela*, how unlucky it is that this haughty Lady should come here at a Time when my kind Protector is so many Miles from home! I will run away if possible unperceived, pray Mrs. *Fewkes* let the Chariot go to the Bottom of the Elm-Walk till I come to it.

Mrs. *Fewkes* said, she would step down and endeavour to get Lady *Davers* into the Parlour; or else it would be impossible for her to go to the Chariot without her seeing her; but she soon came back again, and said, my Lady would not go into the Parlour, but bade her come up to tell her she must see her. And what

what said *Pamela*, does she call me now? *Wench*, Madam, said Mrs. *Jewkes*; she told me, *I must bid the Wench come down to her, or she would come up and find her.* And who are with my Lady, said *Pamela*? Her Nephew, Madam, and her Woman, answered the other. What shall I do, said *Pamela*, I cannot venture down that's certain to encounter with her high Spirit. Sure, Mrs. *Jewkes*, you might contrive some Way for me to get out if you would. Indeed, Madam, said she, I cannot; for I would fain have persuaded her to have gone into one of the Parlours, but she would not stir, but now sits fanning herself directly facing the Stair-Case, and says, there she will sit till she sees the *Wench*, as she is pleased to call your Ladyship. What must I do, said *Pamela*, I am frightened out of my Wits. Indeed, Madam, said Mrs. *Jewkes*, you have no need to be afraid of her, you have done nothing to be ashamed of, and if I was in your Place I would not discompose myself for any Body. I would put on the Air that belongs to me as Mistress of my own House, and bid her welcome. If I had your Spirit, Mrs. *Jewkes*, said *Pamela*, I might do so too, but as it is — Well, Madam, said Mrs. *Jewkes*, what shall I say to my Lady? tell her, said *Pamela*, I am sick a Bed, I am dying, any Thing in the World to save me from seeing her; but just as she had spoke these Words Mrs. *Worden*, Lady *Davers's* Woman, came into the Room: How do you do Mrs. *Pamela*, said she, my Lady desires to speak with you; there was no resisting any longer, so down she went with her Gloves on and her Fan in her Hand just ready to step into her Chariot if she could find an Opportunity of getting away.

When she came to the Foot of the Stairs, she made my Lady a very low Curtesy. My Lady, looking full at her, Why the Thing's dress'd like a Lady, says she. But she's a charming Girl, by G--d, says her rakish Nephew; Dear Aunt excuse me, I must kiss her: So going to lay his Hands on *Pamela*. And, Sir, said *Pamela*, you must excuse me, for I am not

to be us'd so freely. *Jackey*, said my Lady, sit down, and let the Creature alone, how stately she's grown! Why thou art half got into Fool's Paradise already; But how wilt thou be mistaken, poor Wench, if thou imaginest my Brother will disgrace his Family by humouring the Ambition of such a Flirt for the Sake of a Baby Face!

I see, said *Pamela*, your Ladyship has no important Commands for me; and therefore I beg Leave to withdraw. *Worden*, said my Lady to her Woman, shut the Door, this pretty young Lady and I must not part so soon. Well but, Child, said she, Where is thy precious Master? Thy well-bred Deceiver where is he gone? When your Ladyship is pleas'd to speak intelligibly, said *Pamela*, I shall know how to answer you.

Intelligibly! I assure you, said my Lady: Why thou art very pert, but don't imagine that thy Master's Sister, will so easily excuse your Freedoms, as his well-bred Fondness may do, so a little of that Respect and Humility that is proper for my Mother's Chambermaid, would be mighty becoming in thee, Child.

I would beg the Favour, Madam, said *Pamela*, if your Ladyship would have me preserve that Distance that is due to you, that you would not yourself forget your Rank and Degree. And suppose, said my Lady, I should not obey your kind Instructions as to my Behaviour, do you intend then to grow saucy, and not to keep your Distance?

If your Ladyship, said *Pamela*, lessens that Distance yourself by descending to my Level, it will be your own Fault, since I am sure, in your Opinion at least, it is impossible for me to be lower than I am.

Do you hear, *Jackey*, said my Lady, did I not tell you that the Creature fancied herself a Wit. I vow to Gad, said the young Fop, you talk very prettily Mrs. *Pamela*, but G--d--mn ye, Child, you ought to know you are talking to Lady *Davers*. Sir, said *Pamela*, there is no need of an Oath to convince me
of

of that, I know who I talk to, and should be proud to shew all the Respect that is due to her Ladyship's Birth and Quality, unless she forces me to do otherwise.

Otherwise! said my Lady, otherwise! Hast thou the Impudence, Flirt, Strumpet, I dare say I may call thee, by this Time, to think of doing otherwise. Well, Madam, reply'd *Pamela*, for Fear I should forget myself, I shall beg leave to retire: And thereupon was going out of the Room; but Lady *Davers* rising up suddenly, gave her a Push, and placing a Chair sat with her Back against the Door.

Well, Madam, said *Pamela*, I will endeavour to bear any Thing from your Ladyship; and so, with the Tears ready to burst from her Eyes, she went and sat down at the farther End of the Room, and fanned herself, being in a great Heat.

Mrs. *Worden*, Lady *Davers's* Woman, who stood all the Time, said softly, Mrs. *Pamela*, you should not sit down in my Lady's Presence. Was there ever such Assurance! cry'd my Lady, What does the Creature sit herself down in the Room where I am?

Pamela rising up, said, Madam, when your Ladyship frightens me so that I am hardly able to stand, I thought I might be permitted to sit. No, no, stand, *Wench*, said my Lady, and answer me the Question I asked you so long ago, Where is your Master? He is gone, said *Pamela*, Madam, to see a very particular Friend, one Mr. *Carlton*, about Eighteen Miles off, who lies very ill and a dying. And when does he come home? This Evening, Madam, said *Pamela*. That's well, cry'd my Lady, and where were you going, if I had not come? To a Gentleman's House in the Neighbourhood, said *Pamela*. And how wer't to go, ask'd my Lady? In the Chariot, answered *Pamela*. The Chariot is put to a fine Use, truly, said my Lady, and fine Gentlesfolks they must be who receive such Visits. Was it the Butcher's or the Exciseman's Lady you were going to visit? As these are Questions, Madam, asked only in Ridicule.

and not for any Information to your Ladyship, I shall not think myself oblig'd to answer them, said *Pamela*. You shant! do you hear *Jackey*, how wise the Thing is? I have heard, indeed, the ridiculous Creature affects to talk Sentences, which in a Girl of Eighteen is to be sure the very Height of Ridicule.

Pamela no longer able to refrain from Tears, said, Madam, I beseech your Ladyship to let me know, what I have done to be thus used by you? I am sure I never, to my Knowledge, gave you the least Offence. And if you think I have been deceived, which you have been pleas'd more than once to hint since you came in, I should then, methinks, be more entitled to your Pity than your Anger.

Hereupon my Lady rose, and taking *Pamela* by the Hand, draw'd her to her Chair, and then sat down again still holding her Hand, and said, Why, *Pamela*, while I thought you innocent I did pity you, and when I heard my Brother had brought you hither against your Consent, I own I was concerned for you, and still more so, when I heard of your Virtue and Resistance, and of the many fruitless Attempts you made to get from him; but now you have lost your Innocence, and suffer'd yourself, as I fear you have, to be deluded by him, and added to the Number of Fools he has already undone, I cannot forbear shewing how much I am displeased at both him and you, because you were left by my good Mother to his particular Care.

I beg, Madam, said *Pamela*, your Ladyship will make no hasty Judgment, I have not lost my Innocence—— O *Pamela*! said my Lady, have a Care what you say, the Case is but too plain——Why else are you here, when there is nothing to restrain you from going where you please? Why in this Dress? Come I will make one Proposal to you, which if you are innocent you will very readily accept of I am sure. If you will go and live with me, I will take you home immediately in my Coach with me; and not stay an Hour longer in this House. What do

do you pause upon it? continued my Lady, that speaks your Guilt but too plainly. If you were innocent and willing to keep so, you would not hesitate one Moment upon my Proposal.

Indeed, Madam, said *Pamela*, I am innocent, and am willing to keep so; yet I cannot consent to this.

Then, Child, said my Lady, thou liest in saying thou art innocent. A plain Case, a plain Case, said Master *Jackey*. And O! Madam, your Ladyship is very good, I always thought what the Girl would come to, said my Lady's Woman, Mrs. *Worden*, who was that same Mrs. *Rebecca*, now married to Mr. *Worden*, Lord *Davers's* Gentleman, who lived with Lady *Davers* before she marry'd, and who affronted *Pamela* the very next Day after she was brought home from her Parents by Mrs. *Belmour*.

Pamela once more, seeing how she was like to be treated, endeavoured to go away, for Lady *Davers* was now got out of the Chair and walking about the Hall; but her Nephew immediately clapp'd himself down in it, and said, Now, Madam, I will take Care of you. This provoked *Pamela* so, that she thought she should be unworthy of the Honour she was raised to, tho' she was afraid to own it, if she did not shew some little Resentment; therefore, speaking to Mr. *Quidgely*, Lord *Davers's* Nephew, What Pretence, Sir, said she, can you have in this House for keeping me Prisoner? Only my Dear, said he, because it is my Fancy, that's all my Dear, G-d-mme. Tho' said *Pamela*, you may think that an Answer sufficient for such a one as me, yet I dare say, you would give one more modest were you called to account by a Gentleman: And herein *Pamela* judged very right, for it was but the Winter before that this young Coxcomb having been guilty of some great Indecencies at the Opera, and affronted a Lady of Quality, when her Husband came to enquire into it, he was mean enough to offer to ask the Lady's Pardon upon his Knees on the Stage, if no more might be said of it.

Lady *Davers*! Lady *Davers*! cry'd he, I vow to Gad here's a fair Challenge. No, Sir, said *Pamela*, I am not of the Sex that gives Challenges, and that you know, or you had not done so much as you have to provoke one. Don't mind her, said Lady *Davers*, the Wench could never talk with this Assurance if she was not freer with her Master than she ought to be. *Pamela*! *Pamela*! said she, and hit her two or three smart Strokes on the Shoulder, thou hast entirely lost thy Innocence and art fit to go any where. Then, Madam, reply'd *Pamela*, I desire I may quit your Presence, for I must needs be unworthy of it, were I the sad Creature you imagine me to be.

No, said my Lady, I will know first what Sort of Reason you can give for not accepting my Proposal if you are innocent. I could give a very good one, answer'd *Pamela*, but hope you will excuse me: No, I will hear it, said she: Why then, Madam, said *Pamela*, perhaps I should have as little or less Reason to like the Place where this Gentleman, your Nephew, is, than where I am already.

O! if that be the Case, said Lady *Davers*, I will put you to another Trial. I will take Care to see you safely delivered up to your Father and Mother, and if you will go, I will send a Servant away for another Coach to meet me, and *Worden* shall go on with you in this that I have here, and we will set out the Instant we have dined, for I suppose the Housekeeper here, what is her Name, *Jewkes*, will find a Bit of something for me to eat. Now, what do you say to that? Ay, Mrs. *Pamela*, said her Nephew, what does your Innocence say to that? G--d --mme, Madam, you have puzzled her now.

Come answer me, *Pamela*, said my Lady, what can'st thou say to this last Proposal? That I have no manner of Occasion, said *Pamela*, to be beholden to your Ladyship for this Honour because I am to set out To-morrow Morning on the Way to my Parents. Now thou liest again, Wench, said Lady *Davers*. I dare say, I am not of Quality, Madam, answered *Pamela*, to
make

make any Reply to such Language. Thou hast Pertness enough to say any Thing, said she, and pray who is to carry you to your Father and Mother? Who my Master pleases, Madam, said *Pamela*. Ay, I doubt not, said my Lady, thou wilt do every thing that thy Master pleases: And now tell me from thy Heart, hast thou not been a Bed with thy Master? ha! Wench; *Pamela* was quite shocked at this, and said, I wonder how your Ladyship can use me in this Manner; you cannot expect an Answer to such a Question I am sure, and I should have imagined that my Youth and Sex might have screened me from such Treatment, from a Person of your Ladyship's Birth and Quality, who are at least of the same Sex how superior soever to me in Rank. I beg you, Madam, to permit me to go; I am waited for in the Town to Dinner. No, no, said Lady *Davers*, I cannot spare you yet, and whoever it is that waits for your Company, they will excuse you, when they know who it is commands you to stay; besides, I shall prevent your exposing my Brother, by going into the Town in this Dress, to be sure you took the Advantage of his being abroad, for he could never have suffered it had he been here himself: Poor Girl! said she, thou wer't once modest and humble; what a sweet Innocence is here destroyed! methinks I could cry over her, if it would do her any Good: But she is quite lost and abandoned, and assumes such a Carriage as all these sort of Creatures are distinguished by.

Here *Pamela* could not forbear taking out her Handkerchief and weeping bitterly for Vexation; at the same Time, Mrs. *Jewkes* came in, and asked if her Ladyship was ready for Dinner? Yes, said my Lady, where am I to dine? Come, Miss, said she, you may pull off your Gloves and lay by your Fan, for you shall not go I assure you, but if you behave well, you shall wait upon me at Table; and then I may have some farther Talk with you. Mrs. *Jewkes* said to *Pamela*, Madam, may I speak one Word with you?

you? I cannot tell, Mrs. *Jewkes*, said *Pamela*, for you see my Lady holds my Hand, and keeps me as it were, her Prisoner. O! what you have to say Mrs. *Jewkes*, said my Lady, you may speak before me, but Mrs. *Jewkes* went out and seem'd concern'd for *Pamela*, who she afterwards said looked as red as Scarlet.

The Cloth was laid in the great Parlour for three Persons, and my Lady led *Pamela* in. Come said she, pretty Miss, I will hand you in, and for once think it as well as if it was done by my Brother. Come, *Jackey*, said my Lady, let us go to Dinner, and *Worden*, do you help *Pamela* to wait, for we will have none of the Fellows. Mrs. *Jewkes* coming in with the first Dish, do you expect any Body else, *Jewkes*, said my Lady, that you have laid the Cloth for three? I was in Hopes, said the Housekeeper, that your Ladyship and Madam, would have been so well reconciled, that you might have set down together. How now, Woman! cry'd my Lady, with some Warmth, did you think that the Creature should sit down with me? She does, and please your Ladyship, said Mrs. *Jewkes*, with my Master. I doubt it not, said my Lady, and lies with him too I suppose. Does she not, Fat-Face? You seem by your Bulk like one of those modest Gentlewomen that would promote any Good-natured Office.

Well, said Mrs. *Jewkes*, if she does lie with my Master there may be a Reason for it, and went out of the Room. Ay, a good one in thy Way of thinking I dare say, said Lady *Davers*. Come, my little Dear, continued she, you may as well pull off your white Gloves, and with that, pull'd the Glove off of her Left-Hand herself, and then 'spy'd her Ring; O! my sweet Stars, said she, the Wench has got a Ring too, like a Wedding Ring, this is a precious Piece of Foolery indeed! Dost know, Creature, how thou art trick'd? And so the poor Wench has exchanged her Innocence for this Bauble.

Pamela

Pamela was resolv'd to try to be silent, although she was grievously vexed, so went and sat her down in one of the Windows, while Lady *Davers* seated herself at the Upper-End of the Table. And Master *Jackey* sitting by her, said, in a sneering Way, Madam, shan't we ask Mrs. *Bride* to sit down with us? Well thought of *Jackey*, said my Lady, but I hope Mrs. *Bride*, at least will excuse my taking her Place. After my Lady had eat some Soup, she began to cut up a Fowl, and said to *Pamela*, if thou longest Child I will help you to a Pinion, or a Bit of the Breast. May be, said *Jackey*, the *Bride* may have a Fancy to the Rump, and then laughed like an Ideot, for all he is a Lord's Son, and may be a Lord himself, for he is the eldest Son of Lord *Tinsel*, and his Mother was Lord *Davers*'s Sister.

Pamela, said my Lady, give me a Glass of Wine, but my Lady's Woman offering to do it, No, *Wor-den*, said my Lady, let it alone, I will have my Lady *Bride* do me that Honour, to see if she can stand or no: But *Pamela* was still silent and offered not to stir.

Dost hear, *Chastity*? cry'd my Lady, help me to a Glass of Wine when I bid thee. What, not stir! Master *Jackey* getting up, carry'd a Bottle and Glass to *Pamela*, Come, Mrs. *Bride*, said he, help my Lady, and I'll be your Deputy. Sir, reply'd *Pamela*, it is in a good Hand, pray help my Lady yourself. Why, Wench, cry'd my Lady, dost thou think thyself above it? Insolent Slut! learn to know your Duty, and this Instant, when I bid you, give me a Glass of Wine.

Pamela now plucking up a little Spirit, said, if to attend your Ladyship at Table, or even to kneel at your Feet would satisfy you, and I were only the Person you think me, I would most readily do it; but as your Intention is only to insult and triumph over one who has received Honours that oblige her to act another Part, I must tell you I cannot nor *will not* do it.

My

My Lady seem'd very much surprized, and look'd now upon her Kinsman, and then upon her Woman. Why, I'm astonish'd, said she; so I suppose, you would have me take you for my Brother's Wife. What I have said, answered *Pamela*, your Ladyship has forced from me. Well, but, said she, dost thou really think thyself so. *Pamela* making no Reply. Silence, said the Nephew, gives Consent. 'Tis plain she does. Why, thou Beggar's Brat! said my Lady, what, in the Name of Impudence, possessest thee, to dare to look upon thyself as my Sister? That Question, Madam, reply'd *Pamela*, will better become your most worthy Brother to answer than me.

My Lady *Davers*, upon this, was rising in great Wrath, but her Woman, begg'd her not to put herself in a Passion, and said, she would do herself more Harm than the Girl, who if she had been deluded with a Sham-Marriage, would be deserving of her Ladyship's Pity, but was beneath her Anger. You say right, *Worden*, but in the mean time, there is no bearing her Impudence.

Pamela would now have gone out of the Room again; but young Mr. *Quidgely*, ran and sat with his Back against the Door. O Lud! Madam, don't go, said he, we shall lose all our Sport when you are gone. I fancy, Sir, said *Pamela*, when my Master comes to know this rude Behaviour you will have Reason to repent it. Another Challenge, said he, by Gad. *Pamela* giving him a most contemptuous Look, Young, and mean born as I am, I should think I degraded my Understanding, said she, to dispute with thee. Go, laugh, and be the Sport of thy own Footmen, thou hast nothing in thee that claims any Respect from me. G-d d--mme, Madam, said he,——and could get out no more, he was in such a Flutter. Why, *Worden*! cry'd my Lady *Davers*, Is this to be borne? Is my Lord *Davers*'s Nephew, the Son of a Nobleman, to be treated thus by such a Slut! And was running at her full drive, when Mrs. *Jewkes*, hearing high Words, came into the Room with

with the first Dish of the second Course. Madam, Madam, said she, I beg your Ladyship will not discompose yourself. I am afraid what has happened to Day, will make the Breach wider than ever between your good Ladyship and your Brother.

Woman be silent, said my Lady *Davers*, and know that I will take what Privilege I please in this House, where I was born, without being talk'd to by the saucy Servants in it. I beg your Pardon, Madam, said Mrs. *Fewkes*, and then turning to *Pamela*, Madam, said she, I am afraid my Master will take it very ill that you make him wait thus long. *Pamela* was rising up, No, said my Lady, if it was only for that Reason, she shan't go; so she went to the Door after Mrs. *Fewkes* went out, and shut it, and bade her not dare to come in again 'till she call'd her; then coming to *Pamela*, she shook her by the Shoulder, and cry'd, I will see if you can find your Legs, Miss, and know how to stand as you ought to do.

Pamela standing up, she tapp'd her on the Cheek, O! that red Glow, said she, shews what a rancorous Heart you have, if you durst to let it appear, come, stand here by my Chair, while I dine, and answer me a few more Questions, and then I may dismiss you perhaps; but as soon as my Lady sat down *Pamela* walk'd cross the Room to the Window. Lord, Mrs. *Pamela*, said my Lady's Woman, don't make my Lady angry, but go and stand by her as she bids you. Let it suffice you, answer'd *Pamela*, to attend your Lady's Commands, that's your Duty, but you have nothing to do with me. O dear! said she, the Times are finely alter'd with you Mrs. *Pamela*, what you are too good to be spoke to I warrant, by such a one as me. Hush, hush, said *Pamela*, my Lady don't want your Assistance, and I can't tell how to scold.

No, but G---d---mme, said Master *Jackey*, you can say damn'd spiteful Things. By Gad, *Worden*, she's more than a Match for you and I, my Lady must handle her herself. Well, but *Pamela*, said my Lady, come hither, and tell me, do'st thou really and

truly think thyself marry'd to thy Master ? My good Lady, said, *Pamela*, approaching her Chair, I will answer any thing you shall command me, if you will but have a little Patience, and not be so angry with me, I would fain shew your Ladyship all the Respect that is due to you ; but I cannot bear to be used thus by this Gentleman, and your Ladyship's Woman, whom I am upon no Account obliged to have any Regard for.

O! Miss, said my Lady, thou hast been very pert to that Gentleman, and as for my Ladyship's Woman, she is much thy Betters. But all this is nothing to the Purpose — Tell me, Child, do'st thou really think thyself marry'd ?

It is a very difficult Matter, said *Pamela*, to make an Answer that your Ladyship will approve of, should I say I am not marry'd, you will be apt to call me hard Names ; and should I say I am, you will wonder at my Impudence and call it a Sham-Marriage. Answer me directly, Wench, said Lady *Davers*, and the Truth : To what Purpose ? reply'd *Pamela*, your Ladyship won't believe me if I should. No, to be sure I shan't, said my Lady, if thou hast the Vanity and Folly to say thou art marry'd. My Brother, Child, is no Fool ; Libertine enough I grant you : And you may not be the first in the List of his credulous Harlots. Well, well, said *Pamela*, with a little Warmth, I am very well contented with my Lot, at present, if I am deluded, why should your Ladyship take so much Pains to destroy the Happiness I enjoy ?

Why, said she, do'st think I am not concerned to see a poor Wench, whom my Mother loved so dearly, thus cast away, and suffer herself to be ruin'd, after the noble Stand she so long made in Defence of her Virtue. No, answered *Pamela*, I am not ruin'd. I am still virtuous, nor by the Grace of God, shall I be ever any other ; not for all the Temptations in the World. Thou ly'st, thou ly'st, said my Lady. I am sorry, said *Pamela*, that a Lady of your
Quality

Quality should descend to such Language, but you have given me the Lye twice already.

Go, said my Lady, thou art ~~what I will not name~~, and hit her a Slap on the Hand. *Pamela* made her a low Curtesy, and said, I humbly thank your Ladyship; but could not refrain from Tears; your Brother, continued she, your worthy Brother, Madam, will not thank you for this Usage of me, whatever I do. Come a little nearer to me, said my Lady, and you shall have something more to tell him of, if thou think'st thou hast not yet made Mischief enough.

The Cloth being taken away. Now, Madam, said *Pamela*, I suppose I may depart from your Ladyship's Presence. I suppose not, said my Lady, I dare say, Child, thy Stomach's too full to eat yet; and so thou may'st e'en fast 'till thy beloved Master comes home.

Here my Lady's Woman spoke in her Behalf, Pray Madam, said she, let the poor Girl sit down to Dinner with Mrs. *Jewkes* and me — You are very kind, Mrs. *Worden*, said *Pamela*, but Times, as you said not long ago, are altered with me, and I have been honoured so much of late by better Company, that I can't stoop to yours.

There's Assurance for you! said my Lady. Why, Wench, you ought to have made a low Curtesy, and thank'd my Woman for the Honour she did you in asking you. I beg, said *Pamela*, your Ladyship will be pleas'd to tell me how long you intend to keep me here, for you may see, by that Letter, I am obliged to attend my Master: And with that, she gave her the Letter Mr. *Belmour* had sent her the Day before, hoping when she saw that it might make her use her the better; but it had a quite contrary Effect. My Lady read it with great Disdain, and when she had done, And so this good Neighbourhood permit thy Visits, do they? said she. Then I am sure they shall have none of mine, I always thought them a Pack of awkward Wretches: Lady *Jones's* Father got his Estate in the City; and Lady *Darnford*, I have heard, was a Mantua-Maker, whom Sir *Simon* fell in

love with and marry'd, when he was a great gawking Boy just come from School, and the two Hoydens her Daughters, never saw any thing beyond *Lincoln Assembly*, except it was that they were once long enough in *London* to see the Tombs, and the Tower, to gape at a Lord Mayor's Shew, and be once introduced into the humble Gallery to see the Ball at Court upon the King's Birth-Day. Such Tramontaine Creatures! But now, Wench, I would fain know what thou meanest by shewing me this Letter. That your Ladyship may see, said *Pamela*, that I was really engaged. — And was that all? said she, I don't know, answered *Pamela*, if your Ladyship can gather any other Circumstances from it, perhaps I might believe you would not use me the worse for it.

My Lady's Eyes sparkling with Passion, she took *Pamela* by the Hand, and grasping it very hard: I knew, said she, impertinent Creature, you shew'd it to insult me, and let me see he could be civiler to such a Beggar's Brat, than even to me, his own Sister, or my Lord *Davers*, a Peer of one of the ancientest Families in *England*. You shew'd it me, Hussy, thinking I should be as credulous a Fool as thyself, and believe your Marriage is real, tho' I know the whole Trick of it. Sweet Heaven! that my Brother should ever think it worth his while to pay such Compliments to a Piece of painted Dirt! But know, mean, base-born Pug, I will not have Patience with thee, if thou should'st but offer to let me know thou can'st imagine thyself marry'd to him. O! I could never bear a Thought like that. Your Ladyship, said *Pamela*, won't kill me, I hope. I know not what my Rage may prompt me to, said she, reaching out her Hand to hit her a Box on the Ear; but Mrs. *Fewkes*, who had been for some Time listening at the Door, coming in at that Instant, rushed between my Lady and *Pamela*, and said, Madam, your Ladyship knows not what you do; my Master would never forgive me, nor suffer me to continue one Hour in his House, if he knew I could hear one he so dearly loves thus us'd without interposing.

posing. It must not be, indeed, Madam, it must not; but my Lady was for pushing Mrs. *Jewkes* away to come at *Pamela*, and seemed like one distracted, her Woman intreating her not to discompose herself about one who was not worth her Anger.

Pamela, very much terrify'd, now made another Offer to go, and Mrs. *Jewkes* took her by the Hand to lead her out of the Room, but Mr. *Quidely* set his Back against the Door, and, laying his Hand to his Sword, said, She should not go 'till his Aunt gave Leave. The Coxcomb having drawn his Sword half out of the Scabbard: *Pamela* was so scared, that she cry'd out, The Sword! The Sword! and not knowing what she did, ran to my Lady *Davers* herself, and catching hold of her Petticoats, as she sunk down on her Knees to the Ground, cry'd, O! good Madam, defend me from the Sword, the Sword! Mrs. *Jewkes* scream'd out, O! my Lady will fall into Fits, my dear, dear Lady! but Lady *Davers* was so startled herself at the Matters being carried so far, that she did not mind what Mrs. *Jewkes* said, but cry'd, *Jackey* don't draw your Sword, she can't bear that, you see, as great as her Spirit is. Come, said she to *Pamela*, he shan't frighten you, and I'll try to overcome my Anger, and pity you: Rise up, and don't be foolish. Said she to Mrs. *Jewkes*, who was holding a Bottle of Salts to *Pamela's* Nose, do you go out of the Room, and pray *Jackey* withdraw and leave *Pamela* and me by ourselves.

The Housekeeper and my Lady's Nephew being gone out of the Room, *Pamela* sadly frightened went and sat herself in the Window; But, said Mrs. *Worden*, Mrs. *Pamela* you should not sit in my Lady's Presence. Yes, yes, said my Lady, let her sit still she has a little recovered her Fright, and do you set my Chair by her; so my Lady sitting over against her, To be sure, *Pamela*, said she, you have been very provoking with your Tongue, as well to my Nephew, who is a Man of Quality, as to myself. My Lady, now supposing, without doubt, that she

had carry'd Matters farther than she could answer to her Brother, began to palliate the Affair a little, and would have had *Pamela* own the Fault was her's. You cannot deny, said she, but you have been very saucy; therefore, if you will ask Mr. *Quidgely's* Pardon and mine, I will endeavour to pity you; for you are a pretty Girl after all, if you could but have held out; and have been as honest as you are handsome, or as you have been 'till very lately.

I assure you, Madam, said *Pamela*, your Ladyship does me great Injustice to imagine I am not now as honest as ever. Why, said she, have you not been a Bed with my Brother? Answer that. Your Ladyship, said *Pamela*, asks your Questions in a strange Way, and in strange Words. Good lack! cry'd my Lady, what, I warrant your Delicacy is offended at such a plain Question! O Wench this Nicety will soon leave you; but come answer me directly. Then your next Question, said *Pamela*, will be, whether I am married or not, and if my Answer should displease you, as it certainly will, your Ladyship will beat me again.

Beat you! cry'd my Lady, why I han't beat you yet, have I, *Worden*? So, so, I find you are trying to make out a fine Story: But indeed, *Pamela*, I could be almost provoked to do so, if thou should'st so much as say you thought yourself my Sister. I know the whole Plot and Contrivance of thy Sham-Marriage, and I dare say you do so too, but you have Cunning enough to make it a Cloak to thy yielding, and thereby hope to bring your Master to better Terms.

Pamela nettled at this, rose from the Window, and walking to the other End of the Room, beat me again, cry'd she, if you please, but I must and will say, I am as much married as your Ladyship.

At this, Lady *Dawers* ran towards her again with great Fury; but Mrs. *Worden* once more interposed, and said, Madam, let the vain Creature go out of your Presence, she is not worthy to continue in it.

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It does but vex your Ladyship, to have her here. O! Prithee, *Worden*, said my Lady, get out of my Way, I cannot forbear her any longer. As much married as I, that's an Assertion I would not bear from my Brother himself: O! the audacious Wench. But, Madam, said Mrs. *Worden*, if the Creature believes she is, she ought really to be pity'd for the Credulity, which, in Time, must make her very miserable when she comes to be undeceived.

While Mrs. *Worden* was talking to her Lady, *Pamela* was in Hopes to have slipped out at the Door, but my Lady caught hold of her Gown, and pulled her back. O, Madam, Madam, cry'd *Pamela*, don't kill me I beseech you; for my Lady had lock'd the Door, and put the Key in her Pocket; but *Pamela* just then seeing Mrs. *Jewkes* before the Window, lifted up the Sash, and called to her, Mrs. *Jewkes*, said she, I believe it would be best for the Chariot to go to your Master, and let somebody acquaint him, that my Lady *Davers* is here, and I can't possibly leave her.

What a Message is there, said Lady *Davers*, would the Creature have my Brother believe I make her my Companion; No, no, let the Chariot stay, I would have him a little uneasy in the Disappointment of his precious Love's coming to him; may every Man be disappointed who places his Affections so unworthily, I say. How the poor Man will sit on Thorns, I warrant.

Mrs. *Jewkes* coming a little nearer to the Window, *Pamela* whisper'd her to bid *Robin* be at the Elms, and she would have one more Struggle to get out, she said. Mrs. *Jewkes* went according to Order, and the Window continuing open, *Pamela* saw it would be no difficult Matter to get out of it, therefore as my Lady was still dancing the galloping Nag without a Fiddle, when *Pamela* saw her at the farther End of the Room, she whipt up into the Seat and so cleverly out, running cross the Yard with all the Speed she could, my Lady calling out of one Window to

stop her, and Mrs. *Worden* at the other. Two of my Lady's Men hearing her call out, would certainly have prevented *Pamela's* Escape, for they were just going to lay hold of her, if *Colbrand* had not come to her Assistance, and swore he would chine the Man, that was his Expression, who offer'd to touch his Lady.

Pamela ran so swift that *Colbrand*, with his huge Strides, could hardly keep Pace with her, and never stopt 'till she got to the Chariot, *Robin* holding the Door open, she jump'd in without touching the Step, and cry'd out, good *Robert* drive me as fast as you can out of my Lady's Reach.

Robert drove away smartly till he came to Sir *Simon Darnford's*, and there *Pamela* found that *Colbrand* had got up behind the Chariot, lest, as he told her, my Lady might have sent after her.

When the Chariot stopt at Sir *Simon's* Gate, it was near six of the Clock, so long had this cruel Lady kept the poor young Creature in Pain and Fear. And immediately upon *Pamela's* alighting, the youngest Miss *Darnford* came running out to her, O, Madam, said she, you're very welcome; but you'll be beat I can tell you, for here has been Mr. *Belmour* these two Hours before you. O! indeed, indeed, said *Pamela*, I can't afford it, for she knew not what she said herself, being not recovered from her Fright. Dear Miss, said she, let me sit down any where, for I have such a Palpatation at my Heart, and am in such Confusion, I know not what I do or say; excuse me my dear good Miss, but I must beg to lean a little on your Arm 'till I have recovered my Spirits.

Well, said Miss *Darnford*, I find you are both strangely disorder'd, your Lord and Master came in very moody, at first, not to find you here, and when he had sat above an Hour expecting you, he began to be so peevish that we had much ado to prevail upon him to sit down to sober Ombre, with my Mother and Lady *Jones*; come, you must make your

Appearance or he'll be ruined, for he does not mind one Card he plays.

You have no Strangers I hope, said *Pamela*? Only two Women Relations, said Miss, from *Stamford*, and an humble Servant to one of them. O! said *Pamela*, how can I go in to so much Company in the Condition I am in? If he should be angry I can never bear it; you can't imagine the Frights I have been in. She had no sooner said these Words but Lady *Darnford* and Lady *Jones* came out to chide her, as they said, for not coming before, and when *Pamela* was going to make an Excuse for herself, Mr. *Belmour* came also into the Hall, and she ran up to him, but was not able to speak. How do you do *Pamela*? said he, and saluted her, but more coolly than usual. I expected, continued he, that half a Word from me, when I was so complaisant to your own Choice, would have determined you, and that you would have come to Lady *Darnford*'s to Dinner. O! dear, Sir, said *Pamela*, hear me, and then I am sure you will think I deserve your Pity. Mrs. *Jewkes* will tell you, that the Moment I knew your Pleasure I resolv'd to do myself the Honour of dining with these good Ladies, and made myself ready accordingly; but O, Sir! such an Accident has happened! What is it, my Dear, said he, but give yourself Time to breathe, you seem strangely disorder'd. O Sir, said she, when I was just coming away, and the Chariot at the Door, who should come up to the Gate but Lady *Davers*. My Sister! said he, nay, then I don't doubt but my dear Life has had a dismal Trial of her Patience from that haughty Woman. I do pity thee indeed, continued he, and kissed her with great Tenderness, I do pity thee, before thou tell'st me what thou hast gone through: But have you seen her?

Yes, Sir, said *Pamela*, and felt her too. Why sure, said Mr. *Belmour*, she has not had the Insolence to strike thee! However, Sir, said she, you see I am got safe to you at last, but pray tell me you forgive me, for indeed, I could not come sooner, and I'll tell
you

you all another Time, I have been in great Perplexity that's certain, but the Sight of you has given me fresh Spirits enough, I hope, to be cheerful in the Company I am going to.

That's a dear Girl, said Mr. *Belmour*, and I beg Pardon for being angry, for the future, I will always hear your Defence before I condemn you. Well, said Miss *Darnford*, this is something like, to own a Fault is some Attonement, and what every lordly Husband won't condescend to. But tell me, said he, did Lady *Davers* offer any Incivility to my dear *Pamela*? She is your Sister, Sir, said *Pamela*, and therefore I would not complain too much, but indeed, she has used me very severely. Did you let her know that you are married? said he. Yes, Sir, at last I was forced to it; but she will have it that it is a Sham-Marriage, and was ready to beat me when I told her of it.

How unlucky it was, said he, that I was not at home! but sure you might have sent Some-Body to me here. Sent, Sir, said *Pamela*, No, indeed, I could not, for I was kept close Prisoner, or do you think I would not have obey'd your Commands? I told her I was engaged to dine Abroad; but that she made a Jest of; and when I shew'd her your Letter, she was out of all Patience, and called me a great many hard Names; but, Sir, you must not be angry with her on my Account.

I find, said he, she came before Dinner, by your saying it was just as you were ready to come hither, and pray did she ask you to dine with her? Dine with her! no, indeed, Sir, answered *Pamela*, but would have had me wait at Table with her Woman, because she would not expose herself and me to the Men-Servants, and there was some Sort of Kindness in that, you know, Sir.

But did you wait at Table? said he, Would you have had me, answered *Pamela*? No, said he, but if you so far degraded the Character of my Wife, I shall be very angry with you. Well, then, Sir, said *Pamela*,

Pamela, I will assure you I did not, but refused it out of Regard to the Dignity which your Goodness has raised me to; otherwise, as she is your Sister, I could have waited on her on my Knees.

This, said he, my dearest *Pamela*, confirms my Opinion of your Prudence and Judgment. And this haughty Woman shall dearly repent her insolent Behaviour to the most deserving of her Sex: But really, Sir, said *Pamela*, my Lady is in some sort to be excused, because she don't, or won't believe that I am indeed married.

Pray, Ladies, said Mr. *Belmour*, don't let us keep you from the Company, I have but a Question or two more to ask, and then I will attend you. But Lady *Jones* said, she long'd so much to hear the Story of Mrs. *Belmour*'s Persecution, that if it was not improper she begg'd she might stay a little longer with her; Miss *Darnford* said, she desired to stay for the same Reason: Mr. *Belmour* told them, he had no Questions to ask that were Secrets, and that they were very kind in thus interesting themselves in his dear Girl's Grievances. Lady *Darnford*, in the mean Time, went into the Company to give them an Account of what had been the Cause of Mrs. *Belmour*'s not coming sooner, for the Company had before given her such a Character, that the two Miss *Burroughs*, the young Ladies from *Stamford*, and Mr. *Perry* who came with them, were in the utmost Impatience to see her.

And pray *Pamela*, said Mr. *Belmour*, who had my Sister with her? Her Nephew, Mr. *Quidgely*, answered *Pamela*, and her Woman, Mrs. *Worden*, with three Footmen on Horseback. O! that Nephew of Lord *Davers*, said Mr. *Belmour*, is a rank Coxcomb: How did he behave to you? Not extraordinarily indeed Sir, said *Pamela*; but I have no Reason to complain much, because I made my Party pretty good with him, for I thought I had not the same Reason to bear with him, and my Lady's Woman, as with my Lady herself. By Heaven, said Mr. *Belmour*, if

I knew he had said or done any thing that was unhandsome to my dear Wife, I would send the cropt Coxcomb home without his Ears to his Uncle. But how happened it, my Dear, that you did not get away when you went to your own Dinner? Why really, Sir, said *Pamela*, I have eat no Dinner at all, nor had any Stomach to it, if I could have got at any, for my Lady lock'd me into the Room, and would not let me stir. My poor Dear! said he, but pray how did you get away at last? I jump'd out of the Parlour Window, said she, and being pretty nimble, got to the Chariot which had waited for me several Hours, tho' I had like to have been stopt in my Career, if *Colbrand*, had not frighten'd two of my Lady's Footmen, who were just going to lay hold of me, with his terrible Looks, which at that Time I thought were very agreeable.

And pray, said he, what Part did *Jewkes* act in the Affair? A very kind one, answered *Pamela*, and I shall always be thankful to her for it. Sweet Creature! said Mr. *Belmour*, she makes the best she can of it for every Body. But I hope *Jewkes* did behave as you say, because she knew you were really marry'd. Come now Ladies, continued he, let us join the rest of the Company, and forget this Subject for a while, that we mayn't trouble them with our Concerns. But doubt not my fairest, dearest Spouse, that I will do you Justice; But, dear Sir, said *Pamela*, first tell me that you forgive me, and excuse my staying. Forgive you, my Dear, said he, it is I that am to ask Forgiveness, nor can I imagine how I shall be able make you Satisfaction for all you have suffer'd on my Account. But I must think of that hereafter, and now give me your Hand that I may lead you into the Company.

When they came into the Room, Mr. *Belmour* presented her to the Strangers, the two young Ladies, and the Gentleman from *Stamford*, who all saluted her in a very respectful Manner, Adad! Madam, said Sir *Simon*, I am glad to see you safe, for it seems
you

you have been in a terrible Skirmish ; I'll assure you, said Miss *Darnford*, we are obliged to our sweet Guest, for she was forced to jump out of a Window to come to us. Mr. *Belmour*'s Back being turned a little, O ! said Mrs. *Peters*, Lady *Davers*, when a Girl, was extremely passionate ; but is very Good-natured when the Fit is over with her. She used to make nothing of cuffing her Maids, and then, if they took it patiently, would ask their Pardons for it, and it may be make them some handsome Present, which made some of the artful Ones, get into her Way on Purpose when she was out of Humour ; but if they talk'd to her again, she would say the Creature are even with me.

O ! said *Pamela*, I have been Creature and Wench an hundred Times over with her ; but I endeavour'd to act a little up to the Part that her dear Brother has given me, so have very narrowly escaped a good Cuffing, I believe.

The eldest Miss *Burroughs*, one of the young Ladies from *Stamford*, viewing *Pamela*, and listening attentively to all she said, could not forbear whispering to her Sister : Lord ! Sister, what a sweet Creature she is ! How little she assumes to herself ! how free ! how easy ! And Mr. *Perry* saying something of the same Sort, Miss *Darnford* popp'd her Head between them : Well, Mrs. *Belmour*, said she, these Folks are admiring you strangely. Here's Mr. *Perry* says, even before the Face of his own Mistress, that you are the loveliest Person he ever saw. Ay, said Miss *Burroughs*, and if he had said otherwise I should have thought him very insincere. O ! Miss, said *Pamela*, you are exceedingly obliging, and may teach any one Humility, who can so generously give the Preference against yourself to another who so little deserves it. Indeed, Madam, said the younger Miss *Burroughs*, I have a great Value for my Sister, but I must needs say it would be a high Compliment to any Lady I ever yet saw, to allow her the second Place after you.

Ladies

Ladies, said *Pamela*, it is impossible for me to answer so much unmerited Complaisance; but your Good-humour makes me more and more regret my hard Fate in being so long detained from your Company. Indeed, Madam, said Miss *Darnford*, the Loss was ours; Very true Miss, return'd *Pamela*, for you were all that Time deprived of an humble Admirer.

After some more Chit Chat of this kind, in which *Pamela* acquitted herself in a very genteel and sprightly Manner, being now perfectly recovered from the Confusion she had been in, Mr. *Perry* cry'd out, Well, I never saw so young a Lady shine forth with so many Perfections! Alas! Sir, replied *Pamela*, Mr. *Belmour* coming up to them just then, mine is but a borrow'd Lustre, here is the Sun to whose generous Influence only I owe all the Splendor I can boast of. Well, Sir, said Mr. *Perry*, I will pronounce you the happiest Man in *England*. That is what most of this Company have done already, said Miss *Darnford*: And what I pronounce myself, said Mr. *Belmour*, for if you can do so from seeing one or two Instances of my *Pamela*'s Perfections, what must I think who have had ten thousand? And I do assure you my *Pamela*'s Person, all lovely as you see it, is far short of the Beauty of her Mind, That made me her Lover, but This her Husband, and proud I am of the Title.

And such Excellence, said Mr. *Perry*, no one could deserve but that Gentleman who can say what is so justly due to it.

After the Company had diverted themselves, a short Time, at Cards, Supper was brought in, and sooner than usual, upon *Pamela*'s Account, because she had had no Dinner. While they were at Table, Lady *Jones* brought up the Discourse again about Lady *Davers*; whereupon, Mr. *Belmour* said, I fear *Pamela* you have been more hardly used than you care to own, I know my Sister's passionate Temper, and wish she has not been outrageous, as it happened so unluckily that I was out of the Way, for she came on Purpose

to quarrel, and after what passed between us, and my Treatment of her Lord's Letter, if she had had no Pique to you before, she would, I know, have vented her Rage now upon any thing that I valued, if it had been but my Horse that came in her Way. But tell me, my dear *Pamela*, did she offer to lift up her Hand at you, did she strike you? I hope not. Only a little Slap upon the Hand, said *Pamela*, or so. Insolent Woman! said Mr. *Belmour*. But sure she did not offer to strike your Face? Why indeed, reply'd *Pamela*, I was a little saucy once or twice, and I believe she would have cuff'd my Ears if her Woman and Mrs. *Jewkes* had not interposed. But when you shew'd her my Letter, said he, what could she say to that? The kind Expressions there could certainly leave her no doubt of our being married. O! Sir, said *Pamela*, she was ten times more exasperated upon that than she was before, and said, that all that Complaisance convinced her we were not married.

That's exactly like her, said Mr. *Belmour*, and yet she lives well enough herself with Lord *Davers*, but he has Good-nature and Sense enough to let her have her Way, without being uneasy or ill-mannerly. You were a great many Wenches I suppose, for that is a mighty Word with her. O! said she, *Wenches* and *Creatures* out of Number, and a great deal worse than all that. What? tell me all. Indeed, Sir, said *Pamela*, I must not have you angry with Lady *Davers*. My greatest Trouble was that I could not shew her that Respect and Honour that I would fain have done to your Sister.

You need not be afraid, said he, to tell me every thing she said, for I must love her after all, tho' I shall shew a proper Resentment for this Behaviour. I know it is her Love to me, tho' thus oddly expressed, and she now comes with a Design to be reconciled, but that will not be 'till after a thorough Quarrel. And when a little Thunder on both Sides has dissipated the Storm, you'll find we shall have abundance of shun-shine.

Upon

Upon my Word, said Mr. *Peters*, I cannot but admire this Complaisance and Love you shew for your Sister, tho' she was so much in Fault, since you can do it, said he, without injuring this Lady, whose Innocence and Virtue can never be over-rated. By all that's good, Mr. *Peters*, said Mr. *Belmour*, I would freely make my Sister a Present of a thousand Pounds if she would kindly take my dear *Pamela* by the Hand and call her Sister, and 'till she does I will never be reconciled to her; for as lofty as Lady *Davers's* Sentiments may be, I do most sincerely think, as to myself, that the dear Creature, my Spouse, who now smiles upon me there, does me more Honour in her new Relation than she receives from me.

Pamela was so touch'd with these kind Expressions of Mr. *Belmour*, that she could not prevent Tears of Joy from coming into her Eyes; and all the Company expressed great Satisfaction in the Tenderneſs and Affection they shewed to each other. Lady *Jones* said, This charming Couple were certainly made for one another. How happy would every good Lady be with such a Gentleman, and every deserving Gentleman with such a Lady. You are so kind to me, Madam, said *Pamela*, that I know not how to be thankful enough. You deserve, said Lady *Jones*, much more than I can express, and every Person who has any Sense of Virtue, must acknowledge you to be an Ornament to our Sex, and be pleased to see such Worth so well rewarded as your's is by this good Gentleman.

You are very good Lady *Jones*, said Mr. *Belmour*, and, for my own Part, I confess I have taken some Liberties in my former Life, that would have made me unworthy of such Excellence, if I had not learnt Sentiments of more Propriety, and been myself subdued by that Virtue I in vain attempted to destroy. And now, my dear *Pamela*, continued he, since the Company are so kindly pleased to attend to our Concerns, let me ask you what my proud Sister called you besides *Wench* and *Creature*? My Lady, answer'd *Pamela*,

Pamela, supposing I was wicked, lamented very kindly over me, and said, it was Pity so much Virtue should be destroy'd; and upon my telling her I was still innocent, Then answer me, Wench, said she—but indeed, said *Pamela*, I think I must not tell you what she said. Yes, pray do, said Mr. *Belmour*, to clear my Sister, for we shall all think it very bad else. *Pamela* blushing, and holding her Hand before her Face, said, Why then my Lady cried, Tell me, Wench, hast thou not been a Bed with thy Master? And when I told her she ask'd strange Questions, she ridiculed my Delicacy, as she call'd it, and said, I could not but know that I was not really married, and all my Pretensions to it were only for a Cloak to my yielding and to get the better Terms; I then told her, continued *Pamela*, but I got out of her Reach first, that I was as much married as her Ladyship, which put her into such a Rage, that she would certainly have cuff'd me if her Woman had not prevented it, by stepping in between us, and assuring her I was not worth her Anger, but rather her Pity, for my Credulity, which would be sure to make me very miserable when I came to be undeceived. Poor *Pamela*! cry'd Mr. *Belmour*, this was too much for you to bear; But how much more easily could I bear it, said *Pamela*, than if it had been true, for then I should have deserved it all, and the Guilt of my own Conscience, joined to my Lady's Reproaches, would have made me miserable indeed.

Lady *Darnford*, at whose Left-Hand she sat, could not forbear kissing her in a kind of Rapture, and said, she was a sweet Example to all her Sex, the rest of the Company said several handsome Things to her; and old Sir *Simon*, with Tears in his Eyes, cried to Mr. *Belmour*, Why Neighbour, this is a most excellent Creature! sure there is something in Virtue that I never rightly considered before; and this is an Angel sent down to instruct and reform the sinful World.

Well, my Dearest, said Mr. *Belmour*, pray proceed in your Story, since the Company seem desirous you should.

should. Why, Sir, said *Pamela*, her Ladyship went on in the same Manner, called me *painted Dirt*, *Baby-face*, *Beggar's-Brat*, and the like : And when she bade me to fill her a Glass of Wine, which I did not very readily comply with, she asked me if I thought myself above it ? I then answered her, that if to attend her Ladyship, or even kneel at her Feet would give her Satisfaction, I would very gladly do it, was I only the Person she took me for ; but as she required it only to triumph over one who had received some Honours which obliged her to act another Part, I must needs say, I told her, that I could not do it. My Lady, continued she, seem'd astonished at this ; and a little before the young Gentleman, my Lord *Dawers's* Nephew bringing me a Bottle of Wine and Glass, and asking me to fill it at my Lady's Command, and saying, in a jeering Way, that he would be my Deputy, I said it was in a very good Hand, and bade him help my Lady himself. So, Sir, said she, to Mr. *Belmour*, you see I could be a little saucy.

You did very well, said Mr. *Belmour*, and what was perfectly right, little insignificant Fop ! But pray, my Dear, go on.

My Lady, said *Pamela*, was astonished, and cry'd, So I suppose you would have me look upon you as my Brother's Wife, and asked me what Impudence possess'd me to dare to think myself her Sister. I told her, that was a Question that would better become her worthy Brother to answer than me ; and then I had like to have had her about my Ears again, if Mrs. *Worden* had not interpos'd as before. I afterwards, seeing Mrs. *Fewkes* before the Window, called to her, and bade her let the Chariot go for her Master and Somebody tell him, that Lady *Dawers* was there, and I could not possibly leave her : Which was very true, for I had attempted it two or three Times to no Purpose.

What said she to this, said Mr. *Belmour* ? O ! returned *Pamela*, she would by no Means consent to it, for she said, It looked as if she made the Creature
her

her Companion. That's like her! cry'd Mr. *Belmour*. So to be short, said *Pamela*, I saw nothing was to be done, but as I have related before to get out of the Window.

Well, my Dear, said Mr. *Belmour*, I am glad you have made your Escape from this provoking Sister of mine, who, as Mrs. *Peters* here knows, was always extravagantly passionate, so passionate, that when we were young I never came home from School, but, tho' we long'd to see one another before, we had always a Quarrel within a few Hours of our Meeting, for having both pretty high Spirits, and she being the Elder, we could not agree who was to submit to the other. When she quarrelled with the Maids, it was but a Word and a Blow, upon which Account, her Name being *Barbara*, I us'd often to call her Captain *Bab*; and when Lord *Davers* courted her, my Mother has made up Quarrels between them, sometimes twice or thrice in a Day. Yet notwithstanding all this, continued Mr. *Belmour*, she has many good Qualities. She was a dutiful Daughter, and is a good Wife. She is constant in her Friendship, bountiful to her Servants and charitable to the Poor. And never did any Sister, I believe, love a Brother better notwithstanding our many Disputes, and in the present Case she is piqued upon a double Account, for besides the Check that is put to her Pride, she's disappointed in a Match she had propos'd for me in a Man of Quality's Family, and had set her Heart upon, so that she cannot bear the Thoughts of my being now married to my Mother's Maid, as she is pleased to remind *Pamela* of being, when I had refused the Daughter of an Earl.

This is the whole Case, said Mr. *Belmour*, and considering the Pride and Violence of my Sister's Temper; that she is unacquainted with the many Excellencies of my dear Spouse, and that mine and my Family's Honour is what has transported her to her extravagant Behaviour, some few Grains of Allowance may be given to her. But do you never

fear my *Pamela*, my virtuous Wife, but I will do you Justice, and defend you against the Insults of all the World.

Supper being ended, nothing would satisfy the Company but *Pamela's* obliging them with one Lesson on Miss *Darnford's* Harpsicord, and one Song. *Pamela*, as she did every Thing with Ease, made no Apologies, nor, indeed had she any Occasion for them, all who heard her were charmed, and in such a Manner did she display all her Talents, with so much Good-nature, and so much Affability, that even her own Sex could behold her without Envy, and almost with as much Admiration as the other.

As Mr. *Belmour* had been up all the Night before with his dying Friend, he and his Spouse took Leave of the Company sooner than they should otherwise have done, at about Eleven of the Clock; and every Body said they should long to hear the Event of his Interview with his Sister. He said he was afraid he should not be able to go the next Day into *Bedfordshire* as he intended, so might see the good Company again before he went.

It was about Twelve of the Clock when Mr. *Belmour* and *Pamela* came home; and they found Lady *Dawers* had been gone to Bed about half an Hour. Mrs. *Jewkes* told her Master and Mistress, that my Lady wanted sadly to see them before she went up to her Chamber, and said, she fretted very much that *Pamela* had got away as she did, and seemed somewhat apprehensive of what she would say concerning the Usage she had met with from her.

Mrs. *Jewkes* told them, that my Lady asked her if she thought they were really married? And upon her saying Yes, she fell into a frightful Passion, and bade her begone for a bold Woman, she had been very impudent to her once or twice that Day before, she said, and was now more so than ever.

At Supper-Time, she told them, my Lady sent for her again, and said, Woman, I have another Question to ask you, but say Yes, if thou dar'st. Why then,

then, and please your Ladyship, said Mrs. *Jewkes*, I will say No before you ask it. Mr. *Belmour* could not help laughing, Poor, *Jewkes*, said he, Well, and what said my Sister to that? O, Sir, said she, she told me I was an impudent bold Woman, and bade me begone again; but then immediately called me back, and said, Harkee, Woman, do'st thee know if that young Harlot be to lie with my Brother to Night? Mrs. *Jewkes* could not tell what Answer to make, because my Lady had charg'd her not to say Yes; but she went on without waiting for one; I hope, said she, they won't have the Impudence to lie together while I am in the House; and do you hear, I design to lie in that Room I was born in, so let the Bed there be got ready for me.

But that being the Bed-Chamber that the Bride and Bridegroom lay in, Mrs. *Jewkes* knew not, presently what to say, but after some Hesitation, reply'd, Madam, that is the Room my Master lies in and he has got the Key of it in his Pocket. Well, then, said she, I will lie in the best Room, as it is called. And where dost thou lay thy purfy Sides? Up two pair of Stairs next the Garden, Mrs. *Jewkes* told her; and where lies the Harlot *Pamela*? Sometimes with me, reply'd the Housekeeper. Ay, and sometimes with thy Master, cried my Lady. Go, as I told thee before, thou hast the Air of a Secret Keeper of that Sort.

This Discourse with Mrs. *Jewkes*, was while Mr. *Belmour* and *Pamela* were undressing, and *Pamela* said, Pray dear Sir, let me lock myself up in the Closet, as soon as you rise in the Morning, for I shall be afraid to see my Lady. Fear nothing, my Dear, said he, while I am with you.

Pamela being afterwards in her little Dressing Room with Mrs. *Jewkes*, said to her, I am much obliged to you Mrs. *Jewkes*, for your Kindness to me to day, but pray do not let us exasperate Things to my dear Master, which will only prevent that Reconciliation I so much desire between him and his Sister

Sister. Mr. *Belmour* coming to the Door, said, But prithee *Jewkes*, tell me, I hope she did not beat your Lady? Not much, Sir, said Mrs. *Jewkes*, but indeed I believe I sav'd my Lady once, but, added she, I was the most provoked at the young Squire. Ay, *Jewkes*, said Mr. *Belmour*, let me know how he behaved, for I can chastise him, tho' I cannot my Sister, who is a Woman. O! nothing, dear Sir, said *Pamela*, but a little Impertinence, but I did not spare him, so there is no Room for your Anger there; But how was her Woman, said Mr. *Belmour*, Pretty impertinent, said Mrs. *Jewkes*, as most Ladies Women are; But you know, Mrs. *Jewkes*, said *Pamela*, that she sav'd me once or twice from her Lady's Fury: Very true, Madam, said Mrs. *Jewkes*, and she told me at Table that you were a sweet Creature, but had a Spirit that made you answer my Lady so that she trembled for you, for my Lady could bear no Contradiction.

When Mrs. *Jewkes* took Leave, and wished them a good Night, Mr. *Belmour* said, as he had set up all the Night before, he should not rise 'till eight or nine of the Clock in the Morning; but Lady *Davers* it seems, knowing that he commonly rose much sooner, got up about Six, and came to her Brother's Door, resolving to discover whether he and *Pamela* were in Bed together. Mr. *Belmour* being wak'd by the Noise she made, asked, Who was there? Open the Door this Minute, cry'd my Lady; *Pamela* hearing her Voice, clung about her Husband, and said, O, dear Sir, save me, pray don't open the Door. Do not be afraid, nothing shall hurt my *Pamela*, said he; and then called out again, Who's there? O! answer'd Lady *Davers*, you know my Voice well enough, I must come in, therefore open the Door.

She imagines, said Mr. *Belmour* to *Pamela*, that we are not married, and shall be afraid of being found in Bed together, so I'll let her in; upon which, he slipt out of Bed and putting on his Night-Gown and Slippers, opened the Door, and asked who it was that

that had the Boldness to disturb him in that rude Manner.

My Lady immediately * rushed into the Room, and cry'd, I'll see your Wickedness, I will, in vain shall you endeavour to hide it from me. What, said Mr. *Belmour*, should I hide from you; and, Madam, said he, how dare you set a Foot in my House, after the Usage I have received from you? But my Lady not regarding what he said, at that Time, ran up to the Bed, and cried, Bear Witness *Jackey*, bear Witness *Worden*, the Creature is now in Bed. Mr. *Belmour* had not seen Mr. *Quidgely*, 'till my Lady called upon him, but as soon as he did, he went up to him, who was got to the Feet of the Bed, and said, Young Gentleman what's your Business in this Apartment? Begone. Which Command the young Gentleman immediately obey'd, without laying his Hand upon his Sword, as he had done the Day before, in the Parlour, when none but Women were in it.

Worden, said my Lady, you see the Creature is in his Bed. I do, Madam, said her Woman. Ay, *Worden*, said Mr. *Belmour*, look and bear Witness, that here is my *Pamela*! Look up, said he, my Angel! to *Pamela*, and see how frantickly this fine Lady, this Woman of Quality behaves. My Lady being provoked at this went towards the Bed, where poor *Pamela* lay quacking and trembling, Thou vile, abandon'd Harlot, said she, I will tear thee out of
Bed

* There is such a seeming Improbability in a Lady of Quality's acting in this Manner, and coming into the Room to see her Brother, who was a Gentleman of a large and independent Fortune, and, as she thought, a Batchelor, in Bed with a pretty Wench, that we fear the Reader would be much disgusted at it, but that we can assure him it is a Fact, tho' a most extraordinary one; for were this a Work of Invention, a Story that has so little of the Verisimilitude in it would be an inexcusable Absurdity.

Bed and expose both thee and this wicked Brother as ye deserve. Whereupon she was just going to lay hold of *Pamela*, if Mr. *Belmour* had not taken her up in his Arms, and carry'd her out of the Room, screaming out upon *Worden! Jackey!* and saying, O! the wicked Wretch is going to throw me down Stairs. Her Woman came running to him, and begg'd him for God's Sake, not to hurt her Lady for she had been ill all Night. He carry'd her, and sat her down in the Chamber where she lay, and she could not speak to him for Passion. There, said he to her Woman, take Care of your Lady, and when she is come enough to herself to behave like a rational Creature and a Gentlewoman, I will see her, but 'till then, be it at her Peril, and your's too, if either of you presume to come near my Apartment.

He then returned to pacify the Fears of his dear *Pamela*, with all the Tenderneſs imaginable, and ask'd her if she would come down to Breakfast with him, and his Sister when it was ready, but she begg'd she might be excused; I cannot bear the Thought, said he, of the Mistress of my House breakfasting by herself as if she durst not come down when I am by her to protect her. But, Sir, reply'd *Pamela*, my Presence will but aggravate my Lady, and prevent your so soon coming to a right Understanding as I could wish, I therefore pray once more to be excused. Well, my Dear, said he, I believe you are in the Right, so I will take that Opportunity of talking to her by myself. She is a strange Woman! I can't but pity her. She has thrown herself into a Fit of the Cholick by her Passion. But, dear Sir, said *Pamela*, I hope when you carry'd my Lady out of the Room, you did not hurt her? No answered he, I love her too well. I put her down in the Apartment she had chosen, and by this Time, perhaps, she may be come to herself, so I will go down in order for Breakfast. As soon as Mr. *Belmour* was gone, *Pamela* lock'd herself in, for she was greatly afraid of being surpriz'd alone by my Lady: Mrs. *Jewkes* coming up a little
Time

Time after, and rapping at the Door, Who is there ? said *Pamela*. Only I, Madam, answered Mrs. *Jewkes* ; so *Pamela* opened the Door to her. Indeed, Madam, said the Housekeeper, it's a hard Case that your Ladyship should be so much afraid, and forced to lock yourself up in your own House.

Mrs. *Jewkes* had brought *Pamela*'s Chocolate for Breakfast, and she enquired after Lady *Daver*'s Behaviour ; but, Mrs. *Jewkes* told her, my Lady would suffer no Body but her own Woman to wait, because she would not have any Body hear what she had to say to her Brother ; but she said, she believed her Master was very angry with Mr. *Quidgely*, Lord *Davers*'s Nephew, for she could hear him, as she came by the Door, talk to him with his Voice exalted, and say, he hoped he had not forgot to behave like a Gentleman.

About an Hour after Breakfast was over, Mr. *Belmour* came up again to *Pamela*, and said, My Dear will you come down to Dinner when I send for you ? Whatever you Command, answered *Pamela*, I must do ; but I'm afraid my Lady won't be well pleased to see me. It matters not, said he, whether she is or no. I will not give such Way to her Insolence as to suffer her to prescribe Laws to my Wife and in my own House too. She shall see that I dare avow my Love, and, tho' I know it will gaul her Pride, I will make her a Witness to the tender Regard I have for my *Pamela* ; I have told her we are marry'd but she pretended not to believe it : I then asked her why she put herself in such a Fury, and if it was proper for a Sister, and a Woman of her Quality, to concern herself with a young Fellow's Intrigues of another kind. Yes, she said, to endeavour to prevent its coming to that and thereby to prevent my Ruin, and the Disgrace of my Family, and such Stuff, which, when she saw I only laugh'd at, she grew more enraged than before ; then she, was a little after, ready to cry ; now lower'd the Tone of her Voice, then exalted it ; sometimes soothing, and sometimes storming, and so shew'd twenty Passions in half an Hour.

Mr. *Belmour* had no sooner said these Words, but my Lady coming towards the Door, cry'd out, Brother! Brother! one Word with you. *Pamela*, fore afraid, said, O! dear Sir, my Lady! pray protect me. My Lady stopt short before she came to the Closet, and Mr. *Belmour* going out to her, they went together to the Window. Am not I a mean Wretch, said my Lady, do you think, to follow you thus about the House, when you try to avoid me? Is it fitting for me to cringe and stoop thus like a Slave? You a Brother! you're a *Turk*.

Why, Madam, said he, do you blame me for treating you in a Manner that you force me to? Force you to! said my Lady, what are you forced to use a Sister, who loves you as I do, with ill-manners, because she shews her Concern for the Danger you are in from the Allurements of such a vile——

Be silent, Madam, I charge you, you're not acquainted with the Excellence you would abuse; but I that am, ought not, nor will I bear it, reply'd Mr. *Belmour*. Let me ask you a Question or two Lady *Dawers*. Why am I to be thus braved and called to an Account in my own House? Am I not of Age? Am I not independent? and at Liberty to do as I please? Had any Man breathing dared to have said half what you have done.——

O! Sir, said she, it is very well known, that since your *Italian* Duel, you are commenced Bravo, and I suppose, look upon Manslaughter as one of the fashionable Accomplishments of a fine Gentleman. Very well, Madam, return'd he, this I can bear, since I have no Reason to be ashamed of that Duel, and your Spleen is only levelled at myself. But I charge you, suffer not your Tongue to take any indecent Liberties with my *Pamela*.

Gods! Gods! cry'd she, in a violent Burst of Passion, can I hear this, all this Respect and Tenderness for a vile Strumpet!——Begone, cry'd he, insolent Defamer! begone and leave my House this Minute, and never let me see your Face again: Here I re-
nounce

nounce all Relation to you; no longer use the Name of Brother, you yourself, with distracted Rage, have broke all Ties of Friendship and of Blood. Come, Madam, give me your Hand, and let me lead you from this Habitation, where you must never set your Foot again, unless you can learn a Behaviour suitable to your own Rank and mine.

Upon which my Lady laid hold of his Gown, and said, she would not go, he should not force her from him, thus ignominiously in the hearing of the Wretch, that was in the Closet, to make her triumph in his barbarous Treatment of her.

Pamela hearing this, not considering what she did, ran out of the Closet, and threw herself at Mr. *Belmour's* Feet, begging that he would hear her, and let not his Resentment, upon her Account, divide him from his nearest and kindest Relation; then, turning to my Lady, pray'd her to pardon and excuse the unhappy Cause of all this Evil; and said, on her Knees, she would beg her Ladyship to receive her into her Grace and Favour, and assured her, she should find her incapable of triumphing in any thing but her Goodness to her.

Art thou, Wench, said my Lady, to plead for me? Is my Brother's Kindness to me to be at thy Intercession? Away, Creature, to thy Corner, and hide thee from my Rage, lest I do a Deed shall make even thy proud Protector tremble.

Rise, said Mr. *Belmour*, my *Pamela*, my Life, and let thy superior Excellence learn to scorn the foolish Rage of this mean Woman of Quality; and then gently raising her upon her Feet, he saluted her, and led her back to her Closet. When he returned, Lady *Davers's* Woman coming into the Room. I hope, Sir, said she, you will excuse my coming into the Room to speak to my Lady? Without doubt, Mrs. *Worden*, said he, and pray take your Lady down Stairs, lest I should forget her and myself too much.

Her Woman begg'd she would go down. O, *Worden!* said she, dost see that Bed, it was in that Bed

I was born, and yet in that very Bed thou saw'st, as well as I, this Morning, the wicked *Pamela*. True, said Mr. *Belmour*, you both saw it, and 'twas my Pride you should; it is my Bridal Bed, the Happiness of which you have so insolently endeavour'd to interrupt.

Bridal Bed! returned my Lady, now thou art bold indeed and will brazen out any Thing. Do but swear to me that *Pamela Andrews* is thy lawful Wife, and then I know what I have to say. Well, said he, swearing a solemn Oath, she is my Wife. And now you see how ready I am to humour and satisfy you, tho' you take such unbecoming Pains to disturb my Quiet.

But yet, said Lady *Davers*, I cannot believe it. Tell me who married you? Was it not a broken Attorney in a Parson's Habit? come, you may as well discover the Matter now in the Wench's hearing, as at another Time, since you have gained your Ends, and then the little Harlot will know what she has to trust to.

No, said Mr. *Belmour*, it was not so, I had once form'd such a Design, but I bless God, I came to abhor it, before it was put in Execution: And Mr. *Williams* married us. Mighty well, said she, but pray answer me one or two Questions more——Who gave her away? Parson *Peters*, reply'd he, And who else was present? cry'd my Lady. Why since I am to stand like a School-Boy to be thus catechised by you, I will answer that Question too. *Jewkes*, my Housekeeper, was present. O! the vile Procurefs! said my Lady, and thou Wretch, what would thy Father and Mother have said, if they had lived to have seen that Day? I should have thought it my Duty, answered Mr. *Belmour*, to have asked their Consents; but not your's Madam.

What, if I had married my Father's Groom, said she, what would you have said to that? I could not possibly have behaved worse than you have done, reply'd Mr. *Belmour*, tho' certainly there is a great deal of Difference in the two Cases.

What

What Difference, said she, between a Lady's marrying a Beggar's Son, and a Gentleman marrying a Beggar's Daughter?

This Difference, Madam, said he, that as Honour is derived from the Man, whatever the Condition of the Husband is, such is the Rank of the Wife. Was a Duke to marry a Cinder-Wench, he enobles her and she becomes a Duchess, and when a Woman of the greatest Quality marries beneath herself, she is of right to take no other Place than that which belongs to the Wife of the Man she last marries. Therefore, Lady *Davers*, can you see no Difference between my marrying the Waiting-Maid of my dear Mother, with ten thousand Excellencies, and your marrying a fordid Groom!

O! cry'd she, how the Wretch finds Excuses to palliate his mean Actions! And so you are really and honestly, I should rather say *foolishly*, married to this Slut? I am indeed, answered he, really and honestly married to this Woman, whom your Arrogance presumes to call Slut; but who has more Beauty, Virtue, good Sense, and Generosity than any Lady of Quality, I ever yet saw, even among those who have much more Prudence than Lady *Davers*.

I am surfeited, said she, with the Extravagance of thy Folly, and the Meanness of thy Idolatry, who hast made a graven Image and now fallest down to worship it. Well go on, I shall no more interrupt your Happiness; I once thought you a Gentleman, and was proud of such a Brother, but you are now fallen so low that I will endeavour to bury the Remembrance of that Name, and will say with the Burial Service, *Ashes to Ashes, Dirt to Dirt*.

Ay, Lady *Davers*, said he, and there we must all end at last, you with all your Haughtiness and Pride will mingle with that Dirt you now so much despise. Egregious Preacher! cry'd she, What the gay Mr. *Belmour* turn'd Puritan! see what Marriage and Repentance may bring a Man to! Well, Lady *Davers*, said he, since your Passion suffers you descend to Wit-

icism, it is to be hoped it's almost over. O! quite, said she, you are not worth my Anger. Ay, said he, that very Expression sufficiently shews it. My Lady then going towards *Pamela*, did not a little frighten her, but Mr. *Belmour* followed close to observe her. When she came near, *Pamela* rose up, and my Lady said, Mrs. *Pamela*, Mr. *Andrews*, or Mrs. — What shall I call thee! Thou hast acted Wonders, and not only made a Rake an Husband but a Preacher! But tho' he is weak enough to suffer himself to be called thy Husband, do not, I charge thee, dare to call thyself my Sister.

Yes, Madam, said Mr. *Belmour*, when you are as well able as my *Pamela* to curb your Passions, and see the Beauty of Meekness and Humility, you will lay aside these fantastical Airs, and value yourself upon her calling you by that Name. Come, *Pamela*, it is now Dinner Time; you desired to be excused from coming down to Breakfast, but I hope you will give Lady *Davers* and me your Company at Dinner. How dare you insult me thus? said Lady *Davers*. It is you, Lady *Davers*, said he, would insult my Wife, when I have told you she is such, by refusing her the Honours of her own House.

Patience! Patience! said my Lady, stamping with her Foot, am I — here her Passion so choak'd her that she could not utter another Word. When *Pamela* said, Dear, good Sir, excuse me, don't vex my Lady. Silence, my Dear, said he, you see already how your sweet Condescension is to be rewarded; did she not spurn you from her when you were humble enough to throw yourself at her Feet! And scorn your Intercession; yet if I ever do forgive this monstrous Behaviour in her, it shall be owing to that only, I will assure her.

'Tis mighty well, Sir, said my Lady, I shall ask neither your Forgiveness, nor her Intercession. Come *Worden*, lead me down, let us instantly quit this cursed House; order the Fellows to get ready, I will never see that or it's Owner more, and away she went in a great

great Fury, down Stairs, the Servants all hurrying to make ready.

Mr. *Belmour* could not forbear shewing some Concern in his Countenance, and *Pamela* said to him, Dear Sir, follow my Lady and try to pacify her, consider, that it is her Love to you only that has made her act and talk as she has. I do pity her I own, said he, for this violent Passion will hurt herself more than either you or me; however, I insist upon your going down to Dinner, for I suppose she will scarce be mad enough to go before she has dined. Dear Sir, said *Pamela*, let me beg—My Dear, said he, you shall beg nothing but I will grant that is not to prejudice yourself; but in this Case, give me leave to judge. If I should now give way to her Pride it will gain new Strength, and we shall have all the Work to begin again, therefore I charge you come down when I send for you; upon saying these Words he left the Room.

My Lady had put on her Hood and Gloves, the Horses were putting to the Coach, and she appeared resolved to go, but her Kinsman, Mr. *Quidgely*, had taken a Turn some where with *Colbrand*, and could not immediately be found, which made my Lady walk about the Hall, fretting and flurting her Fann, when Mrs. *Jewkes* came up to her and said, She hoped her Ladyship would stay Dinner for it was just coming upon Table? No, said she, I have enough of this House, and will never sit down in it any more, but give my Service to your Master, and tell him, I wish him much happier than he has made me, and then burst into Tears.

Mr. *Belmour* had sent for *Pamela* down, who came very unwillingly into the Parlour; then going into the Hall to his Sister, Lady *Davers*, said he, if I thought you would not be hardened rather than softened by my Civility to you, I would intreat you to walk in. My Lady still wept, and turn'd away her Face to hide it from him. Come, Sister, said he, let me prevail upon you to dine with me. No, said she,

don't ask me—I wish I could hate you, as much as you hate me. That you do, indeed, reply'd Mr. *Belmour*, and a great deal more, or you would not thus torment me as you do. Mr. *Quidgely* at this Time coming in from his Walk, and seeing my Lady's Hood on, Hey-day! said he, why sure your Ladyship won't go till you have dined I hope? Yes, *Jackey*, I must, reply'd she, for I am an Intruder here it seems. No, Madam, said Mr. *Belmour*, your violent Passions only are so, lay them aside and no Sister can be more welcome to a Brother, than you shall always be to me. Pray, said she, don't alter your Style, talk to me as you did before, for if you should give me one more kind Word you will find me but too easy to forgive you any Thing. If that will do, my dear Sister, said he, you shall have an hundred, ay, a thousand. Then kissing her, pray, continued he, give me your Hand: And *John* put up the Horses, notwithstanding your Lady's Anger, you will all find a better Welcome here than you can meet with at an Inn. Come Mr. *Quidgely* lead your Aunt into the Parlour for she won't allow me that Honour.

My Lady was quite overcome by this, and giving her Brother her Hand, said, Lead me where you will, but don't think that I forgive you tho'. So Mr. *Belmour* led her into the Parlour to *Pamela*. At which my Lady starting back, cry'd, Do you believe I will sit at Table with that Creature? She is my Wife I have told you, and indeed, my dear Sister, said he, I shall expect to have her treated as such. She has no Protector but me, and I should be a Villain to suffer any Body to use her ill. If you cannot love her, I desire, for your own Sake, that you won't forget common Civilities.

Upon my Word, Aunt, said Mr. *Quidgely*, as your Brother is pleas'd to own his Marriage, we ought not, as he says, to forget common Civilities. Mr. *Belmour*, I wish you Joy *de tout mon Cœur*; And you dear, Madam, and I vow to Gad, if I had known this Yesterday, I should not have been guilty of those Rudenesses

nesses for which I very sincerely ask your Pardon. Ridiculous! cried my Lady *Dawers*. Well, Brother, if I must stay Dinner with you, I beg this Creature may leave the Room. Indeed, Sister, said he, that must not be; consider a little with yourself, and you will know it ought not to be so. I dare say, reply'd my Lady, the Creature herself cannot expect it. What say'st, Wench? Hold, hold, Sister, I must not hear her talk'd to thus, said Mr. *Belmour*. For my own Part, Madam, said *Pamela*, if your good Brother would permit it, I would very willingly attend your Ladyship's Chair at Dinner, to shew my Veneration for the Sister of my kind Protector. You see, Madam, said Mr. *Belmour*, she is not altered with her Condition, and cannot such Meekness have Charms enough to disarm your Rage? Come, *Pamela*, sit down, you know your Place; for by this Time the first Course was placed upon the Table. My Lady squatting down on the Right-Hand of *Pamela* turn'd her Back towards her, sitting Side-ways, and without any Ceremony help'd herself to some of the Dish that was next her, which was a Ragou of Ox-Palates, because she would not wait till *Pamela* offer'd to help her.

Dear Aunt, said Mr. *Quidgely*, don't sit in the Dumps so, I wish I could see you bufs and be Friends; since Matters are as they are, what signifies your pouting. Hold thy Fool's Tongue, said my Lady, your Tone is finely changed since Yesterday. I hope, said Mr. *Belmour*, nothing was offered Yesterday to affront my Wife in her own House. My Lady upon this, hit him a good smart Slap on the Shoulder, for as Mr. *Belmour* sat at the Bottom of the Table she was next him, Take that, said she, impudent Brother, Ill Wife you, and in her own House truly. She seemed half afraid of what she had done, but Mr. *Belmour* took it in Good-humour, and kissing her, said, I thank you, Madam, I have not had the Honour of a Blow from you for a long Time.

I vow to Gad, Sir, said Master *Jackey*, you have a great deal of Good-humour to take it as you do, I cannot

cannot boast of quite so much Patience, I love Lady *Davers* extremely well, as she is to be sure a mighty good Woman, but G--d--mme, when she hits me a Cuff, as she will sometimes, I have much ado to put up with it. Nor will I, said Mr. *Belmour*, unless you tell me you have seen her serve her Lord so.

Pamela when he said this, press'd her Foot upon his, and whisper'd, Dear Sir, pray don't. What, said my Lady, is the Creature begging me off again? Hush, said Mr. *Belmour*, no more of that Language I beseech you. But, Madam, you eat nothing, let me help you to a Glass of Wine, for he had ordered the Dumb-Waiter to be placed near him, that no Servants might attend to hear the Dialogue he was to have with his Sister; so filling a Glass he presented it to her, Pray drink this, said he, perhaps it will enable you to eat something. Is this to insult me, said she? No, truly, reply'd he, but to induce you to eat; I am afraid you will be sick for want of it.

My Lady took the Glass, and said, God forgive you, for your Usage of me this Day! You once lov'd me, but now I am despis'd by you, and for whom? 'Tis that, which vexes me. Then wept so, that she was forced to set the Glass down.

Indeed, Madam, said Mr. *Belmour*, you don't do well, you use me neither like a Brother, nor a Gentleman; if you would give me Leave I would love you as well as ever: Come, let your Brother, that once loved you, prevail upon you to drink this Glass of Wine, said he, holding it to her Lips. My Lady then drank it, and he kissed her, and said, O! how Passion deforms the noblest Minds! And how lovely would my dear Sister appear if she would not give such Way to it!

When the second Course came in, Mr. *Belmour* ordered *Abraham* to wait, and nodded to two other Men, that brought in the two last Dishes of the Course, to stay in the Room, which was well judg'd, for my Lady was asham'd to continue her Airs before the Men-Servants, but seem'd a little more easy, tho' she could

could not forbear giving Vent to a deep Sigh now and then.

When Dinner was over, and the Servants withdrawn, Lady *Davers*, said Mr. *Belmour*, will you go along with me into *Bedfordshire*? I intended to set out To-morrow; but if you will accompany me I will attend your Pleasure.

Is thy Wife, as thou call'st her, said my Lady, to go with thee, Friend? To be sure, answered he, my dear Quaker, taking her by the Hand, and smiling; And so, reply'd she, thou would'st have me parade it with her on the Road and make one to grace her Retinue? And what would you have me do after that? Honest Friend.

Mr. *Belmour* putting his Arm about her Neck and kissing her, said, Thou art a dear saucy Sister; and yet I cannot help loving you. And now I will tell you what I would have you do farther. I would have you and my *Pamela*. I beseech you, said she, leave out my, if you expect me to hear you patiently. But that I can't do, said he, I would have you and my *Pamela*, continued he, with Mr. *Quidgely*, go together in your Coach, and leave the other Place for me, and I will sometimes bear you Company, and at other Times ride; my Chariot shall follow with your Woman, whom I suppose *Colbrand*, and the other Men will be complaisant enough to entertain, that she may not be quite alone upon the Road.

What next? said my Lady, Why when we are come into *Bedfordshire*, answered Mr. *Belmour*, we will try if we can prevail upon Lord *Davers* to come and stay a Fortnight, or a Month if he pleases, with us. And then, as I know you have a good Fancy, you will be so kind as to give *Pamela* your Opinion of some Patterns I expect from *London* for Cloaths for her, and about new setting some Jewels I have made her a Present of. Provoking Wretch, said my Lady, now have I much ado to keep my Hands off you. What I say, continued he, is not to provoke you, nor ought it so to do; for when you know I am marry'd,

marry'd, you ought also to know that new Cloaths must be the Consequence of it. And when my Bride, my dear *Pamela*, first makes her Appearance at Church, if you will grace her with your Company I will make you a Present that shall be worth your Acceptance. Nay, then take that, said she, thou Wretch, if I die for't! With that she lifted up her Hand, and would have hit him a great Slap, but that Master *Jackey*, her Kinsman, held her, and cry'd, Dear Aunt, what do you mean? I vow to Gad you are strangely out of the Way, G——d——mme.

Pamela now rose, * and begg'd Leave to withdraw, and as she was going out, said Mr. *Belmour*, There's a Mein! there's a Shape! O Lady *Davers*! were you a Man yourself, you would admire her as much as I do. Yes, said she, for an Harlot, but not for a Wife. *Pamela* could not forbear turning back at these Words, and saying, Indeed your Ladyship is too cruel: Well may Gentlemen take Liberties when Ladies of Distinction will venture to say such Things. If your Brother were not the most generous of Men, your Ladyship's Influence over him would make me very unhappy.

O! said she, never fear, Wench, thou hast him safe, and will hold him I see, as long as any one can. Poor *Sally Godfrey*, with all her Charms, could never gain half so much upon him.

Mr. *Belmour*'s Eyes flashed Fire almost at these Words, *Pamela*, said he, with an exalted Voice, come back: You have heard two vile Charges against me; therefore in Vindication of myself, and out of

Affection

* For the first Time, after she sat down to Dinner, for she was hardly awkward enough the first Day she came from her Father's Cottage, to stand up at Table, as she is made to do, in one of the Accounts that is given of her, while she drank my good Lady's (Lady *Davers*'s) Health.

Affection to you, I must say something before this malicious Accuser, that you may not imagine yourself link'd to the most abandon'd of Villains. You have heard me accused, my Dear, as a Dueller, nay a Murderer, and now as a Profligate of another Kind. I will relate to you the Grounds of both those Accusations.

When I was in *Italy*, I had a Friend set upon by Bravoes who were hired to assassinate him by a Man of Quality, it was my good Fortune to disarm one of these Bravoes, in my Friend's Defence, and force him to confess who had employed him. Whom, when I knew, I own, I challenged. We met, and he received some slight Wounds from me, and dying about a Month after of a Fever, it was supposed, tho' I hope unjustly, that it was occasion'd by those Wounds, which obliged me to leave *Italy* somewhat sooner than I intended.

It was from this my kind Sister took her Good-natured Hint, to make you believe yourself yoked to a Murderer. The other — Nay, Brother, said Lady *Davers*, it is your own Fault if you go any farther. She shall know all, cry'd he, and then I will defy the utmost Stretch of your Malice.

When I first came home from my Travels, I happened to be introduced into the Acquaintance of Mrs. *Godfrey*, and then he ran over all the Circumstances of the Affair which we have already related, in the first Book of this Work, concerning Mrs. *Godfrey's* endeavouring to impose upon him, by forcing him to marry her Daughter, and her Daughter's afterwards resigning herself up to him without her Mother's Knowledge: This is the whole Business which this malicious Woman, with the worst Intentions, wanted to let you into, and my Dear, now you may withdraw if you please, for this worthy Sister has acquainted you with all the Ill, that her Malice can muster up, and which I myself should have taken a proper Opportunity to have informed you of, when I could have convinced you, that these Incidents of my Life were

were not my Boast, but my Concern, and I hope that Heaven, that touched my Heart with a Sense of so much Virtue as I found in my *Pamela*, will enable me to observe such a Conduct in my future Life, as may defy the Reproaches of the most inveterate Detractor.

My Lady was very much moved at Mr. *Belmour's* noble manner of owning and repenting of his Faults, so that the Tears came into her Eyes; and taking *Pamela* by the Hand, she said to her, My Passion has carried me too far, do not go, *Pamela*, but stay and hear me ask his Pardon; then she was going to lay hold of her Brother, but he burst from her in a violent Rage and went into the Garden, upon which my Lady sat down, and leaning her Head upon *Pamela's* Bosom, made her Neck wet with her Tears, and *Pamela* could not help weeping for Company. Mr. *Quidgely* walked up and down the Room expressing a good deal of Uneasiness at what had happened, then going into the Garden, he return'd immediately, and said, Mr. *Belmour* had ordered the Chariot to be got ready, and would not be spoken to by any Body.

Well, I have gone too far indeed, said my Lady, I was bewitched I think; and now, said she, malicious, as he calls me, he will not himself, perhaps, forgive me this Twelvemonth, whatever Submission I may make to him; for I must tell you, *Pamela*, that if once you offend him he will not easily forgive: But will you venture to accompany me to him, and follow this Lion to his Retreat. I will attend your Ladyship, said *Pamela*, wherever you command me. Well, Wench, said she, *Pamela* I mean, I should have loved you as much as ever my Mother did, if you had not — but it is all over. Why would you marry my Brother? And why would he — yet I must love him. Come, let us find him out, tho' I am sure he will use me like a Dog: I should not have exasperated him so much; whenever I have done so, I have always had the worst of it, he knows but too well how much I love him, and it is his Turn now to torture me.

Talk.

Talking in this Manner, and leaning on *Pamela's* Arm, they went together into the Garden, where they saw Mr. *Belmour* at a Distance, walking about with much Perturbation in his Looks and Gestures, who took another Walk to avoid them; but my Lady called out, Brother! Brother! let me speak one Word with you, and walking fast, when they came near him, Mr. *Belmour* turning about, with a Frown in his Face, said to my Lady, Pursue me no farther with thy Follies, I have borne too much, and I will vow that for a Twelvemonth from this Day — O! forbear, said she, to make any rash Vow, for too well I know, by woeful Experience, that you will keep it if you do; you see, continued she, I stoop to ask your *Pamela* to be my Advocate. Will not that pacify you?

I desire to see neither of you on this Occasion, said he, leave me to myself; and was going: But, Lady *Davers* said, one Word before you go, I beg of you — Come, if you'll forgive me, I'll forgive you. What, said he, with a stern Countenance, will you forgive me? Why, all your hard Usage of me To-day, answered she; for she saw he was too angry to bear with her mentioning his Marriage as a Thing that wanted her Pardon.

Sister, said he, I will be serious with you, I wish you well, and towards your Welfare, as you want no Assistance of mine, let us study one another's Quiet so much as never to come near one another more. Never? cry'd she, thou can'st not sure desire this, thou barbarous Brother! I do, reply'd he, and intend to keep at a Distance from you this Murderer, and Profligate. *Pamela*, continued he, how dare you approach me, when you see me thus disturb'd? Never, for the future, come near me, when you find my Mind in such a Tumult, unless I send for you: Leave me, for I will set out this Instant for *Bedfordshire*. What, dear Sir, said *Pamela*, without me? — I beseech you tell me what I have done.

You

You have, said he, as my Wife, too meanly stoop'd to this haughty Sister, for tho' she, by her foolish Passion, has made herself contemptible, I expected you should have known yourself a little better: And 'till I can have a few Minutes to recover myself I must tell you, that I am not pleased with you: *Colbrand* shall attend you with two more Servants, and I hope you may find me in a better Disposition to receive you in *Bedfordshire* than I am at parting from you here.

Had not *Pamela* believed that this Severity was partly put on to intimidate my Lady, it would have been very grievous to her; for she saw he was really in a great Passion.

Well, said my Lady, Sir, I desire you will pardon *Pamela*, if you won't vouchsafe to forgive me, for she has been guilty of no Offence, but that of Good-nature to me. And for my own Part, I will go away directly, as I intended if you had not prevented me. It was my Love, said he, that made me prevent your going, but it is your Hatred that drives me from you. As for my *Pamela*, it is impossible for me to be long angry with her, for she has too much of that Sweetness, which is one of the greatest Ornaments of her Sex, to be guilty of a willful Offence and then haughtily persisting in it; only I would desire that when she sees my Mind unhing'd, and my Passions in Disorder, she would not approach me at such a Time, for I would be always in the best Temper when near her.

But, dear Sir, said *Pamela*, must you leave me, and go into *Bedfordshire* without me? No, no, said Lady *Davers*, can't you both set out To-morrow, as you intended? For I will go away this Afternoon, and since my Brother is determin'd not to forgive me, I will endeavour to forget I have such a Relation.

Let me beg, Sir, said *Pamela*, you will be reconciled to your good Sister, turn all your Wrath on me, but spare my Lady, who condescends to ask you to forgive her. Ha! presuming *Pamela*! said he, art thou

thou so hardy as to believe thyself able to sustain my Wrath, which I hoped, from thy Tenderness and Affection to me, thou would'st above all Things have sought to avoid?

Pamela was so frightened when she saw he took what she had said amiss, that she laid hold of his Knees as he was turning from her, and said, Good Sir, forgive me, you see I am not so hardy as to be able to sustain your Wrath, the very Thoughts of it sink me to the Earth.

Lady *Davers* said, Only forgive *Pamela*, 'tis all I ask; you'll carry your Passion as much too far as I have done. She must not intrude upon me at such Times, said he, I am not now to tell her how much I love her, and if you would have given me Time to cool a little, I should have come and taken such Leave of you both, as became a Brother and an Husband. I have long endeavoured to check my Passion, Lady *Davers*, which, when raised, is as uncontrollable as your own, and should have had the Command of it, had not the Meanness of your Spight urged you to mention the Story of poor *Sally Godfrey*, which you would not have done, any more than that of the *Italian* Duel, as you called it, had you not known, that they were both Matters that gave me Uneasiness to think upon.

Well, said Lady *Davers*, I own 'twas wrong, I do indeed, and am ashamed of what I said, 'twas poor, 'twas mean, and much below the Woman that my Pride would have me thought. And for this Reason I condescend to follow you, to crave your Pardon, and even to procure one for my Advocate, who I thought had some Interest in you.

I care not what you thought, said he, for after the Meanness you have been guilty of, you're fallen very low in my Esteem, I will assure you. 'Tis plain, said she, I am. Therefore I'll begone: And so Brother, for this once give me Leave to call you so, God bless you: And *Pamela*, continued she, kissing her and weeping, God bless you.

How weak, said Mr. *Belmour*, is Man, when it is thus in the Power of the weaker Sex to turn and wind him as they list? This last Kindness to my *Pamela* has quite overcome me: I cannot stand it. Kifs but each other once again and I am satisfied. Upon which, Lady *Davers*, taking *Pamela* by both her Hands and saluting her on each Cheek, Mr. *Belmour* clasp'd them in his Arms, with one about each of their Waists, and said, Now may God bless you both, the two Persons I most value in this World. Thus happily was this Storm blown over, and my Lady and her Brother both pacified, said not another disagreeable Word to one another, which gave the highest Delight to *Pamela*, whom my Lady now treated with no more unbecoming Rudeness.

When they came out of the Garden, and saw the Chariot ready, at the Door, I do assure you, Sister, said Mr. *Belmour*, I should have set out this Afternoon to *Bedfordshire*, had not the Pleasure I now have in our happy Reconciliation prevented me; but now, if you please, you and I will take an Airing: With all my Heart, said my Lady; And Mr. *Quidgely*, said he, to her Nephew, perhaps you'll take your Horse and accompany us? That I will, said Master *Jackey*, with all my Soul, and rot me if ever I was better pleased in my Life, than to see you all so well reconciled.

So Mr. *Belmour* handed my Lady in the Chariot, and *Pamela* retir'd into her Closet, where she could not help thinking a little on this Miss *Sally Godfrey*, and wished she could know whether she was dead or alive; tho' she had little Reason she thought to apprehend Mr. *Belmour's* falling again into a Crime which he had so sincerely expressed his Repentance of.

About seven of the Clock he sent a Servant home to desire *Pamela* not to expect him to Supper; for that Lady *Jones* had oblig'd him and his Sister, with Mr. *Quidgely*, to stay and sup with her, and that La-
dy

dy *Darnford* and her Daughters were invited to be there likewise.

So, Mr. *Belmour* not being at home, *Pamela* made Mrs. *Worden*, Lady *Daver's* Woman, sit down to Supper with her, and Mrs. *Fewkes*, but it was not without a great deal of pressing, that she could prevail with either of them to presume so far; and when they had, she behaved in such a Manner as made them quite in love with her.

About eleven of the Clock, Lady *Davers*, Mr. *Quidgely*, and Mr. *Belmour* return'd, and found them together, Mrs. *Worden* and Mrs. *Fewkes* would have retired, but Mr. *Belmour* said, Don't go Mrs. *Worden*, *Fewkes*, I will speak to you presently; then going up to *Pamela*, My Dear, said he, I hope I have not trespass'd upon your Patience too long; but my staying where I was with my Sister was all to your Advantage I will assure you. Lady *Davers* went up to her next, and said, Well, *Pamela*, I know not how it is, but I find you have more Admirers in this Neighbourhood than my Brother. My Sister, said Mr. *Belmour*, has been hearing the Praises of my dear *Pamela* from half a Score People at once, and I dare say, not without a good deal of Satisfaction.

To have my good Lady *Davers's* Favour, and a Continuance of Your's, Sir, said *Pamela*, will be a greater Pride to me than that of all the rest of the World put together. Mine, said Lady *Davers*, you are sure of, tho' my Pride made me so long blind to your Excellencies; but now, I desire, you will let me wish you Joy with my Brother; and, thereupon, went and saluted her.

This, said *Pamela*, was all I wanted to make me completely happy, and I hope I shall always, thro' the whole Course of my Life, be ready to shew my Gratitude for so much Goodness to me.

Madam, said Master *Jackey*, it is now my Turn to wish you Joy, and before Gad, by all that I have seen myself, and heard from the Company where we have been, I cannot think that you have met with

any thing but what you highly deserve. And, pray, Madam, forgive all my Nonsense and ill-Manners to you.

Said *Pamela*, I hope, Sir, I shall always shew the Respect I ought to so near a Relation of Lord and Lady *Davers's*. And, Gad, *Worden*, said Mr. *Quidgely*, I believe I must ask Pardon for you too, now my Hand is in, for we were all to blame. Sir, reply'd Mrs. *Worden*, I have been treated with so much Goodness and Condescension, since you have been out with my Lady, that I have been before-hand with you, and ask'd Pardon for myself.

After this Lady *Davers* sat down by *Pamela* for half an Hour; and told her, how much she was pleased with her Brother's Treatment of her while they were abroad together, and how much he had confirmed the good Opinion she was beginning to have of her Discretion, and Sweetness of Temper. When her Ladyship went away, she wished her a good Night heartily, and said; I kiss'd you when I came in for Form's Sake, but now I will kiss you out of pure Affection.

When Mr. *Belmour* and *Pamela* were come up Stairs into their Chamber, he told her all that had passed at Lady *Jones's*, and what kind Things had been said by all the Company in her Behalf; and said, that he observed his Sister began to be pleased with hearing her well spoken of, which was extremely agreeable to him; and that when her Health was propos'd at Table, when it came to my Lady's Turn, she said, Come Brother, here's your *Pamela* to you.—But how, cried she, shall I be able to stand this Affair with Lady *Brumpton* and her Daughters, Lady *Betty* will rally me to death, and you know, Brother, she wants neither Wit nor Satire.

This Lady *Betty* is the Earl's Daughter, mentioned before, between whom and her Brother, Lady *Davers* would gladly have made a Match. Mr. *Belmour* said, whenever Lady *Betty* married he hop'd she would

find

find a better Husband than he should have made her, for on my Conscience, said he, I think I should hardly have made a tolerable one to any but *Pamela*.

He told her, the Company rallied him upon the Stateliness of his Temper; and said, They believed he would make an exceeding good Husband where he was, but that would be owing to the Meekness of her Temper more than to his Complaisance; for said Miss *Darnford* to Lady *Davers*, You cannot imagine, Madam, how out of Humour he was Yesterday at not finding *Pamela* at our House, when your Ladyship detained her at home, and he had expected to have met her, tho' he had but barely given her a Hint that he expected her neither.

Ay, said Lady *Davers*, he's a lordly Creature, and can't bear a Disappointment, nor ever could. But I told her, continued he, that of all Persons she ought not to find Fault, for I had borne a great deal from her this Day before I was angry at all.

She own'd that was true, but, said she, when I had gone a little too far, as I can't deny but I did, he paid me for it severely; and made the poor Thing tremble too, that I took with me for my Advocate.

It could not but be a great Satisfaction to *Pamela*, to hear in what Manner Lady *Davers* spoke of her abroad, after all that had passed, and how kindly the Company had expressed themselves in her Favour.

As soon as she rose the next Morning, seeing Lady *Daver's* Door open, she went to wait upon her, and found her in Bed, but talking to her Woman. I hope, said she, I don't disturb your Ladyship. O! not at all, said Lady *Davers*, how do you do? Come and sit by the Bed-Side: Poor Thing! said she, by the Talk we had Yesterday, I find you have had but a sad Time of it; and this *Jewkes* here, has given *Worden* such an Account as makes me pity you.

Indeed, Madam, said *Pamela*, if your Ladyship knew all you would pity me, for I have gone thro' great Hardships; but I ought now to forget them all, and be thankful. You have behaved nobly, said my
Lady,

Lady, and deserve the Praises of all who have any Regard for Virtue. It was God enabled me, Madam, reply'd *Pamela*. And, said my Lady, it is the more extraordinary, because, I believe, if the Truth was known, you did love the Wretch too. Whilst those severe Trials lasted, said *Pamela*, I had no Thoughts of any thing but how to preserve my Innocence.

But, my *Pamela*, said she, tell me sincerely, did you not love him all the Time? I had always, Madam, said *Pamela*, a great Veneration for my Master, admired all his good Actions, and thought him the finest Gentleman I had ever seen, and even when I abhor'd his wicked Designs, I found I could not hate him, but wished him well, and pray'd for him, tho' I did not know that this was Love; indeed I could not have so much Presumption.

That's prettily said, cry'd my Lady, but pray, said she, what did you think, when, after he found he could not gain his Ends, he began to profess honourable Love to you? I could not tell what to think, answered *Pamela*, but for some Time dreaded more from his Kindness than I had before from his Cruelty, and having received a private Intimation from some Friend, that a Sham-Marriage was intended, by the Help of some Man who was to personate a Clergyman, I had too much Suspicion from thence to be greatly rejoiced at his first kind Declaration.

And, said my Lady, after he had profess'd honourable Love to you, did he never make any more Attempts upon your Virtue? No, indeed, said *Pamela*, but was a long Time struggling with himself and his Pride, as he himself told me, before he could stoop so low; and once upon my saying but a very few Words, that displeased him, while he spoke kindly to me, he turned me out of Doors at a Minute's Warning, and sent me a Day's Journey towards my Father and Mother, but then presently after sent a Man and a Horse Post to fetch me back again, and has continued very gracious to me ever since, and made me the happy Creature I am.

Ay,

Ay, said my Lady, that sending you away one Hour, and calling you back the next, is so like him. But tho' this hasty Temper be a great Fault in him, yet has he many Virtues to make Amends for it. He is generous, and has a Nobleness in his Spirit that makes him despise dirty Actions, he delights in doing Good, but will not easily pass over a wilful Fault. He is prudent, sober, and courageous, and would not tell a Lie upon any Account. But my dear *Pamela*, for I must call you so yet, continued my Lady, I understand you have kept Copies of most of the pretty innocent Letters which you sent to your Parents, and that he found Means several Times to get at them. I wish, my Dear, you would give me the Pleasure of reading them, for when I am let into all the Particulars of your Story, I am sure it must reconcile me entirely to the Step my Brother has taken, and that I once thought would be impossible, for I must tell you, I had gone a great Way in bringing about a Match between him, and Lady *Betty Hardy*, Lord *Brumpton's* Daughter, and had said so much of it, that the Earl her Father, and the Duke her Uncle, both approved of it, and I found Lady *Betty* herself not averse to it; now shall I be hunted to death about it, and this perhaps, has made me a good deal more outrageous than I should have been. But when I find, as no doubt I shall, by your Letters, that your Virtue is but suitably rewarded, I shall be able to justify my Brother, and answer whatever may be said to me upon this Affair.

Pamela said, that to be sure she should be proud of doing every Thing her Ladyship commanded her, to shew her Willingness to oblige her, but that all her Papers were at present in the Hands of her Father and Mother, who would rather have seen her buried alive then seduced by the greatest Prince upon Earth. But she told her Ladyship when she came into *Bedfordshire* she should have them again, and would be sure to shew them to her, not doubting of her generous Indulgence, as she had already had her Master's;
tho'

tho' she had treated him very freely all along while he had naughty Views; and hoped her Ladyship would consider them as the naked Sentiments of her Heart, designed only for the Sight of her own poor Parents.

My Lady said, she had heard a mighty good Character of those poor Parents of her's, as honest, sensible, and industrious Folks. *Pamela* said they were the honestest, lovingest, and, perhaps, the most conscientious Couple breathing. That they once lived pretty well upon a moderate Estate of their own, but that being involved in the Fate of many wealthier Persons, in the late iniquitous *South-Sea-Scheme*, her Father had been reduced to labour hard for his Living, but that no Temptation, in the Midst of his Poverty, could induce either him, or her Mother, she was sure, to do a wicked Thing; and to God's Grace, continued she, and their good Precepts, with those I imbibed from my dear good Lady, your Ladyships Mother, I owe the Preservation of my Innocence, and the happy Station to which I am now exalted.

Lady *Davers* could not forbear kissing her, and said, there is such a beautiful Simplicity in your Story, such an honest Openness in thy Mind, and so much sweet Humility in thy Deportment, notwithstanding thy present Condition, that I find I must love you whether I will or no.

Worden, said my Lady, I can say any thing before you, and so you have been a Witness to this Conversation, and did you ever hear any thing prettier, more unaffected and more easy than my *Pamela's* Share of it? No, never, Madam, said Mrs. *Worden*, and I am mighty glad to see your Ladyship and Mrs. *Belmour* so happily reconciled. Well, said Lady *Davers* to *Pamela*, if you'll go down to your good Man I'll follow you presently to Breakfast, which she did accordingly, and the whole Day was spent very agreeably on all Sides.

Lady *Davers* resolving to set out the next Morning to return home, Mr. *Belmour* likewise ordered every thing

thing to be got ready for his Journey into *Bedfordshire*, inviting *Lady Jones*, *Sir Simon Darnford* and his Family, and *Mr. Peters* with his Family, to Supper, that he and his Wife and Sister might take Leave of them.

In the mean Time, *Pamela* disposed of the Money *Mr. Belmour* had given her according to his Directions, and gave *Mrs. Jewkes* her Twenty Guineas in such a Manner as was highly pleasing to her. With Tears in her Eyes the Housekeeper wished her all Manner of Happiness, and begged she would forgive her all her passed Wickedness, as she herself, at that Time, called it. *Pamela* also desired Leave of *Mr. Belmour* to present *Mrs. Worden* with five Guineas for a Pair of Gloves, which he said, was well thought of, and desired, by all Means, that it might be so.

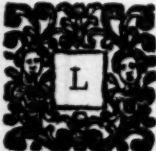
The Company being all come, there was no other Curb to the Pleasure and Satisfaction with which they spent the Evening, but the Thoughts of losing *Mr. Belmour* and his sweet Bride the next Day, but they would not depart, 'till they had obliged him to promise, that he would bring her again to pass a Fortnight or three Weeks at that Seat before the Winter.





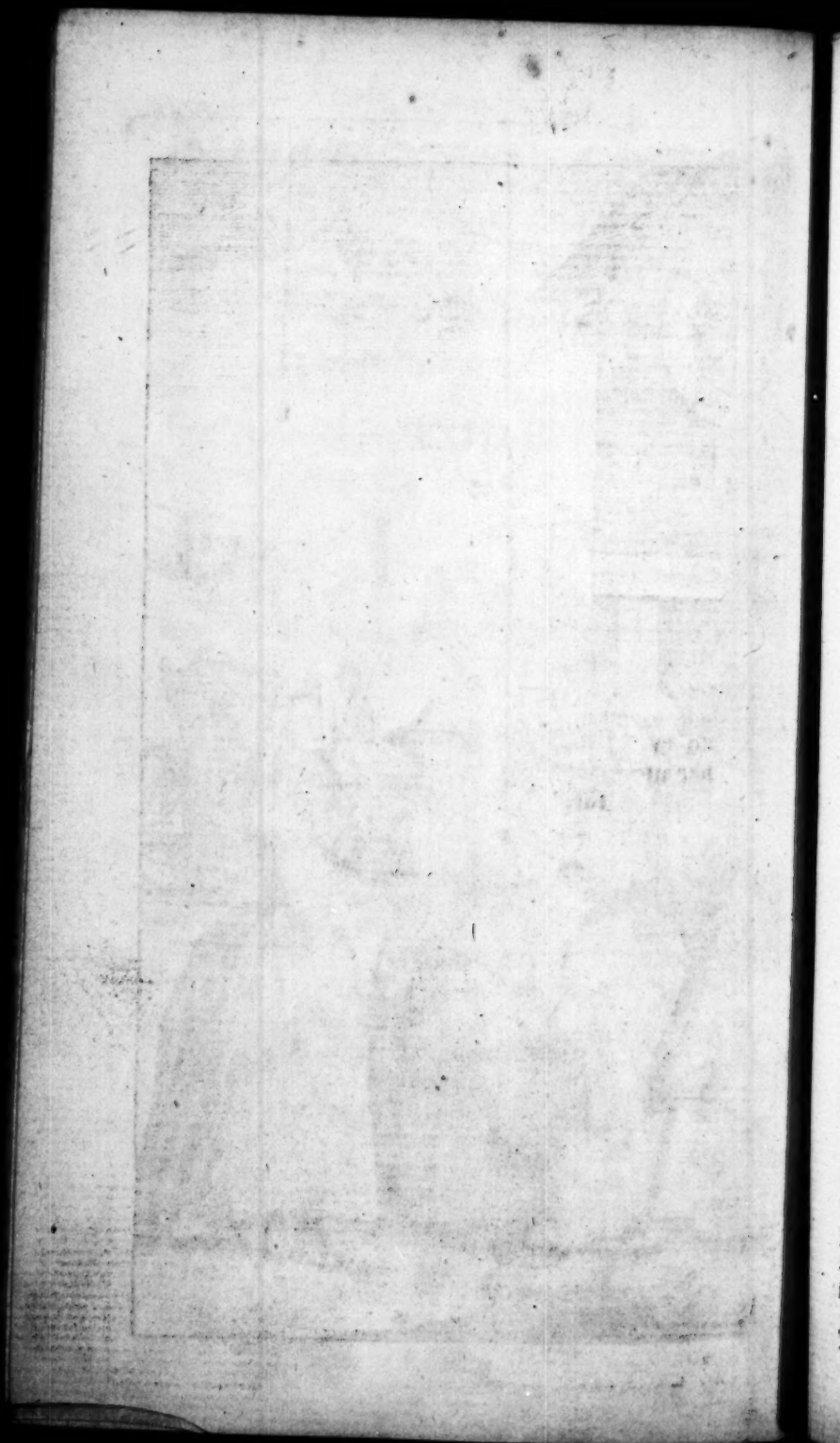
THE
L I F E
O F
P A M E L A.

BOOK VI.

 ADY *Davers* being ready to set out in the Morning, took Leave of her Brother and his Bride with the greatest Tenderness imaginable. And they set out immediately after for *Grove-Beilmour*, their Seat in *Bedfordshire* in their Chariot and six, attended by *Colbrand* and three Footmen on Horseback. Mr. *Beilmour* was all Affection and Kindness to his *Pamela* on the Road, as indeed he was upon every Occasion, which made her reflect, with Pleasure, on the



J. Curwinton Sculp.



the Difference there was between this Journey and the last, when she came into *Lincolnshire*, so much against her Inclinations, and under such terrible Apprehensions; and bless'd God for the happy Change at every Turn, and at every Stage.

When *Pamela* entered into the Court-Yard she was hardly able to support the Joy arising in her Mind, on making a Comparison between her past and present Condition, to think that she was now return'd Mistress of that same House from which she went away, not long since, as a poor cast off Servant. Mr. *Belmour* observed how much she was moved, and tenderly ask'd her the Occasion of it. *Pamela* lifting his Hand to her Lips, cry'd, O Sir! how great are God's Mercies and your Goodness to me! my Joy at entering this dear Place, and my grateful Thoughts to Heaven and you, I want Power to express. Mr. *Belmour* embracing her, said, Thrice welcome, Joy of my Life, and Partner in my Heart, welcome to your own House, as much your own as mine. Then leading her into the Parlour, he kissed her with much Ardour, and *Pamela* throwing herself at his Feet, said, Permit me, dear Sir, thus to bless God and thank you for all his Mercies and your Goodness to me. Rise, my *Pamela*, said he, and be assur'd, that so much Piety and Virtue can never be without the divine Protection, nor so much Sweetness without the Love and Esteem of all who are acquainted with it: And I hope God will preserve my Health and Life to make you as happy as I don't doubt of being myself thro' your Means. Having said these Words, Mr. *Belmour* asked aloud where *Jervis* was, who immediately came into the Room, Here, good Sir, said she, am I, and have been waiting impatiently 'till called for, that I might have the Pleasure of congratulating you, and your honoured Bride, on your Espousals and Return to this Place. *Pamela* could not forbear running to her in a kind of Transport, and flinging her Arms about her Neck, O my dear Mrs. *Jervis*, said she, my other Mother, receive your happy

Pamela to your Arms, and join with me in praising God, and blessing this good Master who has made me so. Dearest Madam, said Mrs. *Jervis*, you do me too much Honour; and all the Days of my Life to come will not be sufficient to shew the Joy I have for your deserved good Fortune, and my grateful Acknowledgements for the early Instance you were pleased to give me of your Goodness in your kind Letter, which restored me to my Place in my honoured Master's House and Favour.

Mr. *Belmour* saluted her, and said, *Jervis* I always had a Value for, and what I once look'd upon as an Offence to me, I now regard as a Virtue in you, the Part you have acted with Relation to this dear Girl, whom I am proud to call my Wife, will make us both have an Esteem for you, and proves you to be that good Woman that my Mother, who was herself the best of Women, always thought you.

Mrs. *Jervis*, at these kind Expressions, could not refrain from Tears, but wiping her Eyes, cry'd, God bless you, Sir, may ye live together many, many happy Years, the Delight and Wonder of all who know you.

And where, said Mr. *Belmour*, is honest *Longman*? And where is *Jonathan*? send them to me. And I, said *Pamela*, must see all the good Folks presently, but first, Mrs. *Jervis*, continued she, let me go up with you to those dear Apartments which I shall now behold with very different Eyes from what I formerly saw them with: So she and Mrs. *Jervis* went up together, and in every Room that had been a Scene of the Trials she went through, with her Master, before she last left that House, she kneeled down and returned Thanks to God for the Escapes she had had, and the Happiness she was now brought to. O my excellent Lady, said Mrs. *Jervis*, she is still the same good, and humble Soul as I have ever known her, and her exalted Station has only made her Humility the more graceful, and the more to be admired,

I should be an ingrateful Creature, said *Pamela*, if I, who have received so many Mercies, should attribute them to any Thing but the divine Goodness, and assume insolent Airs to myself. And I charge you, my dear Mrs. *Jervis*, in whatever Manner you may think it proper, for my Master's Sake, to treat me before Strangers, that when we are alone you call me nothing but your *Pamela*, for I am partly your's, and you have help'd to preserve me. O! I have a deal to tell you of what I have gone thro', and what God hath done for me, and next to my dear Lord and Master, and my own dear Parents, my dear good Mrs. *Jervis* is the Person to whom I would communicate all my Thoughts, and pour forth my whole Soul.

After some more Discourse of this Sort which shew'd the Humility and Gratitude of this admirable young Creature, she went down into the Parlour, where she found Mr. *Longman* with his Master, and he coming up to meet her, cry'd, Heavens give you Joy, my good Lady, as now I praise God I may call you. O! I knew, Madam, and always said, that Providence would take Care of, and reward such Virtue.

Mr. *Longman* said she, I am rejoiced to see you, and to see you here, both for your own and my dear Master's Sake. I have been telling *Longman*, said Mr. *Belmour*, that I am obliged to him for his so readily returning to me; that I shall quite forget what once gave me Offence, his applying to my Sister *Dawers*; that I hope he will be as easy as he can wish or desire; and that I dare promise him that you, my dear Partner, will do all that may be expected to make him so. Heaven bless you both together, cry'd Mr. *Longman*, how am I rejoiced to see this happy Day? And how many Hearts have you made glad by this generous Deed!

The other Servants were all impatient to see their dear Mistress, especially old *Jonathan*, the Butler, who coming in Sight of the Parlour Door, Come in,

Jonathan, said Mr. *Belmour*, and wish your Mistress and me Joy. That I do with all my Soul, and in the sincerest Manner, said old *Jonathan*, pray God bless your Honour and my good Lady: Thank you good Mr. *Jonathan*, said *Pamela*, I am glad to see you, you look as well as ever; Ay, better, Madam, than ever, said the good old Man, to see this blessed Sight; God bless you! again, and again, and I hope good Sir, I have your Forgiveness for all my past Failings? That thou hast indeed, *Jonathan*, said he, for I know none thou had'st but what were occasion'd by your Regard for my dear Spouse here, and now it will be impossible for you to err in the same Way, because you can never shew too much Respect to her. Nor ever so much, answered *Jonathan*, as her Goodness and Virtue deserve.

These honest Servants taking their Leave, Mr. *Belmour* and *Pamela* took a Turn in the Garden, and then came in to Dinner, which being over, Mr. *Longman* came in again to know if his Master had any farther Commands for him: Sit down *Longman*, said Mr. *Belmour*, and I will toast to you the happiest and honestest Couple in *England*, my dear *Pamela's* Father and Mother. I thank you, dear Sir, said *Pamela*. I am thinking, continued Mr. *Belmour*, that the little Purchase I made in *Kent*, wants a good Manager, and as it is somewhat out of your Way, *Longman*, I would propose, if I thought Mr. *Andrews* would except of it, that he should enter upon the Farm that was *Hodges's*, and so may manage all that little Estate for me: I will stock the Farm and make it as comfortable for him as I can.

Your Honour, said *Longman*, cannot do better, and I have had some Hint that Goodman *Stacy* has a Mind to dispose of his Estate, that lies contiguous to *Hodges's* Farm, so that as your Honour has so much Money by you, if you please you may purchase that Farm upon easy Terms, and thereby double the *Kentish* Estate. Well, said Mr. *Belmour*, get me the Particulars and we will consult about that another Time.

Time. It is very true, I have too much Money lies useless by me, though, upon this Occasion, I shall not spare to lay out as much in Cloths and Liveries as if I had married the first Fortune in *England*, and I am sure, I never could have met with one with more Merit. Indeed, Sir, said *Pamela*, I am ashamed of being so expensive to you. Not a Word more of that, said he, my Dear. Why, Madam, said Mr. *Longman*, with Money in Stocks and otherwise, his Honour has enough to buy half the Gentlemen round him; he wants not for Money, and lays up a great deal every Year, and it would have been Pity that he should have married but just as he has. Very true, *Longman*, said Mr. *Belmour*, and pulling out a Purse he gave it to *Pamela*, There, said he, my Dear, are two hundred Guineas, take them to yourself for the Purposes I mention'd to you; And, *Longman*, continued he, before Sun-set, do you bring fifty Pounds to my dear Spouse, which is due to her, by my Promise, this Day; and, at the End of every three Months, to commence from this Day, you are to pay her fifty Pounds more, which will amount to two hundred Pounds *per Annum*, which is to be laid out at her own Discretion. When *Longman* was gone out of the Room, Now, my good Sir, said *Pamela*, will you give me Leave to send for Mrs. *Jervis*? By all Means, said he; so Mrs. *Jervis* being called for, *Pamela* took twenty Guineas out of the Purse, and said, My dear Mrs. *Jervis*, let me beg your Acceptance of this, which is no more than my generous Master ordered me to present to Mrs. *Jewkes* for a Pair of Gloves, upon our Nuptials, and therefore, you who are much better entitled to them, by the Love I bear you, must not refuse them.

Madam, said Mrs. *Jervis*, Mrs. *Jewkes* was upon the Spot at that happy Time. Yes, said Mr. *Belmour*, but I dare say, my *Pamela*, would have been rejoiced to have had you there in her Stead. That I should, indeed Sir, reply'd *Pamela*, and better pleased with her Presence than any Body's, except

my own Mother's. Mrs. *Jervis* received the Present very thankfully, which she assured them, tho' so very liberal, was not of equal Value to their kind and generous Expressions to her.

When Mrs. *Jervis* retired, My Dear, said Mr. *Belmour*, I would have you, in some handsome Manner, as you know how, oblige old *Longman* to accept of the like Present.

Mr. *Longman*, not long after returned from his Office, with the fifty Pounds as he was ordered, Madam, said he, I have entered this new Article with a great deal of Pleasure in my Book. *To my Lady, fifty Pounds, the same Sum to be paid Quarterly.* O! Sir, said *Pamela*, what must I say to all this Bounty so generously heap'd on me without my being able to deserve it? Are you not the Wife of my Bosom, answer'd he, and have I not endowed you with all my worldly Goods? of which this is but a very small Portion.

Mr. *Longman*, said *Pamela*, as you are so pleas'd at my receiving these large Sums, I hope you won't be offended at my offering you a small Present only for a Pair of Gloves on Account of my happy Nuptials. Mr. *Longman* pausing a little. Nay, said Mr. *Belmour*, I hope, *Longman*, you won't refuse my Wife's first Favour; whereupon *Pamela* put twenty Guineas into his Hand. Well, Madam, said Mr. *Longman*, since you will so obligingly force them upon me, I know what I will do with them. What, said she? Why I will lay them by, 'till my young Master's Birth-Day, which, I hope, will be within this Twelve-month.

Pamela, not expecting any such Thing from the old Gentleman, looked at Mr. *Belmour*, and then blush'd so, that she could not hold up her Head. Well said, *Longman*, cry'd Mr. *Belmour*, and clasping *Pamela* in his Arms, O my dear Life! said he, God send it may be so. You have delighted me, *Longman*, continued he, with that Thought, tho' I durst not for the World, have uttered such a Thing myself.

Mr.

Mr. Longman, who had struck *Pamela* on a Heap, soon after withdrawing, Why, my Dear, said Mr. *Belmour*, you can't look up, the old Man said nothing so very shocking. But I did not expect it from him, said she, I could not have imagined but to have heard some innocent Pleasantry from him; and this was so, said he, both innocent and pleasant. Come, and I won't forgive you, unless you say *Amen* to it. Well, then, Sir, replied *Pamela*, may every thing happen that will afford you delight. That's kindly said, cry'd he, and clasping her in his Arms, kissed her with great Tendernefs.

When the Servants had dined, *Pamela* desired to see the Maids, who all came into the Parlour together, the four House-Maids, the two Laundry Maids, the Cook's Maid, the Dairy Maid, and even the Scullion and Pig-Maid. O! my old Acquaintance, said *Pamela*, how do ye all do? The Wenches were all transported: O! God Almighty bless your good Ladyship, we are all the better for seeing you so well, and all wish your good Ladyship much Joy and Happiness, and God bless my good Master, a more charming Couple was never seen. You see, my Lasses, said Mr. *Belmour*, your Mistress, I need not bid you respect her, for she had always the Love of ye all. All, all, cried the Maids with one Voice, and God bless ye both.

Thank ye, said *Pamela*, for your good Wishes, I will endeavour to be a kind Friend to ye all; and your dear good Master has ordered me to give each of you this, that you may rejoice with me in my Happiness. And so she gave them five Guineas a-piece, and said, God bless you every one. The Maids, highly pleased, retired full of Gratitude, praying for their good Master and Lady.

Mr. *Belmour* sent next for *Jonathan*, the Butler, and *Pamela* taking ten Guineas, as she had been directed, put them into the old Man's Hand, and desired him to accept of them for a Pair of Gloves, and pray'd God to bless him with his silver Hairs, so
like

like her own dear Father's. And putting his Hand between both her's, said, She should always have a Value for such a good old Servant of the best of Masters. O! such Goodness! cry'd the old Man, such kind Words, are like Balm to my old Heart. Blessed be God that I have lived to this Day; and the Tears trickled down his Cheeks as he went out of the Room.

In the same Manner *Pamela* made Presents to all the rest of the Men-Servants, Gardiners, Coachman, Footmen, Grooms, Helpers, Postilion, &c. according to their several Degrees. Five Guineas to some, and three to others. After which, Mr. *Belmour* ordered *Jonathan* to let them all have Liquor to spend the Evening merrily, but desired it might be with Discretion.

When Supper was over, he led his fair Bride up Stairs, and put her in Possession of his late Mother's Dressing-Room and Cabinet, in which were a large Quantity of rich Jewels, some that were to be new set, and some very fashionable, that were bought for Presents to be made to Lady *Betty Hardy*, if that Match had gone on, which Mrs. *Belmour*, in her Life Time, was as desirous of as Lady *Davers*. He then presented *Pamela* with all his Mother's Books, Pictures, Linnen, Laces, and every thing else that was in her Apartments, and bade her call those Apartments her's.

The next Day, being *Sunday*, as they were not prepared for their publick Appearance, the Bride and Bridegroom continued at Home; but *Pamela* spent pretty much of her Time in Devotion, in her new Closet, returning Thanks to God for the great Blessing he had shower'd upon her, and Mr. *Belmour* received the Compliments of several of his Neighbours sent to him upon his Return Home, particularly from Sir *Humphry Arthur*, Mr. *Towers*, Sir *Jervas Brookes*, and Mr. *Martin* of the Grove. And, on the Day following, *Pamela* had an Amusement which most Ladies think very agreeable, the chusing Patterns for

for new Cloaths. Mr. *Belmour* thought nothing too good, and *Pamela* thought every thing so; but at length he pick'd out Six of the richest Patterns there for her to chuse three Suits out of, saying they would provide themselves with more when they came to *London*. One was a White richly flower'd with Silver, of a very uncommon and elegant Figure, in which Mr. *Belmour* said she should make her Appearance in as a Bride, the *Sunday* following. He then made her chuse some very fine Laces and Linnen, and sent a Messenger to *London* on purpose, to have all Things ready by the next *Saturday*.

In the mean Time, Mr. *Belmour* riding out one Morning, brought several Gentlemen with him Home to Dinner, Sir *Humphry Arthur*, Mr. *Martin* of the *Grove*, Sir *Jervas Brookes*, and one Mr. *Chambers*; and after he had seen them seated in the Parlour, he stept up to *Pamela*, and told her who were below, and the Occasion of their being there: "I met them all, said he, at Sir *Humphry Arthur's*, "when my Lady asking me if I was really marry'd? I answered, *Yes really*: And, prithee, to "whom? said Mr. *Martin*. Why, reply'd I bluntly, to my Mother's Chamber-Maid. The Company could not tell what to say to this, but "look'd at one another; and I perceived, continued "he, that I had spoil'd a good Jest, which every "one was preparing for. Lady *Arthur* said, Indeed, "Mr. *Belmour*, you have married as charming a "Creature as ever I saw, and she has had mighty "good Luck. And so have I, said I; I should be "very glad to please all my Friends in my Marriage, "but that I cannot immediately expect 'till they "know my Inducements; but I do assure you, I am "exceedingly pleased myself, and that you know is "something.

"Said Sir *Jervas Brookes*, I have heard my Wife "say so much of your Spouses's Beauty and fine "Shape, and I know not what all, that I perfectly "long to see her. Why, said I, if you'll go Home

"and

“ and take a Dinner with me ye shall all see her, and
 “ I hope Lady *Arthur* will accompany us; but she
 “ made an Excuse, and said, she should not be backward to pay my Spouse a Visit in Company of the
 “ neighbouring Ladies; but it would not be altogether so proper for her to go singly, on so sudden a
 “ Motion too with so many Gentlemen. So the rest
 “ sent Word, that they should not dine at home,
 “ and all came with me.

When Mr. *Belmour* had thus given *Pamela* an Account of the Occasion of their coming, he went down to his Company, and soon after, when she came into the Parlour, upon Notice of Dinner's being ready, he took her by the Hand, and said, My Dear, this is Mr. *Chambers*, this is Sir *Humphry Arthur*, and so presenting her to the Company round, they every one saluted her, and wish'd her Joy: And all seem'd amazed at the Sight of so much Beauty, with so genteel and modest a Carriage. It was a very difficult Task for her to bear up under the Confusion she was in, of being without another Woman in Company of so many strange Gentlemen * at once, yet she did make a Shift to do the Honours of the Table, in such a Manner as gain'd her the Admiration of all that were present, and her Eyes and her Blushes were more eloquent than any Thing that can be suppos'd to be said by so young a Creature in such a Situation.

Mr. *Belmour* said a thousand kind Things to encourage her, and all the Company shew'd her the utmost

* Yet this modest young Creature, in the Letters of *Pamela*, as they are call'd, is made to talk on this Occasion, with as much Boldness as if she had follow'd the Camp with a Gin-Cag, and, like *Kate Matchlock*, had buried seven Husbands before in one Campaign. Such monstrous Inconsistencies must be shocking to a judicious Reader, and destroy the Character that so much Pains have been taken with, even tho' a Parson should have ten Guineas to recommend it from the Pulpit.

most Respect, but it was a vast Pleasure to her to get away when Dinner was over, and leave the Gentlemen to themselves, who continued till they had drank two Bottles of Claret a-piece, and were all the Evening full of the Praises of *Pamela*, and complimenting Mr. *Belmour* on his happy Condition.

The next Morning Mr. *Belmour* propos'd to *Pamela* to take an Airing about ten Miles, and said, they would breakfast at an honest Farmer's House, where he had some Business; so they accordingly set out in their Chariot and Six, at about nine of the Clock, and came to the Place intended in little more than an Hour and half. A very clean plain Woman met them at the Door, and, with great Respect, shew'd them into the Parlour. Well, Goody *Haines*, said Mr. *Belmour*, how does your good Man and all the little ones? All well, and at your Honour's Service, answer'd the Farmer's Wife. I have brought this Lady to breakfast with you, said he, and see my little God-Daughter, so the Farmer's Wife going out of the Room, soon after return'd with a very pretty Girl of about two Years old, in a clean Frock, who has soon as she saw Mr. *Belmour*, express'd a great deal of Joy, and running up to him, he took her in his Arms and kiss'd her, and then gave her to *Pamela* to kiss.

This is a very pretty Miss, indeed, said *Pamela*, but my dear Sir, continued she, methinks the Fondness you express to her, seems to be somewhat more than is usual to a God-Child only, I can't but think she stands in a nearer Relation to you.

'Tis even so, my Dear, reply'd Mr. *Belmour*; and no doubt you remember what I told you of poor *Sally Godfrey*, who was sent into *Wiltshire*, by the Care of my good Sister *Davers*, who blurted out the Secret in her Passion. I do very well, answered *Pamela*, and this dear little Creature I suppose — is the very Child, said he, that she was brought to Bed of: And can you allow me, my Dear, to love the little Innocent? Allow you! Sir, reply'd *Pamela*, you
would

would be barbarous if you did not. And so should I too if I did not love the dear little Lamb both for your Sake and her own, and with that she took the Child in her Arms, and kissed her with Tears in her Eyes.

Why, my Love, said Mr. *Belmour*, are your Words so kind and your Countenance so sad? I have, said she, a Pleasure in viewing this sweet Babe, but it is mix'd with Grief for the poor Mother of it, to think, if she be living, that she must call her chief Delight her Shame; or, if she be no more, what sad Remorse must have been upon her Mind, when she came to leave the World, and this sweet Infant behind her. If the latter be the Case, dear Sir, let me have the Pleasure of having the dear Child with me, that I may shew the Sincerity of my grateful Affection for you, in the Love I shall always bear to her.

You are very good, my *Pamela*, said Mr. *Belmour*, and I never was once deceived in the Hopes my fond Heart entertained of your Prudence. But will you, my good Sir, said *Pamela*, let me know if pretty Misses Mother be alive or not. Ay, *Pamela*, said he, I see you want to know that, and it is natural enough for you so to do, but I was willing to see how keeping you a little in Suspence would work upon you, and I think you have a good deal of Patience; therefore, I will now satisfy you, that she is alive, but at as great a Distance as *Jamaica*.

You have already heard, said he, that she was sent down into *Wiltshire*, and there she suffered so much in her Lying-in, that No-Body expected her Life; this, when she was up, made so strong an Impression upon her, that she dreaded nothing more than the Thoughts of returning to her passed Error: And, to say the Truth, I had intended to have visited her as soon as her Month was up: Therefore, unknown to me, she engaged herself to go to *Jamaica* with a Widow Lady and her Daughter whose Estate lay in that Island, recommending to me, by a very moving Letter, the Care of this sweet Innocent,
and

and then set out with her Friends, but is since very well marry'd, passing upon her new Husband for a young Widow, with one Daughter that is provided for by her first Husband's Relations.

Poor Lady! said *Pamela*, her Story moves me very much; but I am very glad she is so well settled at last. Ay, said Mr. *Belmour*, and tell me the Truth, are not you glad it is so far off? Why, dear Sir, answered *Pamela*, since you command me to speak the Truth, I must needs say I am not sorry for it, since she is so happy where she is. But did you not once see the poor Lady after her Lying-in?

I could not believe her to be so much in earnest, said he, as I afterwards found her. I went down after her into *Wiltshire*, and there heard she was gone to a Relation's at *Reading*, for her Mother, was so disappointed in her Expectations by her yielding to me without Marriage, that she would never look upon her from that Time. When I came to *Reading* I found she was gone to *London*; I followed her thither, and learn'd at the House where the *Jamaica* Ladies had lived, that they were all gone about an Hour before to *Gravesend*, in order to be near the Ship which it was every Day expected would set sail.

After I had refreshed myself a little, continued he, I set out with one Servant for *Gravesend*, and there I understood, that she and the two Ladies were gone on Board but a few Hours before, from the very Inn I put up at, and that the Ship only waited for a Wind, which was then turning about in her Favour. I immediately got a Boat, and going on Board the Ship, asked for Mrs. *Godfrey*. Judge, said he, my dear *Pamela*, the Surprize and Confusion she was in, when she saw me. She was ready to faint away at my first Appearance. I offer'd any Money to put off the Sailing of the Ship 'till the next Day but it could not be comply'd with. With great Difficulty, and solemn Assurances of Honour, I got her to trust herself alone with me in one of the Cabbins, and there I used all the Intreaties imaginable to prevail upon her to go

on Shore ; but all to no Purpose, she remain'd inflexible, but told me, I had made her very unhappy by that Interview ; for that she had Difficulties enough upon her Mind before ; but now should not be able to recover herself for the whole Voyage.

It was not without great Reluctance that I could force upon her a Present of five hundred Pounds, and make her promise to draw upon me for the like Sum when she got to *Jamaica*, as on a Person who had her Effects in his Hands, if she should find it would be convenient for her.

But how, dear Sir, said *Pamela*, did you part at last ? I would have sailed with her, answered Mr. *Belmour*, and have landed at the first Port, the Ship put in at, either in *England* or *Ireland*, I cared not which ; but she was too full of Apprehensions to consent to this ; and the rough Fellow of a Master, or Captain, as they called him, saying, he would not stay a Moment longer, and insisting upon my going on Shore or continuing the Voyage, I was forced to get into my Boat again ; so taking Leave of the Ladies and other Passengers, I wish'd them a good Voyage, and gave Five Guineas among the Ship's Crew to be civil to the Ladies. Poor *Sally*, once more, recommended the dear Guest, as she call'd the poor Child, to me, the Ladies being then present, and at parting, throwing her Arms about my Neck, we took such a Leave of one another as affected all who were present.

I came away, said he, with a Heart truly heavy, when I landed I look'd after the Ship as long as I could discern the least Appearance of it ; and imagin'd, for some Time, that no other Object would ever drive this once loved Girl from my Breast. But, alas ! how soon was her Image effaced in my Heart by the stronger Impression made on it by my lovely *Pamela*, whom I was once in Hopes of bringing to play the same Part as poor *Sally Godfrey* had done.

O ! you dear naughty Man, said *Pamela*, this seems but too true ; but God be praised, that it is not

so ;

so; and God be praised likewise for your Reformation both for your own Sake and mine.

Well, my Dear, said he, and I most sincerely return Thanks to God for it too, and hope, as I have seen my Errors so early, I shall the more truly abhor my past Liberties, and, I dare say, my *Pamela's* Prayers for my Pardon and Perseverance would be of no small Efficacy.

After they had breakfasted and chatted a little with Goody *Haines* and the Child, whom they both kissed and promised to come and see again, they returned home with much Satisfaction: Where their Time passed in the same agreeable Manner as usual, and in preparing Things for their public Appearance on the *Sunday* following, against which Time, the best Chariot, a very rich one, which Mr. *Belmour* had made new but the Winter before, in *London*, was new painted and gilded, and a new set of Harnesses for six Horses were sent down, that cost near two hundred Pounds. The Liveries were rich and well fancied: And the *Sunday* being come, *Pamela* was dressed in the Mantua and Petticoat of White, flowered with Silver, before mentioned, with an exceeding fine *Brussels-Lace* Head, Diamond Necklace, Ear-rings, and other Jewels. Mr. *Belmour* himself had on a Dove-Colour Cloth, laced with Gold, with a blue Paduasoy Waistcoat, laced with the same, and every Thing agreeable to it, well disposed, as he was, by all, allowed to be a very genteel Man.

When they came to Church, as they were expected by all the neighbouring Gentry and others, there was a very large Congregation, full of Whisperers and Gazers, which raised such a Colour in *Pamela's* Cheeks as gave an inexpressible Lustre to her Features, and Mr. *Belmour* looked so chearful, and behaved so complaisantly to his Bride, as did not in the least seem as if he was ashamed of his Choice. *Pamela* suffered herself to be as little diverted from the Duties of the Place as possible, yet, could not help sometimes observing, that the Eyes of every Body

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were

were turned towards their Seat, and being a little out of Countenance at it.

When the Sermon was over, they staid a little while 'till the Church was cleared, but found great Numbers at the Doors and in the Church-Yard, through which, as she passed, *Pamela* could not but hear many Encomiums upon her Person and Dress, without one disrespectful Word from any Body. Mr. *Martin* and Mr. *Chambers*, who were single Gentlemen, and Sir *Humphry Arthur*, and Sir *Jervas Brookes*, with their Families, were all there, and the four Gentlemen came up to them before they went into the Chariot, and complimented them both, in a very respectful Manner; Lady *Arthur* and Lady *Brookes* both, wished *Pamela* Joy, and Lady *Brookes* said, Madam, you sent my Spouse home the other Day quite charmed with that easy and sweet Manner, which you have convinced a thousand People, this Day, is so natural to you.

You do me a great deal of Honour, Madam, replied *Pamela*, the Approbation of so good a Lady cannot but be a great Addition to my present Happiness.

Mr. *Belmour* then led her into the Chariot, and several poor People begging her Charity, she beckoned to *John* the Footman, and giving him all the Silver she had about her, which was between twenty and thirty Shillings, she bade him divide it among them, in the farther Church-Porch, and let them know, if they would come to her the next Morning, she would give them something more, provided they importuned her no farther now, and so Mr. *Belmour* getting into the Chariot, it drove away.

The Poor did not fail the next Morning of coming to her Invitation, whom she sent away with glad Hearts to the Number of twenty five; there were not above twelve or fourteen the Day before at the Church, when *John* divided the Silver among them, but others having got hold of the Matter, made up the Number above.

After

After Breakfast Mr. *Belmour* gave *Pamela* a very confiderate, but, from the Nature of it, a very melancholic Instance of his great Regard for her. He took a Walk with her in the Garden, and a slight Shower falling, he led her, for Shelter, into the little Summer-house, where he had formerly given her so great Apprehensions, and sitting down by her, he said, I have now finished all that lay on my Mind, my Dear, and am perfectly easy. Have you not wondered, continued he, that I have employed so much of my Time in my Study? and tho' I have been so much at home have been so little in your Company, which you must needs know, I think very agreeable to me? No, Sir, answered *Pamela*, I have never been so impertinent as to wonder at any thing that you are pleased to employ yourself about. Well, said he, I will tell you what my Business has been. I have taken it into Consideration, that my Line at present, is almost extinct, and that if I should die without Issue a great Part of my Estate will go into such Hands as I should not care to have my *Pamela* at the Mercy of. As human Life is uncertain, I have therefore made such a Disposition of my Affairs, as, should I be called hence, will make you perfectly easy and independent; and shall put it in your Power not only to do a great deal of Good, but to live as my Widow ought. And shall also enable you to preserve your Father and Mother, from being molested in that Provision that I intend to make for them for the Remainder of their Days. I have finished all this, continued he, this very Morning, to the naming of Trustees for you, and if you have any Body that you would chuse, more than another, I would have you let me know it.

Pamela was so touched at this mournful Instance of his Tenderness for her, that she was unable to speak 'till she had relieved her Mind by a violent Fit of weeping, and then could only say, clasping her Arms around him, How shall I be able to support this? so very cruel, yet so kind——

Do not be concerned, my Dear, said he, at what gives me so much Pleasure. I am not the nearer my End for making this Disposition of my Affairs; but since I find it is so grievous to my dear Girl to think of, I will, myself, name such Trustees as shall be most for her Advantage. And now, my Dear, that I may make an End of all I have to say on this Subject, and not discompose you by ever reviving it, I must tell you that I have but one Request to make, which is, that if it should please God to take me out of the World before my *Pamela*, you will resolve not to marry one Person, and that is, Parson *Williams*; I make not this Request, said he, out of any Dislike to him, or Apprehension of any Likelyhood that it would be so, but out of my extreme Niceness, for methinks, even after I am dead, I would not have it thought, that while I was living, any Man had the Preference to me in your Esteem, which the World would believe if you were to marry *Williams*, and say, that you took me for my Estate, but when you were at Liberty to follow your own Inclination, the Parson was the Man——

Pamela could make no Answer for her Tears: And he taking her in his Arms, said, Now, my Dear, I have spoken all my Mind; but I expect no Answer; for I see you are too much moved to give me one: And, I hope, I have not one more thing to say to my dearest *Pamela*, that shall give her any Pain for the whole Course of my Life. So taking her by the Hand, Let us walk again, my Dear, said he: He led her out, and she would have spoken, but he said, I will not hear my dear Creature say any thing: To listen to your Assurances of complying with my Request would look as if I doubted you.

So he turned the Discourse to some thing else; and to divert her shew'd her some Verses, he had himself compos'd on a Rural Prospect, but far different from those wretched Doggrels that have been published as his, which are but one Degree better than some extreme

treme low Stuff father'd on *Pamela*, as a Ballad on taking Leave of her Fellow-Servants, and a Paraphrase, or Parody, on one of the Psalms.

This Afternoon Mr. *Belmour* and *Pamela* were favoured with the Company of almost all the neighbouring Gentlemen and their Ladies, who by Appointment with one another, met to congratulate their Happiness; they all staid Supper, which, considering how short Warning they had to prepare for the Company, was very grand, which was principally owing to the Care of Mrs. *Jervis*, who was an excellent Manager, and, as we have said before, Mr. *Belmour* had one of the best Men Cooks in *Europe*, so that as most of this Gentry lived altogether in the Country, there were abundance of Things at Table that not only pleased but surprized them. Tho' nothing took up so much of their Admiration as the Mistress of it, and whatever Envy there might be in any of the Ladies Breasts to see themselves outdone in Person, Dress, and Behaviour, by one who was lately so much beneath them, no Symptoms of it appeared at this Time, but even the witty Lady *Towers*, who had once been so rude to her, was as full of her Compliments as any Body.

Pamela was to return the Visits of all the Ladies singly, and there were no less than eight of them of different Families, which was a great Perplexity to her, and gave her some Taste of the tiresome Life of the fashionable visiting Ladies, the most impertinent in the World, for her Inclinations were to be employing herself in the Duties of her Family, the Conversation of her Husband, and her Devotion to God, and not in the Tittle-Tattle of a Tea-Table, or the Nonsense of Quadrille; not but that she knew these Things must be comply'd with some times, but the Hurry of so many Visits at once was what she disliked; and hoped, that as soon as these were over, she told Mr. *Belmour*, her Mind would subside into a Family Calm, and she might become no unprofitable
Servant

Servant to her dear Master, for so she would yet call him.

As little Vanity as *Pamela* had, it could not but be very pleasing to her to receive the Compliments of so many Ladies of considerable Estates and Figure, and above all, to receive, the next Day after, these Ladies Visit, a Letter of Congratulation from Lady *Dawers*, in which she told her, that as soon as she had favoured her with the Copies of her Letters, as she had promised her, she would, my Lord and she both, intended to come and be her Guests for a Fortnight.

There was but one Thing now left in the World for *Pamela* to wish for, and that was, the Presence of her dear Parents, which likewise she expected very soon, for the same Day that she received Lady *Dawers's* Letter she had another from her Father, wherein he desires his most grateful Thanks to be returned to Mr. *Belmour* for his generous Intentions with Relation to the *Kentish* Estate, and promised his best Endeavours to serve him to the utmost of his Abilities, and hoped his Industry and Care would be so well employed in it, that he should be very little troublesome to him as to the liberal Manner in which he had intended to add to a Provision, which of itself exceeded all he could wish for.

Mr. *Belmour* was very well pleased with the old Man's so chearfully accepting of the Offer he had made him: And desired *Pamela* to write an Answer to his Letter that Post, and hasten his and her Mother's coming to them, and bade her tell them, that when they did so, they were to return no more to their present Habitation, but continue with them till they went into *Kent*.

This was a very pleasing Employment for *Pamela*, and she went very speedily about it, and told her Father what her dear Master's Orders were: She said, she was mighty glad his Engagement in the World were so small as he sent her Word, so that he had Money more than enough to do Things handsomely
when

when he came away, and he needed not be sparing for he would have every Thing he wanted when he came to her; she advised him to dispose of what little Household Goods they had in Charity among such of his Neighbours as most wanted them; and said, as Farmer *Jones*, whom he work'd with, had always been kind to him, she would have him make his Family a Present of as many Books as would cost two or three Guineas: Such as a handsome large Family Bible, a *Common-Prayer-Book*, a *Whole Duty of Man*, or any other Book that he thought would be acceptable; for they lived a great Way from Church, and in Winter the Ways from their Farm were almost impassable.

Pamela having sent this Letter to her Father, told Mr. *Belmour* at Supper, that she long'd to make another Visit to the pretty Child at Farmer *Haines's*, and begged he would let her have that Pleasure, which he promised her should be soon. Indeed, Sir, said she, I shall not let you be quiet, if, when the dear little Charmer grows a little older, you won't let me have the Satisfaction of her being with me, that I may, to the best of my Power, help to form her tender Mind, that she may avoid the same Snares that her poor unhappy Mother fell into. And I am afraid very few who do, light into such generous Hands as she did.

I have been, continued *Pamela*, providing a great many pretty little Things for the sweet Poppet, against I see her next, that I may make her love me if I can. That, said Mr. *Belmour*, you are sure of making every Body do; but before you think of going any where else, I believe you will have Fatigue enough in dressing and making so many Visits as your oblig'd to in the Neighbourhood. I suppose you will go, said he, To-morrow, to Lady *Arthur's*, for Lady *Shendisford* being from home, she is now the Woman of the first Rank in the Country, and Lady *Brookes* is the next. While they were chatting thus, Word was brought that Mr. *Martin* was come to wait upon

upon Mr. *Belmour*, which a little surprized him, but before he could have Time to speak, the other came into the Room, without any Ceremony, they having been always very intimate. Dear, *Belmour*, said he, I have been at Sir *Fervas's*, and coming by your Door, I was resolv'd I would come in and take one Bottle with you, as it is not late, and the Moon will be up presently. Madam, said he, to *Pamela*, I am your most obedient Servant, by all that's good you charmed the whole Congregation on Sunday, not a Creature have I seen since, but is full of your Praises. Why the Rector himself looked much oftener upon you than his Book, I wonder he was able to go thro' his Sermon.

Pamela blushed and bowed, You are pleas'd to banter me, Sir, said she: No, I vow to God, I speak nothing but the Truth, said he, and as great a Rake as I have been always reckon'd, I would marry To morrow myself, were I sure of finding a Lady with half your Charms.

Fresh Bottles and Glasses being brought to the Table, *Pamela* rising up, O! Gad! said Mr. *Martin*, I hope you are not going this Minute, Madam? No, my Dear, said Mr. *Belmour*, don't go yet, but drink one Glass, at least: I'll toast Lady *Shendisford*, and her Daughter, Lady *Susan*, and that's a Toast I am sure he'll pledge.

Well, said Mr. *Martin*, I'll tell you what Lady *Brookes* has been just saying: What? said Mr. *Belmour*. That your Spouse here, answer'd the other, is an Ornament to her Sex, an Honour to her Husband, and a Credit to Religion. And Faith, Madam, continued he, you will convert the whole Parish from Heathens to Christianity, for as long as you come to Church there is No Body will be absent.

I am sorry, said *Pamela*, that our Neighbours should have no better Motive for coming to Church than Curiosity. Tho' it may be Curiosity that first brings them, reply'd the other, your Example, Madam, will make their Devotion sincere.

Why,

Why, really, said Mr. *Belmour*, I shall begin to think my *Pamela* will work Miracles in Time, for she has already brought you once to Church, which is next a-kin to one, and now makes you talk of Religion somewhat more respectfully than you were used to do; and who knows, but when you have seen a little more of my Happiness, she may reform another Rake? Who knows! Why, I know, said Mr. *Martin*, for I am more than half reformed already. The first Proof I will give you of it shall be my Sobriety to Night, for the Moment the Bottle's out I'll take my Leave of you. And he was as good as his Word, for tho' Mr. *Belmour*, after *Pamela* was retired and the Bottle empty, would have engaged him to have staid another he was not to be prevailed upon.

Pamela being the next Day to return her first Visit to the Ladies in the Neighbourhood, which was to be to Lady *Arthur*, advised with Mr. *Belmour* about her Dress, and told him, That without his Instructions she was wholly at a Loss what to do, for tho' she was very unwilling to be thought vain, yet she knew, at the same Time, that she ought to appear suitable to the Condition that his Goodness had raised her to; you have been pleased, my dear Sir, said she, to give me three very rich Suits of Cloaths, and as I appeared in one of them so lately as last Sunday, if I should put on another now, I am afraid it will create Envy in those I shall happen to be seen by, and be esteemed as Vanity in myself. Mr. *Belmour* reply'd, that she had no Cloaths that were above the Condition of his Wife, and that changing her Dress would be so far from being taken amiss, that it would be look'd on as a Mark of Respect to the Lady she went to visit, and was no more than what was always expected on the same Occasion: Therefore, my Dear, said he, I would have you put on that which I called your second best Suit: This was a pale blue Mantua Silk, lined with a Silver Tissue, with a Silver Point on the Petticoat almost up to the Gathering. Nothing could be more becoming to *Pamela's* fine Shape and bloom-

ing Complexion, and when she was dressed Mr. *Belmour* could not help gazing on her with as much Rapture as if he had never viewed her before; he led her to her Chariot, and then kissed her Hand with all the Complaisance of a young Lover, who was but then making his Suit to her. My Dear, said he, if Lady *Arthur* obliges you to stay Supper, as, no doubt, she will, I intend to come myself in the Evening that I may have the Pleasure of bringing you Home.

When *Pamela* came to Lady *Arthur's*, she found a great deal of Company, who had dined there, and were but just risen from Table and gone into the Drawing-Room. My Lady received her with the most profound Respect, and that Part of the Company who had never seen her before, and were quite astonished at the Beauty of her Appearance, she introduced to her in the genteelest Manner imaginable. Among these were Sir *Jocelin Smith* and his Lady, Mrs. *Masters*, the two Miss *Petleys*, and Mr. *Harrison*, besides Lady *Towers* and Mr. *Chambers*, whom she had seen already. Lady *Smith* and Mrs. *Masters* both wished her Joy, and said, they intended, very shortly, to do themselves the Honour of making her a Visit; of all the Company no Body took so little Notice of her as Lady *Towers*, for though she had made her many Compliments when she was to visit her at *Grove-Belmour*, yet she could not hold out any longer, her Envy and Malice were ready to choak her, and, as she fancied herself a Wit, she said abundance of foolish Things; but *Pamela* answer'd her Impertinences with so much Modesty and good Sense, that Lady *Towers's* Endeavours to depreciate her in the Opinion of the Company, served only to make her the more admir'd, and brought into the Minds of every one present, a Comparison, very disadvantageous to Lady *Towers*, between this agreeable young Creature, who, by her Virtue, had raised herself to such an Affluence of Fortune, and such a high Pitch of Esteem, and her Daughters, who, by a different Conduct, notwithstanding their high Birth, were meanly married
and

and despised by every Body. It is not to be imagin'd what Pain this fantastical Lady *Towers* went thro' upon observing the great Regard that all the Company shew'd for *Pamela*, and how little Notice was taken of any of her Sneers, and low Pretensions to Wit; she grew, at length, so uneasy that she was forced to walk out into the Garden to cool herself, and conceal the Agitations she was in, proceeding from the Violence of her Envy and Ill-nature; and her Back was no sooner turned, but *Pamela*, could she have been pleased with any Thing of that kind, might have had a great deal of Satisfaction in hearing her Quarrel revenged upon her, for immediately fifty Ill-natur'd Things were whispered about the Room concerning her and her Daughters, some finding Fault with the one, and some with the other, one pitying the Mother for having such Daughters, and another pitying the Daughters for having such a Mother.

By this Time the Tea Things were brought in, and Lady *Arthur* seeing Lady *Towers* near the Window, called to her, and told her, they were just going to drink Tea, and ask'd her to come in; as soon as she entered the Room, the eldest Miss *Petley*, who was a Girl of a good deal of Vivacity, and had been saying twenty spiteful Things of her, ran up to her, Dear Lady *Towers* how do you do? you can't think how much I am concerned for Fear you are not well. Lady *Towers*, putting her Hand upon Miss *Petley*'s Arm, cry'd, My Dear, you are very good, I was a little disorder'd but it is gone off again, with the fresh Air. Said Mrs. *Masters*, I have been this half Hour admiring Mrs. *Belmour*'s Head, I think I never saw so fine a Pattern. O! 'tis extravagantly pretty, said one: Delightful, said another; and then all the Ladies Tongues went together about laced Heads, that it was a difficult Matter for any one of them to distinguish what the other said, 'till Lady *Towers* whispered Miss *Petley*, and said, it was a hideous Thing, and the Work so slight, that it would not endure

above two Washings. Miss *Petley* who, but the Minute before, had said, she never saw any Thing so fine, whisper'd Lady *Towers* again, and told her she was of her Opinion.

Thus did these silly Women run on betraying their Envy and Folly to one another, while the amiable Object of their Spleen sat triumphant in her own Charms, which it was not in the Power of Malice to diminish.

Having worn the Topic of Dress quite threadbare, and the Discourse of the Tea-Table being at a full Stop, Lady *Arthur*, for want of a more agreeable Subject, began to talk very pathetically upon the Virtue of Charity, occasioned by the Mention of an unfortunate Accident that had happened a few Days before, in the Neighbourhood, to an honest Man, who rented a small Farm, and who, being at Cart in the Field, fell from the Top of a Load of Barley, and fracturing his Skull, died upon the Spot, leaving behind him a Wife and four Children, who were all to be turn'd out of Doors in a few Days, the Landlord, a very rigid and Ill-temper'd Man, who was a Tradesman at *Gainsborough*, having, with a Shop-keeper's Conscience, sent over to seize the Stock and Household-Goods for Rent, without allowing a Moment's more Time than the Law oblig'd him to, for the distress'd Widow to take Care of herself, and her four poor fatherless Children. The Story was so moving that the Ladies and Gentlemen all agreed to make a Purse for the poor Woman: And Lady *Arthur* herself, to set an Example, put in half a Guinea, every one in the Room doing the same, and tho' perhaps, *Pamela* was more sensibly touched than any Body else, yet as she was not willing to be ostentatious in her Charity, or vain enough to desire to be thought to have more than others, she did only what the rest had done before her: There being eleven Ladies and Gentlemen in the Room, the Sum amounted to five Pounds fifteen Shillings and Sixpence. O, pray, said Lady *Towers*, that she might shew a sort of Superiority to the rest of the Company,

pany, take four Shillings and Six-pence more from me to make up even six Pounds, and that may do the poor Wretches some Good. Lady *Towers* was, upon all Occasions, mighty punctual in point of Precedence, of which she gave an Instance at this Time, for after Lady *Arthur* had put her own half Guinea in the Purse, she gave it to the Footman who waited at the Tea-Table to carry round the Room. The Fellow, from his own Lady, went to Lady *Smith*, and was next advancing towards *Pamela*, who sat nearest, but Lady *Towers*, bridling up her Chin, cry'd, Here *John* come to me next, to let *Pamela* see her Place was first, her Husband having been a Baronet, tho' Mr. *Belmour*'s Estate was, at least, four Times as large, and there was at that Time, some Talk of his being to be made a Lord, which would have been a Mortification indeed to the envious and mean spirited Lady *Towers*.

Pamela had Wit and Discretion enough to carry herself in such a Manner, that no Body could discover she had the least Resentment of Lady *Towers*'s Impertinence, but she could not resolve with herself to stay any longer in such Company than seem'd absolutely necessary, for Lady *Arthur* herself was of a Character she did not much approve, her Affair with Major-General *Beakings* having been very largely talked of; therefore when Cards and Supper were mentioned, she begged to be excus'd, having, as she said, left Mr. *Belmour* at Home and alone. O! Lady *Arthur* said, Sir *Humphry* should send a Man over immediately to desire his Company too; but *Pamela* still desired to be excus'd, for her Design was to get away as soon as she could, to prevent his coming as he had propos'd, and she did but just nick the Time, for she had not gone above half a Mile, before she met him on the Road, walking towards her, he was a little surprized to see her, and, coming into the Chariot to her, desired to know the Reason of it.

When *Pamela* had told him, who were at Lady *Arthur*'s and their Behaviour, he could not be displeas'd

at the Reasons his Wife gave for the Dislike she had to the Company, which was owing to her Abhorrence of every thing that was an Enemy to Virtue. As they went along, she related to him the melancholick Story she had heard, at Lady *Arthur's*, of the poor Farmer's being killed, and of the Distress of his Widow and Children, and said, If he would advise her to it, she would do something more for them than the half Guinea she had given to the Purse, for she thought they were truly great Objects of Charity, and she wanted to be making a Beginning with his kind Quarterly Allowance, of which, tho' he had told her she was to give him no Account, yet she desired he might shew to him, but no Body else, every Quarter how she lay'd it out.

Said Mr. *Belmour*, my Dear, as I told you before, it is to be entirely at your own Disposal, and I shall never contradict any Thing you are pleased to do with it, for I am sure your Prudence will always direct you to do that which is right. Were you not to lay out this little Allowance without consulting me, there would be no Difference between that two hundred Pounds a Year and the rest of my Estate, for you will always have such a Power over the whole as to be able to dispose of it with consulting me, because I am persuaded that you will never be against any thing that I shall think proper for the Honour, or Requisites of myself or Family.

Then, Sir, reply'd *Pamela*, since you are so generous as to make me this Compliment with respect to your whole Estate, shall not I make a Return of the same to you in Regard to that Part which your Goodness has particularly called mine?

Well, my Dear, said he, our Inclinations are so entirely the same, that I believe we shall not have many Secrets between us; but pray, my Dear, with Respect to this intended Charity, do as you think fit, and I shall be pleased to hear hereafter in what Manner you have acted, for I think, as you do, that the Persons you mention are real Objects of Compassion.

Pamela,

Pamela, the next Morning, ordered a strict Inquiry to be made into the Circumstances of the poor Widow, and found that the Rent due to her Landlord was but seventeen Pounds, so she sent fifteen Guineas, which with the six Pounds in the Purse, discharged all her Incumbrances and left her something to begin the World with again. When she told Mr. *Belmour* what she had done, he approved of it very well, but told her fifteen Guineas would make a great Hole in her small Stock, and therefore desired, as he was not at Lady *Arthur's* to put his Charity into the Purse, that he might now contribute towards what she had given, and so presented her with five Guineas.

Pamela, not content with only sending the Money before mentioned, to the poor Widow, as she was to go that Afternoon to pay her Visit to Lady *Brookes*, ordered the Chariot to be got ready a little the sooner upon that Account, and went herself to see the poor distressed Family, which was but two Miles out of her Way. She found the Woman was a very well behaved, sensible Person, and seemed to be religious and industrious, which heightened the Pleasure she had in serving her. *Pamela*, with great Affability, and Good-nature, enquired into the honest Woman's Affairs, and, like a truly good Christian, said all that was in her Power to comfort her in her Afflictions; and finding her eldest Daughter was a very pretty Girl of about twelve Years of Age, well shaped and modest in her Behaviour, it brought to her Mind her own Condition when she first came from her Parents, the Remembrance of which made her regard the poor Girl with much Kindness, and tell her, if she would come over to *Grove-Belmour*, and let her know how her Mother had settled her Affairs and went on, she should be glad to see her, advising her, at the same Time, to be sure to fear God, and be dutiful to her Mother. The great Humility and Compassion of this fine Lady quite transported the honest Farmer's Widow and poor Children, who were ready to fall on their Knees to pay their Acknowledgments to her,

but she bade them return Thanks only to God in whose Hands she was but a mean Instrument employ'd to execute his Will.

Having paid this charitable Visit, which was a Satisfaction and Pleasure to her Mind, *Pamela* went next to perform that of Ceremony to the Lady *Brookes*, by whom she was received with great Respect, as well as by Sir *Jervas*, who, being at Home, as soon as he saw the Chariot stop at the Gate, went out with great Complaisance, to give her his Hand, and lead her into the House. Sir *Jervas Brookes* and his Lady were Persons of a quite different Character from the Family where she had been the Day before, Sir *Jervas* himself was a Gentleman of good Sense and good Breeding, and his Lady, a Woman of unblemished Reputation; the Conversation of these was therefore much more agreeable to *Pamela*, than the starch'd Hypocrisy of Lady *Arthur*, or the fantastical Airs, and false Pretensions to Wit of the impertinent Lady *Towers*, for Women of their Cast being unacquainted with the sweet Serenity that arises in the Mind from conscious Virtue, are continually disturbed themselves and endeavouring to torment others; but here the Conversation was very different, and rolled only on those Topics which were agreeable to Reason and good Manners; it was therefore without any Difficulty that *Pamela* was prevailed upon to stay and spend the Evening with this Lady and Gentleman, especially when her own dear Lord and Master came to join the Company. They play'd for an Hour or two at *Quadrille*, and then, after a genteel and elegant Supper, of several little Things, extremely well ordered, they took Leave well pleased with what had passed on both Sides.

The next Visit *Pamela* had to make, was, to Lady *Towers*, which was a Thing of Course that must be done, but was what she would mighty willingly have been excused from. It was no easy Matter to determine how she should make her Appearance, if she dressed too fine, she thought, she should excite her
Envy

Envy, and if otherwise, she might affront her; however, she resolved the Blame should not lay justly on her Side; therefore she put on her other new Suit, which was a French Silk, being a full Pattern of various coloured Flowers, mixt with Gold and Silver, on a Lemon coloured Ground, and lined with a Rose colour'd Taffety; her Head-Dress and the Ornaments of Jewels on her Head, Stomacher, &c. were exceeding rich, and such as Lady *Towers*, whose Jointure was but moderate, could not in any Degree pretend to come up to. As Women of Lady *Towers's* Character are the most uncertain Creatures in the World, her Humour was now so different from what it was the other Day, that, highly pleased with the Honour Mrs. *Belmour* did her, she was the most servilely complaisant that can be imagined, every thing in her Dress, and every thing she said and did met with the greatest Applause from her; notwithstanding all which, *Pamela* made her Visit as short as possible, that she might make two or three more the same Evening, and when she returned home, had the Pleasure of finding a Letter from her Father, wherein he acquainted her, that he and her Mother intended to set out as soon as possible, having settled all their Affairs and taken Leave of all their Neighbours, and that if it pleased God, and no Accident prevented them, they should be with her the next Day after she received that.

Mr. *Belmour*, to whom this News was very agreeable on a double Account, first as he had an Inclination to shew his Regard to the old Folks himself, and in the next Place, as he knew it would be a vast Satisfaction to his beloved Spouse, the next Morning ordered the Chariot and Six to be got ready, to meet Mr. *Andrews* and his Wife half Way on their Journey.

When the good old Couple came to *Grove-Belmour* the Transports of Joy on the Meeting of *Pamela* and her Mother are more easily to be conceived than express'd. It was now near Six Years since they had last seen each

each other, when *Pamela* took Leave of her Mother in her Grey Ruffet, with her little Bundle on her Arm, but now she met her full grown, in all the Bloom of Beauty and covered over almost with Diamonds and Tissue; the Sight of this dear Child thus blazing in all the Splendor of Dress, and all the Charms of her most lovely Person, brought Tears of Joy into the good old Woman's Eyes, and she could not refrain from falling down on her Knees the Moment she got out of the Chariot, even in the Court Yard, to give Thanks to God, for the Happiness he had brought her to, to see her virtuous Child thus bless'd, and begg'd Leave to kiss the Hand of her honoured Master who had deign'd to take Notice of her, and raise her to such Grandeur.

Mr. *Belmour* taking her up, saluted her with much Affection, and shaking Mr. *Andrews* by the Hand, bade them both welcome. The old Couple had put themselves in a plain, but decent Garb, and if they had not the Appearance of Gentry, they yet made such a Figure as claimed Respect.

They continued about a Fortnight in *Bedfordshire*, during which Time, Mr. *Belmour* sent *Longman* down into *Kent* to set every Thing to rights at that Estate, and had ordered a Sum of Money, besides the Rent he was to receive there, to be laid out in new furnishing the House with such Goods as might be bought at *Maidstone*, only some few Things he ordered him to send from *London*, in his Way thither. He told *Longman* that he was to consider when he was about this Business, that the House was for the Dwelling of his Wife's Father and Mother, and that he himself should spend some Time there every Year perhaps, therefore, tho' he would not have the Furniture rich, he should desire to have it neat and fashionable.

While this comfortable Habitation was preparing for the honest old Folks, he took great Care to shew them very much Respect and Kindness at his own House, and it was no small Satisfaction to the old
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Woman to go round and view every Place in the House and Gardens, which her Daughter had described in her Letters, and which were the Scenes of those Encounters wherein her *Pamela*, her virtuous Child, came always off with so much Glory, and in every Place kneeled down with her, to offer up their joint Praises to God for enabling her to give such signal Proofs of her Confidence in him.

When the Day was come that they were to set out for *London*, where Mr. *Belmour* intended to stay two or three Days, before he proceeded to his *Kentish* Estate, he sent *Colbrand* before, to *St. Albans*, to provide Accomodations for them, intending to make that their first Day's Stage, and a few Hours after, proceeded on his Journey himself, with two Coaches and Six, himself and *Pamela* with her Father and Mother, in the first, and Mrs. *Jervis* and two of the House-Maids in the other, with three Footmen and two Grooms on Horseback.

They arrived at *St. Albans* about four o'Clock in the Afternoon, where *Colbrand* had bespoke a very handsome Dinner for them, at the *Red Lion-Inn*, in the Market-place, and by good Luck, the Countess of *Shendisford* and her two Daughters, Lady *Susan*, and Lady *Frances*, had also put up at the same Inn, in their Return from *London* to *Bedfordshire*; so that joining Companies, they spent the Afternoon and Evening very agreeably, and the next Morning all breakfasted together in the highest Good-humour, after which, wishing each other a good Journey, Lady *Shendisford* and her Daughters, going on to *Bedfordshire*, and Mr. *Belmour* and his Family, proceeding to *London*, they came some Time before his usual Hour of dining, to his House in *Grosvenor-street*, into which he no sooner entered, but he took *Pamela* by the Hand, and saluting her, said, she was welcome home, And, my good Father and Mother, said he, to Mr. *Andrews* and his Wife, pray do you call it your home too, when either Business or Inclination may invite you to *London*. O! my good Sir, said Mr. *Andrews*, how

unspeakably generous are all these kind Expressions to such poor People, who are unworthy of so much Bounty? You deserve all, and more than I can express, said Mr. *Belmour*, for your own innate Worth and Integrity, and still much more as the Authors of the Being of my *Pamela*; who is the Joy of my Life, and greatest Bliss on this Side Heaven.

Two Days were spent in this fine House, without taking any Notice of the Town, which, he told *Pamela*, she would have a better Opportunity of viewing when they return'd from *Kent*, for at present *London* was a perfect Solitude, every Body being, at that Time of the Year, in the Country.

It was now the Beginning of the Month of *August*, on the 4th Day of which they set forward, with a grand Equipage, to *Kent*; they made a little Stop to view the Royal Hospital at *Greenwich*, and at *Charlton*, Mr. *Belmour* paid a Visit to a Gentleman of his Acquaintance, in whose House every thing that is consistent with Virtue, Generosity, good Oeconomy and elegant Behaviour is to be met with in the highest Perfection, after saying this, there is no Need of mentioning the Names of that worthy Family who still reside there. The Master and good Lady of the House were mightily pleas'd with a Sight of *Pamela*, whose amiable Character they were long before acquainted with, and *Pamela* on her Side was greatly delighted in the Conversation of a Lady, who was, in every Respect, the very Picture of that otherwise matchless Lady, who first form'd her Mind and was so generous a Benefactor to her. Were I at Liberty but to mention one half of the benevolent Acts that I could, from my own Knowledge, relate of this truly honourable Family, they are so much above the common Practice of Persons of the same Rank, that they would be thought incredible by those who have not the Honour to know it: And sincere as *Pamela* was in her Acknowledgements for the Bounties received from her generous Master, I know one grateful Heart that is as ready to pay the same Tribute at *Charlton*.

Leaving

Leaving this delightful Village, Mr. *Belmour* with his Charge, went on thro' *Dartford*, and so to the Crown at *Rocheſter* where they dined, and where Mr. *Longman* met them, to attend them to their *Kentiſh* Eſtate, which, being not many Miles beyond *Maidſtone*, they arrived at it in very good Time that Afternoon, and found every Thing, by Mr. *Longman's* Care, decently provided for their Reception.

As ſoon as they alighted, Mr. *Belmour* taking Mrs. *Andrews* by the Hand, Come, Madam, ſaid he, let me have the Pleaſure of leading you, and putting you into Poſſeſſion of your Houſe. And when they came in he ſaluted her, and ſhaking old *Andrews* by the Hand, wiſhed them both Joy of their new Habitation, and that they might long continue to poſſeſs it, in Health and Tranquility. The good old Couple truly ſenſible of his great Bounty to them, return'd him Thanks in the humbleſt Manner, and Mr. *Andrews* ſaid, he had given him ſo many Occaſions to acknowledge his great Favours to him, that he could now only repeat the ſame Things he had ſo often ſaid before, and beg God to bleſs him for all his Kindneſſes to him and his.

The Houſe, as Mr. *Belmour* had ordered it, was neatly furniſhed, and no one Convenience that could be thought of omitted, even Stores of Wood for Firing, Candles, and Proviſions for the Winter, ſuch as Beer, Pickled Pork, Cheeſe, Malt, Meal, &c. were laid in, in great Plenty.

Mr. *Belmour*, who had been at this Houſe before, when he purchaſed the Eſtate, and was acquainted with every Part of it, went himſelf to ſhew it to the old Couple and his dear *Pamela*. He told Mrs. *Andrews* which Chamber he ſhould like for himſelf and his Spouſe, when he had the Pleaſure of coming to ſee her, but that muſt be if ſhe approved of it, he ſaid, for he put her and her good Man into ſo abſolute a Power there, that nothing was to be done in that Houſe, or upon that Eſtate, but what they ſhould direct.

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With Hearts full of Gratitude for such innumerable Favours, and with the pleasing Prospect of a Life of Ease and Plenty in their old Age, the good old Man and Woman sat down to a chearful Supper with their generous Patron, and dear Child, to whose Virtue all their present Happiness was owing: And when they afterwards retired to their Chamber, they did not fail to prostrate themselves, with Prayers and Thanksgivings before their Maker.

The next Morning as soon as Breakfast was over, they heard a Coach and Six stop at the Gate and found it was Sir *Simon Andrews* and his Lady, who came to welcome Mr. *Belmour* and his Family into the Country. Sir *Simon* is a Gentleman of great Worth, who has an Estate within a Mile of Mr. *Belmour's* in *Kent*, and Lady *Andrews* is a Woman of good Breeding, and a sweet Temper. Their Visit was but short, Mr. *Belmour* would fain have prevailed upon them to have staid Dinner, but Sir *Simon* said, he expected Company at Home, notwithstanding which, he was resolved nothing should prevent his paying his Respects to Mr. *Belmour* and his Family as soon as he heard of their Arrival in the Country, and hoped, tho' his Saty, he heard, was to be but short, that he would take a Bit of Mutton with him before he left *Kent*, and did not doubt, he said, when they were so unfortunate to lose him and his Lady, but they should find a good Neighbour in his Namesake.

Mr. *Belmour* promised he would do himself the Pleasure to come over to *Bijoux*, which was the Name of Sir *Simon's* House, before his Departure. Sir *Simon Andrews* and my Lady had not left them above half an Hour, before three Gentlemen on Horseback, with Servants, came riding up to the Gate, and enquiring for Mr. *Belmour* came into the Parlour, these were Major *Pilkington* with his Son, and his Nephew, Mr. *Horton*, who told Mr. *Belmour* that they did not design that as a Visit, but they could not pass by his Door, as they heard he was in the Country, without
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just calling in to pay their Respects to him, and wishing him and his Lady much Joy.

These Gentlemen were very near Neighbours, whom Mr. *Longman* had acquainted before his Master came down, with what Intention Mr. *Belmour* came into the Country, so they paid their Compliments to good Mr. *Andrews*, as they called him, and said, they would do themselves the Pleasure of seeing him again when he was a little more settled, and told him they were very glad to hear they were to have so good Neighbours. When these Gentlemen were gone, Mr. *Belmour* taking a Horse and one Servant, with him rode out for an Airing; in the mean Time *Pamela* and her Mother, went again to take a more particular View of the House, where they found that their noble Benefactor had not been beneficent by Halves, but had consider'd every thing that might be useful to them to the minutest Article; and the House in all Respects was suitably furnished for People of about Five Hundred Pounds a Year, not forgetting some pretty Pieces of Plate, and a good Quantity of handsome useful China; a Stock of all Sorts of Linnen, and a pretty well-chosen Study of Books. After they had employ'd themselves for about two Hours in this agreeable Amusement, the old Man being no less delighted, at the same Time, with viewing the Fields, and seeing how tight and convenient every thing was about the Farm, Mr. *Belmour* return'd, and coming up into one of the Rooms where his dear Spouse and her Mother were together. *Pamela*, the Moment she saw him, ran to him, and throwing herself upon her Knees, embraced his, and would have spoke, but that a Flood of Tears, which better expressed her Joy and Gratitude, than the most studied Form of Words, prevented her saying more than, O! my loved Lord and Master! Mr. *Belmour* taking her about the Neck kissed her, and then turning to Mrs. *Andrews*, said, he hoped she found every thing in the House to her Liking, and if any thing was not, it should be immediately

mediately altered. The old Woman reply'd, That he had been so extremely bountiful in his Commands, and Mr. *Longman* had taken such Care in the Execution of them, that there was not the least Article that she could wish to have other than it was, but there were many that her Husband and she could not be vain enough to desire to possess, but as he intended some times to honour them himself with his Company; and as they might do Credit to their dear Child whom he had raised to a Station that they would not willingly be too great a Disgrace to.

No more of that, my dear good Mother, said Mr. *Belmour*, such Virtue and Humility would do Credit to any Station. Then taking a Letter out of his Pocket, Look here, my Dear, said he to *Pamela*, the Post has brought this since I have been abroad this Morning; it is a Letter from my Sister *Davers*, in which, is her Service to her dear *Pamela*, those are her Words, and, I will assure you, there are abundance of affectionate Things in it besides, both concerning yourself and me.

My Lord and she set out To-morrow for *Tunbridge-Wells*, which is but eighteen Miles from hence, and she says, if we will not come there to see them, we must expect that my Lord, and all his Family will come and eat us out of House and home, at our Country Farm. Therefore, I think, my Dear, I will comply with her Desire, and go over next Week, that I may shew my *Pamela* a Place she has heard so much Talk of, and oblige my Sister, who is so obliging to me, in her kind Expressions, of my Soul's Delight.

And now, my Dear, said he, I believe Dinner is almost ready we will go down, and talk farther of this Design below; then giving Mrs. *Andrews* his Hand, Come, Madam, said he, let me have the Pleasure of conducting you down Stairs. They found Mr. *Andrews* just come in from a Walk round the Grounds, and when they had been a little while at Table, Well, my Dear, said Mr. *Belmour*, what do you think of

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our Expedition to *Tunbridge*, to see my Sister *Davers*? *Pamela* answer'd, That she should always be proud to accompany him, wherever he thought proper, and was very desirous to pay her humblest Respects to Lady *Davers*, but not at all the more because she was at *Tunbridge*, for she had no great Curiosity of that kind, and tho' she could say nothing against them, from her own Knowledge, yet she had so often heard her good Lady, his Mother, declare her Opinion of public Places, that it had given her no very advantageous Idea of them.

I must own, said Mr. *Belmour*, I myself greatly pity those People who can never live out of them; but a little Variety of that Sort, sometimes helps one to relish the Pleasures of Retirement and Contemplation with the greater Goût. We shall make but a short Stay, and during that, shall have so much of my Lord *Davers*'s and my Sister's Company, that I dare say, we shall pass the Time very agreeably; and, methinks, I would not have my *Pamela* a Stranger to any Thing that the polite World are acquainted with, which is not criminal; and I am sure she has a Cast of Mind that will never make her over fond of trifling Amusements, therefore I would fain persuade you to pass a few Days at *Tunbridge*, which, I must confess, is one of the idlest Places in the Kingdom. I need not much Persuasion, said *Pamela*, to go any where that you command me, Sir, and can think no Place idle, or disagreeable, where I have the Happiness of your Company. Well, then, said he, I will write an Answer to my Sister *Davers*'s Letter, by the Return of the Post, and let her know, that we will meet my Lord and her there, and I will send *Colbrand* over to the *Wells*, To-morrow, to see if he can hire Lodgings for us, for I hear there is a very full Season, therefore, I am afraid, we must be contented with such Apartments as I would not have carried my *Pamela* to, had it been earlier in the Year. I believe it will be no Compliment to Mr. *Andrews* and your Mother, to ask them to go with

us, for, I dare say, they will be better pleased to wait for our Return in their own House, where we will recount to them all the Adventures we shall have met with at *Tunbridge*, when we come back.

The next Day, *Colbrand*, by his Master's Order, went to *Tunbridge-Wells*, and, returning at Night, acquainted him, that it was a very difficult Matter to meet with any Lodgings there, the Place being so full; but that, by great good Luck, he had hired a House, the very next Door to that which my Lord *Davers* had taken, which a Family had quitted that very Morning; he said, it was a very commodious Place, and he had agreed for it at the Rate of nine Pounds a Week, and was to give a Guinea a Week more, if he sent down his own Cook. Mr. *Belmour* was very well pleas'd with what he had done, and especially, as the Lodgings were so near his Sister *Davers*, so that they might live as one Family.

When Dinner was over, Mr. *Belmour* propos'd to go to return Sir *Simon Andrews's* Visit, and desired Mr. *Andrews*, and his Wife, to accompany them, because, he said, he was very desirous to bring them acquainted in their Neighbourhood. This Proposition seem'd very pleasing to the old Folks, and they had such a Chearfulness in their Countenances when it was made, that a little surprized Mr. *Belmour* and *Pamela*, tho' they could not, at that Time, guess the Meaning of it.

When they came to Sir *Simon's*, that Gentleman himself seeing their Coach, immediately approached them, and, giving Mrs. *Andrews* his Hand, conducted her into the House, while Mr. *Belmour* led his *Pamela* thro' a spacious Hall, and beautiful Saloon, into the Drawing-Room, where they found Lady *Andrews* with her Sister, Miss *Rogers*, and Miss *Brown*, Daughter to the Vicar of the Parish. Lady *Andrews* came forward, and saluting Mrs. *Andrews* first, and then Mrs. *Belmour*, placed them on the Settee at the upper End of the Room. Among other Discourse, concerning *Kent*, Miss *Rogers* mentioned the great Season there

there was at *Tunbridge* this Year; and speaking of some of the Company that was there, she named one or two of Mr. *Belmour's* particular Acquaintance. I'm glad to hear that, said Mr. *Belmour*, for they are Persons I have a great Value for, and my Wife and I design to go over to *Tunbridge-Wells* next Week: And I am glad to hear that, said Lady *Andrews*, for Sir *Simon* has promised to carry me to the *Wells* next Week, and I am sure Mrs. *Belmour's* being there, will make the Place much more agreeable than I could otherwise have expected it. It will be a great Happiness to me, Madam, said *Pamela*, who never yet have been in any public Place, to have the Countenance of a Lady whom every Body must pay a Regard to. O! Madam, reply'd Lady *Andrews*, so much Merit, and so fine a Person as Mrs. *Belmour's* will always be able to keep themselves in Countenance; But pray, Mr. *Belmour*, continued she, how have you been able to get Lodgings, as the Place is so full? Why, by very good Luck, answered he, we have hired a House, which my Man tells me, a Family went out of it but Yesterday Morning. And we, said Lady *Andrews*, I am afraid, must be forced to put up at an Inn; but I had rather do that, said she, and be there in the Height of the Season, than stay to be made a Jest of with the rest of the Gentry of *East-Kent*, who, that they may get Lodgings cheap, go at a Time when they can only see where the Company have been.

After a little more Chit-Chat on various Subjects, my Lady calling for Tea, and Sir *Simon* for Wine, the Company was divided, my Lady on one Side of the Room, with her Tea-Table, and Sir *Simon*, on the other, with his Bottle. Among other Things, as the Glass went round, which was but very sparingly with Mr. *Belmour*, who was a great Enemy to the Folly of hard drinking: Sir *Simon* said, he hoped he should have a sociable Neighbour of his Name-sake. I am certain, reply'd Mr. *Belmour*, you will have a worthy one. I doubt it not, said Sir *Simon*: But

pray, Mr. *Andrews*, continued he, may I take the Liberty to ask what Country you are of?

I was born, reply'd Mr. *Andrews*, in *London*, but have lived the greatest Part of my Days in *Bedfordshire*. And pray, said Sir *Simon*, What are the Arms of your Family? Sir.

I know not, answered the other, if you are serious, Sir? for I cannot suppose you are ignorant from what low Degree, Mr. *Belmour* has been pleased to raise my Child. However, Sir, I am not without Arms, and the Coat my Family bears, are *Gules*, a *Lyon Pasfant*, Or.

Why these, said Sir *Simon*, are my very Arms. Yes, Sir, reply'd Mr. *Andrews*, and if your Family Pictures are yet remaining, which used to hang in the long Gallery, for I see you have new built your House, I will shew you, among them, that Gentleman's from whom I derive the Right of bearing those Arms.

The Company were all, except Mrs. *Andrews*, vastly surprized at this Answer. Well then, said Sir *Simon*, I can let you see all the Family Pictures that were in the old long Gallery, which you mention, and when the Ladies have drank their Tea, it will be a Pleasure to me to wait upon them and you, to shew you my House. But, said he to Mr. *Belmour*, you are not to expect any thing like your own, Sir, in *Bedfordshire*.

The Company were all pleased with the Motion, and got up to attend Sir *Simon*, who carrying them up Stairs, thro' many Apartments, came at last into the great Dining Room over the Hall, where were most of the Family Pictures. Mr. *Andrews* pointing to one of them, said, That, Sir, is the Picture of old Sir *Humphry Andrews*, your Great-Grandfather, who had three Sons: Very true, said Sir *Simon*, and their three Pictures hang together; Their Names, said Mr. *Andrews*, were *James*, who dy'd before his Father; *Matthew*, after his Father's Death, Sir *Matthew*. Right, cry'd Sir *Simon*, he was my Grand-

Grandfather: And the youngest Son, continued Mr. *Andrews*, was named *Henry* and was bred to Trade in *London*, but once making a Failure, his Father, Sir *Humphry*, doing more for him than was agreeable to Sir *Matthew* his Brother, there never was afterwards any good Understanding between the two Brothers, tho' before this Misfortune, they were good Friends, and a Son which *Henry* had born in *London* was frequently down here with his Grandfather, and was taken much Notice of by his Uncle.

Henry, re-established in his Trade by the second Provision made for him by his Father, thrived very well, and, at his Death, left his Son *John*, a good Stock in his Shop, which was that of a Linnen Draper, and a small Estate in *Bedfordshire*; besides which, he married a Gentlewoman of this very Parish, with fifteen hundred Pounds Fortune, whom he became acquainted with, when he used to be with his Grandfather and Uncle. He, at first, did very well in his Business, but was never looked upon by his Uncle, even so much as to be his Customer, tho' afterwards Sir *Joel Andrews*, your Father, Sir *Simon*, became so, without knowing the Relation there was between him and his Draper, who, meeting with great Losses, was forced to give over Business, after paying every Body twenty Shillings in the Pound, and retired, with his Wife, to live upon their little Estate in *Bedfordshire*, where in the fiftieth Year of their respective Ages, Heaven blessed them with a *Pamela* to be the Comfort of their last Days, when their poor Patrimony was lost in the dreadful *South-Sea*, and they had no Way but daily Labour to subsist on; and is now the happy Means of bringing them back to the Country of their Forefathers.

All the Company was strangely surprized at the Account given by Mr. *Andrews* of his Family, by which it appeared, that he had been Cousin German to Sir *Simon's* Father: Sir *Simon* shook him by the Hand, and said, He hoped, since they were so nearly allied in Blood they should be often together, and not
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live like modern Kinsfolks, who seldom take Notice of one another so much as of Strangers ; then turning to Mr. *Belmour*, he said, he was proud of the Alliance, for he found Mrs. *Belmour* and he were second Cousins, and begg'd Leave to salute her upon their new Relation ; my Lady came up also and saluted Mrs. *Belmour* and her Mother.

Mr. *Belmour*, embracing *Pamela*, said, The World, which is governed by Custom, might perhaps respect and esteem her the more, when this was known ; but the Value which he himself had for her, was so great, that it was impossible for any Thing to increase it ; but he was glad, for her own Sake, that she was now out of Danger of ever being insulted on Account of her Birth, since, being of Sir *Simon Andrews's* Family, she had as good Blood in her Veins as any Commoner in *England* could pretend to.

But, said Sir *Simon*, you told us you had your Wife too from this very Parish. I had, Sir, said he, but there are none of her Relations, or Friends left in it. Her Father's Name was *Lister*, who, having made a pretty competent Fortune in the Army, where he was a Lieutenant-Colonel, sold his Commission in the latter part of King *Charles* the Second's Reign, and settled in this Parish ; and after he had given me fifteen hundred Pounds with his Daughter, was able to leave an Estate of about three hundred Pounds a Year to his only Son, who made a Shift to dispose of it in three Years, after his Father's Death, and just liv'd long enough to make an End of the Money ; so that my Wife has no Acquaintance remaining here, unless any of the Family of the *Guyvers* are living, who were Tenants to her Father, and afterwards to her Brother, as long as he kept the Estate.

They are, said Sir *Simon*, old *John Guyver*, who was Tenant to Colonel *Lister*, and afterwards to his Son, with his old Wife, are both living. When Mr. *Lister* parted with his Estate, it was sold to a Merchant in *London*, one Mr. *Sealand*. I remember, said Mrs. *Andrews*, I have heard that was the Name of
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the Gentleman who bought it ; but I never knew afterwards what became of that or him. Why, said Sir *Simon*, the poor Man lost all he had in the *South-Sea-Stock* ; and then, Madam, I purchas'd your Father's Estate, and old *John Guyver* is now my Tenant. I know not, said Mrs. *Andrews*, whether the old Man can remember me, but methinks I should be mighty glad to see him. That you shall, Madam, said Sir *Simon*, immediately, I will send for him against we come down, and I fancy your Meeting will be a very diverting Scene, for *John* is a comical old Fellow.

Accordingly, Sir *Simon* sent away a Footman to desire *John Guyver* to come to *Bijoux*, which he did, with all the Speed he was able, hearing his Honour, as he called Sir *Simon*, had Business with him. The Company had not been long return'd to the Drawing-Room, before Word was brought that *John* was without in the Hall. O! pray, *John*, said Sir *Simon*, walk in. *John* approaching, and taking his Hat off with both Hand, cry'd, An like your Honour, I am not in a Trim to come into'd Gueslering Chamber among sick fine Volk. O! you are very well, *John*, said Sir *Simon*, pray come in, here is a Lady, an old Acquaintance of your's, has a Mind to see you, now look round and tell us which of the Company it is. My Eyes, said *John*, are none o'd best: But let mow see, here is my good Lady's Honour, and Miss *Rogers*, and Miss *Brown* the Parson's Dafter, and here is anoder sweet young Lady, whaw can be no auld Acquaintance Um shure. Why then, *John*, cry'd Sir *Simon*, it must be the other Lady. Who do you take her to be? Why, let mow look again, west-heart, it canno be, yea, b'yr Lady, but 'tis ; my auld Maister the Colonel's Dafter, why I calls her to Moind as it were but Yesterday. The same, Goodman *Guyver*, said Mrs. *Andrews*, and how do you do? De better ad I see you so weel, Forsooth ; and if Um not mistaken this is Maister *Andrews* your Husband. You are much in the right, honest *John*, said Mr. *Andrews* and pray
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old Acquaintance give me your Hand, I am rejoiced to see you hold out so well, and look so hale. And Um glad, reply'd *John*, to see you wid all my Heart, Law ye now, how Dings will come about, we all thouten here ad ye were both diade, truly I am vast glad to see you; it must shurely ha' been a great Deniance to you, not to ha' seen your own Country all this Whoile. Ah! Maister *Andrews*, it is mony a Year sin yow and I play'd at Cricket i'd Church-yard, in good Sir *Humphrey's* Time, your Grandfather. Lud! Lud! how Toime slips away! some are borne ad was not thouten of, and oders doy ad we donno missen, auld Friends are forgotten; well, and how many Children han you? Only that one that you see there, said Mr. *Belmour*, pointing to *Pamela*: And by my Trot, said the Country Man, a delicate young Lady, but a looks a little plumpish about the Hips, as if ere whoile you'd ha' something to call you Grandfather.

Pamela could not help blushing at this, but Mr. *Belmour* laugh'd, and said, I hope you are in the right, Goodman *Guyver*, and that that something will be a Boy. And is Madam here, your Worship's Wife, an I may be so bould? She is, indeed, Goodman *Guyver*, said Mr. *Belmour*. Why den, said the old Man, dere is a dainty Couple on ye as ever mow Eyes beheld; and it does my Heart good to see so mony out-shuts of my good auld Maister, Sir *Humphry*, his Honour's Great-Grandfather here; a dad auld *Joan* at home, if she was not so liam and crazy, would have been glad to have come wid me, to have wisht you all Joy, she was House-Maid to his Honour's Great-Grandfather, and, by my Fay, he mun be Great-Grandfather to this sweet young Lady too. Well, said Mr. *Andrews*, since your Wife can't come to us, I'll go and see her ere it be long: And wull ye, said the old Man, that's koind, you were always Good-humour'd when you were but a Lad, old *Joan* will give you a Bottle of Mead, and a rear Piece of Pickled-Pork, and a Well-Pudding,

in you'll be so good as to come over and doine wid us, and may hap, you may foind a Cup of as good Yale, no Disparagement I hope, as any in his Honour's Cellar. Well remember'd, said Sir *Simon*, Mr. *Andrews*, you have not made your old Acquaintance drink yet; My Service to you, pray drink to Goodman *Guyver*. I dank you good Sir *Simon*, but I dunno care for Woine, I had much ladder you would Order me a Cup of good Yale. Come, *John*, one Glafs won't hurt you, said Sir *Simon*. Noa, noa, hurt maw, I dunno fear ad 'twould, reply'd *John*, but I donno like Tyaste on't, and I love to drink a good Draut; in my Moind dere is no Pleasure when you put such a vast little id' Bottom of a Glafs.

Well said *John*, said Mr. *Belmour*, I find he's for a Bumper. Ay, Maister, reply'd *John*, I am true at Heart, and a say ad dere is noa Deceit in a Bumper. So *John* having a Jug holding two Quarts of Ale, the Liquor he desired, brought to him, he drank it off without appearing at all concerned, such a strong Constitution had this honest Farmer at Eighty and upwards. When *John* took his Leave, he told Mr. *Andrews* he hoped he would be as good as his Word, and be so koind as to come and see auld *Joan*, which Mr. *Andrews* assured him he would.

Tho' *John* was gone off with his two Quarts, yet Mr. *Belmour*, Mr. *Andrews*, and Sir *Simon* had not drank a Pint of Wine among them all: Sir *Simon*, perceiving how little agreeable the Bottle was, either to Mr. *Belmour* or his Father-in-law, proposed to join the Ladies, and take a Turn in the Gardens, or call for Cards; but most of the Company chose the former, Mr. *Belmour* saying, as they had seen his House which was so elegant in every Part, it had given him a great Desire to see his Gardens also, for those he was sure, being under the same Direction, must be as beautiful as the other.

The Gardens of *Bijoux* are indeed laid out in a very fine Taste, which hanging on the Side of a Hill, with a large Piece of Water at the Bottom, and a long

Range of Hills opposite to them, make what the *French* call the most *riant* Prospect imaginable. There was in them an Octagon Summer-House, built upon an Eminence, from whence, with the Help of Perspective Glasses, of which Sir *Simon* had several Sorts always kept in it, might be seen a great Part of the County; *Pamela* being very inquisitive to know the Names of the many Places in View: I see, Madam, said Lady *Andrews*, you have an Inclination to be acquainted with *Kent*, therefore if you will allow Sir *Simon* and me the Honour of waiting on you, we shall be mighty glad to make a Party, one Day before you go to *Tunbridge*, to visit some of those Towns and Places, which, at present, we see at so great a Distance. Nothing, cry'd Mr. *Belmour*, can be more agreeable: What think you Lady *Andrews* of going To-morrow to Breakfast at *Maidstone*, and from thence we may go by Water to *Rocheſter* and *Chatham*, where, after Dinner, we will shew my *Pamela* the Men of War, those mighty Bulwarks of the *British* Nation, that are in the Dock there. A Match, said Sir *Simon*, name your Hour and my Wife and I will be ready to attend you. I hope, said Mr. *Belmour*, we shall have these young Ladies Company too. O! reply'd my Lady, my Sister and Miss *Brown*, I am sure, will be very proud to wait upon Mrs. *Belmour*: And what think you of this Ramble, Madam, said Mr. *Belmour*, to Mrs. *Andrews*? She reply'd she was very ready to wait upon him and the good Company; and tho' she had seen those Places several Times, yet it was so long ago, that now they would be quite new to her.

The Company going in, it was agreed, at Supper, that they would all be ready by Eight of the Clock the next Morning; so taking Leave for that Night, they were all very punctual to their Hour, the next Day, at Sir *Simon*'s; and set out, first Lady *Andrews*, *Pamela*, Mrs. *Andrews* and Miss *Brown* in Sir *Simon*'s Coach and Six; next, Sir *Simon*, Mr. *Belmour*, Miss *Rogers* and Mr. *Andrews*, in Mr. *Belmour*'s. Sir *Simon*, living the nearest, having sent away a Servant be-

before to the *Bull* at *Maidstone* to provide every thing for Breakfast, in a very genteel Way. From this clean Town, a Boat being provided, they had a delightful Passage down the River *Med-way*, to the dirty disagreeable City of *Rocheſter*, and from thence, after Dinner, went to the Dock at *Chatham*, where they were invited on Board a Ninety Gun Ship by the Commanding Officer.

Pamela could not but be greatly surpriz'd at this stupendious Machine, which, tho' it carry'd eight or nine hundred Men, with their Provisions for some Months, and ſuch a Weight of Braſs and Iron, in Guns and Anchors as one would think it almoſt impoſſible for any thing to float with, was governed and directed by a ſmall Piece of Wood, that the Lieutenant, who invited them on Board, deſired the Ladies to take Notice of.

When the Company left the Ship, Sir *Simon Andrews* and Mr. *Belmour* invited the Lieutenant to drink a Glaſs with them, which was an Honour he very readily accepted of, and it being a fine Day, they all walked to *Rocheſter* together, where Sir *Simon's* and Mr. *Belmour's* Coaches were ordered to meet them.

Mr. *Belmour* was very well pleaſed with the Lieutenant's Sea Dialect, which he underſtood better than the reſt of the Company, to whom it ſeemed like a foreign Language.

That Officer was a grave ſober Gentleman of about fifty Years of Age, who had been in moſt of the great Engagements, without any higher Preferment, altho' he had been in the Service from fifteen Years of Age.

Mr. *Belmour* could not help expreſſing ſome Surprize at his not having the Command of a Ship in that Time: But the Lieutenant told him, that the friendleſs Officers were looked upon only as Nurſes to train up the younger Sons of Men of Quality, whoſe Intereſt got them Ships long before they knew what to do with them, and that the experienced Officers had the Mortification very often to be commanded

manded by Boys, whose Ignorance of Sea Affairs made them the Jest of the very Foremast Men, and that some of these Striplings were so assuming, that they would insist upon Things being done which were quite wrong; and if those who knew better made any Remonstrance to them, their Answer was, Pray, Sir, do you or I command this Ship? Do you do your Duty, Sir, I know mine, and will have my Orders complied with. Do you think, Sir, continued the honest Lieutenant, it is not vexatious to be thus commanded by a Milk-Sop, who has no Merit but that he happened to be born the Son of a Lord?

It is, I must needs confess, said Mr. *Belmour*, a great Hardship to have raw young Men put over the Heads of Officers who have served long and well; and I could heartily wish, that Merit only was to give Pretensions to Preferment. If you should happen, Sir, to come to *London*, in the Winter, when I am there, I shall be glad to see you; so tearing the Back of a Letter off, which he had received, when in Town, This, Sir, continued he, is my Address, and when I have the Favour of seeing you at my House, it may perhaps, be in my Power to do you some Service.

The Sea-Officer seemed mighty well pleased with the Compliment; and the Company taking Leave of him, returned in the two Coaches, to Mr. *Andrews's*, for both Mr. *Belmour* and he, desired Sir *Simon* and my Lady, with the rest of the Company, to do him the Honour of supping with him.

After we have given an Account of Mr. *Andrews's* and his Wife's Birth and the Manner of their first living in the World, it is not to be wondered at, that they should know how to behave so as to gain very much upon the Esteem and Affection of Sir *Simon Andrews* and his Family, who grew exceedingly well pleased with their new Neighbours, so that hardly a Day passed, especially while Mr. *Belmour* was there, but they were at one another's Houses. While they were at Supper, Sir *Simon* asked Mrs. *Belmour* when the

the Day was fix'd for their going to *Tunbridge*, she told him, Mr. *Belmour* had named the *Wednesday* following. Is not that the Day, Sir, said she to her Husband? Yes, my Dear, said he, if you have no Objection to it. Why, then, reply'd Sir *Simon*, you will have just Time enough to be at the Horse-Race on *Tuesday*, upon *Cox-beath*, and I hope my Wife and I shall have the Pleasure of attending you there; this was presently agreed to; but an Incident fell out at this Place which caused a great deal of Trouble afterwards in Mr. *Belmour's* Family. The Day being come, and much Company being on the Course, considering the Smallness of the Place, among the rest their appeared a young Gentleman extremely well mounted, on a fine *Barbary* Horse, with very rich Furniture, who seeing so beautiful a young Lady as *Pamela*, had no Power to keep his Eyes off of her, but riding round and round the Course, still made up to her Coach; Sir *Simon* and Mr. *Belmour* were on Horseback, at some Distance, when this Gentleman being by the Side of the Coach, enter'd into a Discourse, with great Complaisance, with *Pamela*, and Lady *Andrews*, who, supposing him an Acquaintance of one or both their Husbands, were very civil in answering whatever Questions he asked them, and suffered him to entertain them with a great deal of Mirth and innocent Pleasantry, as they thought it. After which, taking Leave of the Ladies he rode off, just as Sir *Simon* and Mr. *Belmour* came up to them, and asked them, who that Gentleman was that had been so long chatting with them. Nay, Lady *Andrews* said, that was what they wanted to be informed of from them, for they imagined he was of their Acquaintance. The Gentlemen reply'd, they neither of them was acquainted with him; but Mr. *Belmour* said, he knew him by Sight, and that his Name was, Sir *Harry Broomstead*, a young Gentleman of a great Estate, just come home from his Travels. And pray, continued he, what has he been entertaining you with? *Pamela* said, They had talk'd only of indifferent Things, but

the Gentleman had a great deal of Wit, and was good Company. I am mighty glad, reply'd Mr. *Belmour*, you have been so well diverted. So no more was said upon that Subject; Mr. *Belmour* knew that the Character of this young Gentleman was that of a great Libertine, and a Man of much Gallantry, but he knew his *Pamela's* Virtue too well to be apprehensive of any Danger from so accidental a Rencounter and in so public a Place.

The next Day they were to set out for *Tunbridge*, whither Sir *Simon Andrews*, and my Lady, promised to follow them in two Days. Mr. *Belmour* and *Pamela* went in their Coach and Six, with *Colbrand* and four Footmen, on Horseback; being got over *Coxheath*, they had the Privilege of going thro' *Burston-Park*, by which they avoided a very ugly dirty Lane leading to *Yalden*, but between that and *Pembury*, the Roads being very deep, their Coach was set in a Slow, from which, their Six strong Coach-Horses were not able to extricate them: *Pamela* was very much frightened, and Mr. *Belmour* was under no little Concern, considering the Condition of his Wife, who was six Months gone with Child; but, at length, by the Assistance of an honest Farmer, and a Yoke of Oxen, they were got safely out, and proceeded to the *Wells*, within a Quarter of a Mile of which, being come over *Caveley's Plain* into the main Road, the Coach was surrounded with Butchers, Bakers, Brewers, Shopkeepers, Dippers, Barbers, and twenty other People, who, in the Language of the Place, are called *Towtlers*, all presenting themselves to beg their Custom. Mr. *Belmour* ordered *Colbrand* to keep them off, and agree with such as he thought proper. *Colbrand* was a true *Sawiss*, and, to be sure, accepted of their Service who bade fairest. Through this Crowd of impertinent People Mr. *Belmour* and *Pamela* arrived at their Lodgings, which was one of Mr. *Asineus's* Houses upon *Mount-Sion*, near the *Bowling Green*, which was once the Lodging of the Princess *Anne of Denmark*, and has since been honour'd with
being,

being, one Week, the Court of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of *Wales*. The House adjoining was taken for Lord and Lady *Davers*, at which, they arrived the same Evening. Lady *Davers* was so transported at hearing that her Brother and *Pamela* were there, that she could not forbear running into *Pamela*, even before she went to her own Lodging, to see her, and embraced both her and her Spouse with the greatest Marks of Affection: And then called to my Lord and Mr. *Quidgely*, his Nephew, to come and do the same. After which, Mr. *Belmour* and *Pamela* waited upon my Lord and Lady into their Apartments, where they stay'd and passed the Evening, all of them resolving not to appear upon the Walks 'till the next Day.

Very early the next Morning, according to Custom, they were saluted by the wretched Music of the *Wells*, to welcome them to the Place, and, in very rich Morning Dresses, went down to the *Wells*, where *Pamela's* Charms attracted the Eyes, and excited the Whispers of all that were present. Poor Lady *Davers*! cry'd my Lady, there's no Body takes the least Notice of me, but my dear *Pamela* here has engaged the Attention of every Body. The Men are all Admiration, and the Ladies look as if they were all ashamed of themselves; are not you a cruel Creature, continued she, to put so many Belles out of Countenance. Why the poor Things will all have the Vapours and lock themselves up, so that I suppose we shall have the Walks to ourselves in the Afternoon.

Dear, Madam, said *Pamela*, why will you banter me thus; it is I have most Reason to be ashamed, who have never before appeared in a Place where there was so much polite Company. Well then, said Lady *Davers*, don't put on that grave Face, for here every Body is free and familiar at first Sight, we sit down on the first Bench we come at, with Company we never saw before, talk to every Body, and let every Body talk to us. Come, my Dear, we'll now go to the Bookseller's, where upon subscribing a Crown, or

some such Matter, you will have the Liberty of rummaging his Shop, and taking away, every Day, what Book you have a Fancy to while you stay at the *Wells*. And here, in the Way, you may go to Market if you have a Mind, 'tis one of the Diversions of the Place; do but observe, continued she, there is the old Dutcheſs of — haggling with the Herb-Woman to ſave a Half-penny in a Bunch of Carrots, and by and by, you may ſee her throwing for ten or twenty Guineas a Main at Hazard.

Lady *Davers* and *Pamela* being come to the Bookſeller's upon the Walk, the firſt Perſon that ſaluted *Pamela* was Sir *Harry Broomſtead* who had ſeen her the Day before upon *Cox-beath*, he welcomed her to the *Wells*, and ſaid, he little thought to have had the Honour of ſeeing her again ſo ſoon. *Pamela* returned his Compliment with a Curteſy; and ſaid, ſhe and the Lady who was with her were much obliged to him for his Company: Sir *Harry* reply'd, the Obligation was greatly on his Side, for ſo much Wit and good Humour he had never met with before, from two Ladies who were both ſo agreeable in every other Reſpect. I find Siſter, ſaid Lady *Davers*, you have met with an old Acquaintance, but pray who is the other Lady the Gentleman mentions? A Relation of mine, ſaid *Pamela*, Sir *Simon Andrews's* Lady, whom I expect over here in a Day or two, with her Spouſe. I am very glad to hear it, ſaid Sir *Harry*, for I think her one of the fineſt Women I ever ſaw.

Sir *Harry* declaring thus his Eſteem for both the Ladies at once, did not look like having any particular Deſign, and therefore was regarded, both by my Lady and *Pamela*, as mere common Complaiſance; but my Lady, tho' ſhe ſaid nothing, could not help being prodigiouſly ſurprized at *Pamela's* calling Lady *Andrews* her Relation, can it be poſſible, thought ſhe to herſelf, that this young Creature, who has hitherto always ſhewn ſo much Modesty and Humility, ſhould have her Head ſo turned on a Sudden, with her good Fortune, as to give herſelf ſuch Airs,
and

and set up for a Family, because her Name, which is a very common one, happens to be the same with a Man of Fashion, nay, and before me too, who, she very well knows, am not unacquainted with her Original. She was strangely perplexed what to think, but, willing to believe the best, imagined there might be some Joke in it, that she would let her into when they were by themselves.

From the Bookseller's Shop, where Lady *Davers* and *Pamela* both subscribed their Names, they sauntered up to the Top of the Walk, which *Pamela*, after hearing so much Talk of, was surprized to find only a mean Place, paved with common red Pan-Tiles; but the Company, the Shops, and the Music all together, made it appear very gay and lively. Sir *Harry Broomstead* would accompany them. Their Honours, as usual, were welcomed, by all the Trades-People to the *Wells*, and teized to put into a Raffle at every Shop, at one of which, Lady *Davers* seeing a Fan, that she liked mightily, was told by the Woman of the Shop, that four Ladies had put in their Crowns a-piece already to raffle for it, and she wanted five more, for the Price was five and forty Shillings. Well, said Sir *Harry*, and here are three of us, that's seven; so look out for two more; and get your Company together as soon as you can; O! said Lady *Davers*, here comes my Lord and my Brother, we'll make them put in.

Lord *Davers* coming up to *Pamela*, asked her how she liked the *Wells*, and if she was not ready for Breakfast: *Pamela* said, So much good Company as was there must make any Place shine, but of itself, she said, it came far short of her Expectation. But my Lord, said Lady *Davers*, you and my Brother must let us have your Crowns here to a Raffle, before we go to Breakfast: With all my Heart, my Dear, said he; And here is mine, said Mr. *Belmour*. So the Milliner giving Notice to the other Ladies, the Fan was thrown for and won by Sir *Harry Broomstead*, who made a Present of it to Lady *Davers*, that he
might

might not give the least Suspicion of having a particular Regard for *Pamela*.

When the Raffle was over they went to *Morley's* Coffee-House, where Lord *Davers* gave a publick Breakfast to about an hundred and twenty Persons; the Dutcheſs of —, Lord *Davers's* Aunt, would oblige *Pamela* to come and ſit next her, and being extremely delighted with her Behaviour and Converſation, ſhew'd her many Marks of Diſtinction the whole Time ſhe continued at *Tunbridge*.

Sir *Harry Broomſtead* ſingled out Mr. *Belmour*, and ſeemed mighty deſirous to contract an Intimacy with him, but whether Mr. *Belmour* ſuſpected his Deſign, or whether he cared not to commence an Acquaintance with a Man of his Character, he gave him no great Encouragement, at firſt, to hope for his Friendſhip, but as the Baronet had a great deal of Wit, was a well-bred Man, and very aſſiduous in endeavouring to gain his Point, he grew inſenſibly into ſuch a Fondneſs of his Company, that they were not only conſtantly together here, but continued to be ſo the Winter following, 'till Mr. *Belmour* had too much Reaſon to repent his not maintaining his firſt Opinion of him.

But to return: The Bell of the Chappel ringing for Prayers, began to draw the Ladies from the Walks, to their Devotion, and perhaps no one entered that Place, which is one of the neateſt in *England*, with a purer Heart, or a more ſincere Piety than our *Pamela*, who beſeeched God, that the vain Amuſements ſhe meet with at this Place, or in any other, might never make her forget her Duty to him, nor blot from her Mind the true Senſe ſhe hoped ſhe ſhould always have of his Mercies to her.

When Prayers were over, Lady *Davers* and *Pamela* went home to dreſs againſt Dinner; my Lord had invited Mr. *Belmour* and *Pamela* to dine with him, and when he came home from the Walks, brought with him Colonel *Jones*, and Sir *Harry Broomſtead*, who had found the Way to inſinuate
himſelf

himself sooner into my Lord's good Opinion than into Mr. *Belmour's*. Sir *Harry* was very entertaining at Dinner, but his Wit was pretty much at the Expence of the Characters of some of the People they had left upon the Walks; and it is not to be doubted but that a full Season at *Tunbridge* produces a great many proper Objects for Ridicule; his Civilities to the Ladies present were pretty equally divided, though he took rather the least Notice of Mrs. *Belmour*, the better to disguise the real Sentiments of his Heart, for he had taken a Resolution to leave no Method unessayed to bring *Pamela* to his Lure; and had it been possible for him to have accomplished his Ends, upon this virtuous young Creature, what dangerous Hands would she have fallen into, for Sir *Harry* was one of those vile Wretches, who took as much Pleasure in boasting of an Amour, when he had gained his Point, as in the Enjoyment of the finest Woman; nay, had been wicked enough sometimes to ruin the Reputation of a Lady, merely out of Revenge for her not complying with his Desires. He had now got a Footing in the Family, which he was resolved not easily to lose; therefore insisted upon my Lord and Lady *Davers*, with the rest of the good Company's dining with him the next Day, at the *Fish-Ponds*: My Lord and Mr. *Belmour* accepted the Invitation, and promised him their Company, with the Ladies.

When Dinner was over, and the Cloth taken away, the Gentlemen setting in to drink, Lady *Davers* proposed to *Pamela*, to take an Airing in the Chariot; accordingly, after the Ladies had drank the Grace-Cup, and Lord *Davers's* Chariot and Six was at the Door, they went into it, and drove to *Bidborough*, and from thence to *Penshurst*, attended by two Footmen on Horseback, and then designing to return to the Walks, by the Way of *Speldhurst*, a Gentleman, very well mounted, overtook them in a narrow Lane, and asked one of the Servants, if that was not Lord *Davers's* Chariot? Being answered
that

that it was, he rode up to the Door, and making a low Bow, presented Lady *Davers*, with a Paper, which was a Petition to this Purport; That he was an unfortunate younger Son of a good Family, who was forced to take a Course of Life, that he very much abhorr'd; that he was tender of frightening Ladies, and therefore offered his Petition not to compel, but implore their Charity, tho' this was a Precaution he did not use to his own Sex. When my Lady had read the Paper, she seemed much frighten'd, and giving it to *Pamela*, whisper'd her, and said, We are robb'd, as I hope to be saved, this is a Highwayman. Saying so, she pulled out her Purse, in which were seven Guineas, and taking off her Watch, said, Sir, here is all I have about me at present: My Sister is with Child, pray don't frighten her. Not for the World, Madam, reply'd the Gentleman Highwayman, pray, Madam, keep your Watch, I never meddle with the Ladies Ornaments, I am satisfied with your charitable Benevolence in this Purse; and hope that the other Lady will be as good as you have been. *Pamela* took out her Purse, but had only three Guineas in it, which she gave him, saying, indeed that was all she had.

Ladies, said he, I return you a thousand Thanks, and wish you a pleasant Airing; if I have any Success at the *Wells* I know where to return the Money you have been so good as to lend me; so being on a good Horse he was immediately out of Sight. The Servants who were at a Distance behind, had not the least Mistrust of what had happened, but imagined the Highwayman was some Gentleman who had Business with my Lady.

When the Ladies came to the Walks, they went into one of *Morley's* Tea-Rooms, where my Lord and Mr. *Belmour* coming to them, they told them how they had been robb'd; they could not forbear laughing at the genteel Manner in which the Rogue had done his Business. Mr. *Belmour* said, if he could know and meet the same Man, he would rather give him something to assist him, than prosecute him.

My

My Lord was in the same Way of thinking. Mr. *Quidgely* coming in while they were talking of the Affair: O *Jackey*, said Lady *Davers*, if we could have had you to squire us this Afternoon we should not have been robbed as we have been. Robb'd! said Mr. *Quidgely*. Ay, replied my Lady, we met with a Rogue of a Gentleman, as we were coming from *Penshurst*, who has taken ten Guineas from poor *Pamela* and I: Excuse me, my dear Sister, said she to *Pamela*, for my still calling you by that familiar Name when we are by ourselves.

Well, well, said Mr. *Quidgely*, as the Loss will ruin neither of you I am glad I was not with you; for G——d——me, I have a good deal more in my Purse, and the Gentleman might have taken that too. Ay, but said my Lady, you would not have let him sure, as you ride with Pistols. Egad, said he, there is ten Guineas more saved, for as my Pistols are very handsome he might have taken a Fancy to them too. No, said my Lady, he would have been afraid to have robbed either of us if he had seen you with your Pistols. That, *Nanty*, reply'd Mr. *Quidgely*, is a Question, it is possible he might have been desperate; and suppose me on the other Hand, a little upon the *Quixot*, your Highwayman cries, D——m ye, deliver, with a Pistol ready cock'd in his Hand; I discharge, and miss him, he fires, and lodges a Brace of Balls in my Head; and what a pretty Figure should I make then? But let us suppose, I kill him and come off unhurt: What then? Why I send a poor Wretch headlong to the Devil because his Necessity happens to be a little too hard for his Honesty; D——m me, I should never enjoy myself after it, to think I should damn a poor Creature to save a little Money I could hardly miss, and which perhaps might relieve his Wants, and put him in a Way of being an honest Man for the future.

I think *Jack* talks like a Man of great Consideration, said my Lord, I never knew him deviate so far into good Sense before, and he has defended a

bad Cause better than I am afraid he would be able to do a good one. Why so, my Lord, said Mr. *Quidgey*, I am sure that is much the easier Task, as for Example, it would be no Difficulty to convince any Body of your Lordship's Worth, or of Mrs. *Belmour's* Beauty — Perfectly polite, said Lord *Davers*, my ill-natured Reflection, *Jack*, did not deserve such a Compliment.

When the People upon the Walks come to hear of Lady *Davers's* being robb'd, both she and *Pamela* were plagued with so many impertinent Questions, and formal Condolences from the Ladies, that they were glad to get into * *Bell's* Long-Room to Cards to avoid the Fatigue of answering all the idle People that flock'd about them: And *Bell* sitting with her Arms on Kimbow, at her Door, kept Centry, and told the Story to every Body, to save my Lady the Trouble of repeating it a thousand Times over.

The next Day Lord and Lady *Davers*, with Mr. *Belmour*, and *Pamela*, and Mr. *Quidgey*, all dined at the Fish-Ponds behind *Mount Ephraim* with Sir *Harry Broomstead*, who had provided a very elegant Entertainment, in which a Chine of Mutton, and roasted Wheat-Ears, the peculiar Dainties of the Place, were not forgotten; the Guns were fired as usual, and all the Company very merry. Sir *Harry* behaved with great Politeness, but still seemed to pay a greater Regard to Lady *Davers* than to her Sister-in-law. Dinner being over, the Company all agreed to go to take a little Airing, and view the Rocks, the Cold-Bath, and some other odd Scenes about the Place.

At *Rustball-Common* they viewed the great Room, which, about ten Years before, had been the Ball-Room, and chief Rendezvous of the Beaus and Belles, but was now turn'd into an *Anna-Baptist Meeting*.

* *Bell Causey*, she has been dead several Years, the Room now Jones's. *Todd's* Long-Room was not then built.

ing-House, and could not avoid laughing at being told, that the *Saturday* before a new Pulpit had been set up in it, in which, the Joiner who made it had preached himself the next Day.

The Scene of public Gaiety has often shifted about this Place, for about twenty Years before, it was at *Rustball*, the Company all met at *Southborough*, and there was no Play, no Dancing, or other Diversions but at that Village, which is three Miles from the *Wells*, where, at that Time, there was only three or four Huts to sell *Tunbridge Ware*, and where the Company only came in a Morning early to drink the Waters, and then returned to *Southborough*, which Place was now quite demolished, and the Houses lay'd all in Ruins.

Having taken this little Tour, Lord and Lady *Davers*, with their Company, returned to the Walks, where *Pamela* had the Pleasure of meeting Sir *Simon Andrews* and my Lady, who had not been at the *Wells* above two Hours, only just Time enough to adjust themselves at their Lodgings and be put in a Condition to appear on the Walks. The great Satisfaction they shew'd at their approaching *Pamela* made Lady *Davers* recollect what she had said to Sir *Harry Broomstead* about her Relation, and gave her a more than ordinary Impatience to know the Meaning of it, especially when she heard Sir *Simon* say, My good Cousin *Andrews* and his Lady, Madam, both desired us to bring their Blessing to you. Heyday! thought my Lady what a Metamorphosis is here! Goodman *Andrews*, the Husbandman, and his Wife turn'd to my good Cousin and his Lady. But it was not long before the Mystery was lay'd open to her; for Mr. *Belmour* inviting Sir *Simon Andrews* and his Lady that Evening to sup with him, and at the same Time my Lord and Lady *Davers*, the whole Story was told of the Discovery that had been made at *Bijoux* of Mr. *Andrew's* Family and Misfortunes, with that of his Wife.

Lady

Lady *Davers* was prodigiously pleased with this, for now her Pride was satisfied, and there was no Reason for being ashamed of calling *Pamela*, Sister and Friend, which sometimes used to stick a little in her Stomach, altho' she had so many Virtues, and so many Charms to engage her Affection.

Sir *Harry Broomstead* having seen Lady *Andrews* upon the Walks, as soon as she came, desired Leave the next Morning, to give her a public Breakfast, which she consenting to, *George Morley*, the Master of the Coffee-house, had Orders to invite the whole Walks, and there were no less than three hundred Gentlemen and Ladies to be paid for at a Shilling a Head, according to the Custom which was just then brought up, to prevent the Extravagancies, which a few Years before the Gentlemen were running into on those Occasions by vying with one another, so that from a Beginning of three or four Pounds, the last Breakfast that has been giving in a Season has amounted to fifty or sixty Pounds, being set out with Hams, Chickens, Tongues, Barrels of Oysters, Sweetmeats, *Orgeat*, and several Sorts of Wine, besides Tea, Coffee, and Chocolate. The Freedom and good Humour that is shewn by all the Company at these Times is very agreeable. The whole Place is, as it were, one Family, and no Exception is taken to any thing that is said, which is not indecent: Every Body seems on a Level.

As little as *Pamela* had seen of the World, there was not a Lady there, from the Duchess to the Tradesman's Wife, that behaved with more Propriety, No-Body genteeler, nor by one half so handsome. The *Tunbridge* Toasts, have commonly but the Life of a Butterfly, and are forgot within a Year after their first Appearance; but *Pamela's* being there, made a Sort of *Æra* of Time at that Place; and People, for a long while after, would cry, such a Time, or such a Time, so many Years before, or after, the Year that fine Mrs. *Delmour* was at the *Wells*.

The Morning that Sir Harry gave his Breakfast being *Saturday*, there was to be a Ball that Night at *Mount Zion*, which is only twice a Week, *Tuesdays* and *Saturdays*; tho' he had not been particular before, yet he now made *Pamela* promise him, if she danced at all, he should be her Partner.

The Ball was opened at Night by the * old Beau, so well known at *Tunbridge* by his Hat and Feather, his red-heel'd Shoes and Bardath, who danced a Minuet and Rigadoon with Lady *Grace Shapely*, the Earl of *Acton's* Daughter, and she taking out Sir Harry *Broomstead*, gave him an Opportunity afterwards of taking out *Pamela*, who had advis'd with Mr. *Belmour* before, if he thought it proper for her to dance, if she should be asked; and he desired she would by all Means, if she was not apprehensive of doing herself any Harm by it, for tho' he long'd to see and admire her in that Attitude, yet he should be sorry to loose his Boy by it.

If the whole Place was charm'd with *Pamela* before, they were now in Raptures when they saw her dance, her Motions were so easy, and, having an excellent Ear, she kept so exact Time, that even *Santlow*, who was then in the Height of her Reputation, was hardly comparable to her. My Lady *Davers*, whispering her Brother, said, This *Pamela* is certainly an Angel. Lord *Davers* made her twenty Compliments upon her dancing, as did her Relations, Sir *Simon* and my Lady *Andrews*; and it was no small Credit to *Pamela*, that that worthy Family took much Pains, and seem'd to be proud, to own how nearly they were allied to her, which prevented all Manner of Reflections upon her Birth.

The Company now going into Country Dancing, Sir Harry *Broomstead* claimed his Promise of *Pamela*, to be his Partner; so they danced 'till about Twelve o'Clock, when my Lord and Lady *Davers*, Mr. *Bel-*

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mour and *Pamela* retired home, which was but to the next Door. *Sir Harry* would wait upon his Partner, and when he took Leave of her, kissed her Hand, and squeezed it, in such a Manner, as *Pamela* could no Way approve, but took no Notice of it, at that Time, for fear of making *Mr. Belmour* uneasy; but however, the next Day, being *Sunday*, when the Company appeared upon the Walks, after Chappel, *Pamela* was more upon the Reserve towards *Sir Harry*, than she had been before.

As it is the Nature of Love, like that of a River, to be the more impetuous the more it is check'd, this Indifference in *Pamela*, set *Sir Harry's* Heart in a Blaze, he grew pensive, and was continually ruminating on the Charms of the adorable Object of his Wishes, in so much, that all his Acquaintance took Notice how much he was fallen off from that Pleasantry which was wont to be so agreeable in him.

The Hypocrite, to insinuate himself the more into the Esteem of *Mr. Belmour*, pretended a perfect Reformation of his Life, talked constantly in Praise of Virtue, and the Charms of Innocence, and the Marriage State; and said, he was so thoroughly convinced of the past Errors and Follies of his Youth, that he believed he should, very shortly, come into his Class, having a Lady in View, who, he told *Mr. Belmour*, he thought, had more Charms, except his own Lady, than any of the Sex: Expatiating, at the same Time, on the Iniquity of forming Plots to delude the Wives and Daughters of worthy Persons, for the Sake of a transient Pleasure, which they must, all their Lives after, reflect on with the utmost Horror and Compunction of Mind.

This had such an Effect upon *Mr. Belmour*, that he soon after admitted *Sir Harry* into the Number of his most intimate Friends. *Sir Simon Andrews* was no less his humble Servant, and when the Time came for their leaving *Tunbridge*, nothing would content either of them but *Sir Harry's* making one of their Party to go along with them to *Sir Simon's* and *Mr.*

Andrews's

Andrews's Houses; nor could any Proposal suit so well with *Sir Harry's* Inclinations. They continued at the *Wells* as long as the fine Weather kept the Company together, and it was near the Middle of September before Lord and Lady *Davers* went to *London*, where they said, they should, impatiently, wait the Arrival of *Mr. Belmour* and their charming Sister.

It is not to be supposed but that a Man of *Mr. Belmour's* great Estate, was strongly attack'd, at this Place, by the *Knights of the Industry*, but, as we have taken Notice, in the Beginning of this History, he was always as much an Enemy to Gaming as Drinking, yet the first being so much the Business of *Tunbridge* it was impossible for him entirely to avoid it; he play'd for no large Sums, and with no ill Success, 'till about a Week before he left the Place, he was drawn in by a Foreigner, who seem'd a Man of Distinction, and was just come to the *Wells*, merely, as he pretended, to see the Place, before he return'd to his own Country: He was call'd the Baron de P.

By this Sharper, tho' really a Man of Quality in his own Country, *Mr. Belmour* was drawn in to play one Evening, and lost about three hundred Guineas. The Baron disappeared the next Day, and *Mr. Belmour* telling what ill Fortune he had had to *Sir Harry Broomstead*, *Sir Simon Andrews*, and the rest of his Company. Why, said *Sir Harry*, I thought you had known the Baron, or I would have given you a Caution of him, I have met him twice Abroad in my Travels, once at *Paris*, and once at the *Hague*, and if it will divert the Company I will give you a little History of him, which I received at the *Hague* from authentic Hands.

He is, said *Sir Harry*, a *Prussian* by Birth, of a very distinguished House. His Family is illustrious and honourable, but to the great Disgrace of it, he prostitutes his Name in a most infamous Manner. It was in his own Power once to have rais'd himself in an eminent Degree, had he pursued the Path which

his worthy Parents had chalked out for him. As his Person, as you see, is engaging, his Address and Manner easy, and as he has Wit, is sprightly; this mistaken Person appeared very successfully at first, at the Court of the King of *Prussia*, who honoured him with a Place about his Person, and he insinuated himself so deeply into the good Graces of that Prince, that he sometimes employed him in little Negotiations, which the Baron always executed to his Master's Satisfaction. He had the Honour to attend that Monarch in the Voyage he made to *Holland*; and he had Grounds enough to flatter himself with Hopes of the deepest Trust, had he thought it worth his Endeavours to have deserved it; but that would have been too great a Perplexity for a Man who lov'd only the Gaiety and Splendor of a Court, without being able to endure any Restraint, tho' he was born with all the Qualifications requisite to have made a Figure there.

A loose and debauched Inclination, which Custom had rooted in his Complexion, made him regardless of Application. His Debts on the one Hand, and his Intrigues on the other, at length provoked his Banishment from Court. However, he obtained Leave to cover his Disgrace under the Pretence of making a Tour to *France*. The Air of Grandeur and Magnificence which at all Times reign there, was already so natural to him, that he gave himself entirely up to it; hired an *Hôtel*, or Palace, ready furnished, and procured a splendid Equipage, and sumptuous Liveries.

A Gentleman of my Acquaintance, continued Sir *Harry*, who was at *Paris* at that Time, assur'd me, that his Footmen, who were tall, handsome Fellows, were covered with rich Lace. He was a Pattern to all the wild young People about that Court, which us'd to be imitated by others, and had made an Intimacy with two or three Persons of the first Quality there; nay, even the Regent himself who had heard much Talk of him, as one of the most agreeable

able Libertines of the Age, had a curious Desire of seeing him, and admitted him one Evening to his Table. Any Man but himself would have made an Advantage of this Opportunity to have recovered his shattered Fortune; but Fate had destin'd him to be still an Adventurer.

It is easy to imagine, that his Course of Life must soon drain him of Interest and Principal. His Creditors were alarm'd at his Profusion, and not without Reason. The vast Debts which the *Germans* had, some Years before, left unpaid at *Paris*, amounted to several Millions; and Things were carried to such a Length, that the Court made it an Affair of State. The Baron therefore foreseeing, that he had not long to support himself; returned to *Berlin*, to collect the Remnants of his Fortune, and there being obliged to live by his Wits, as it is called, he joined himself with all the Sharpers he could find, and was so well improved by their Instructions, that he drew in several Bubbles, but was himself a Dupe to his Imprudence; the incautious Intimacies he entered into with several suspected Persons, lost him all Remains of the King's Favour, who was not altogether determined not to pardon him.

The Court of *Berlin* was then busy'd in unravelling the shocking Imposture of the famous *Clement*; you have heard I suppose, said Sir *Harry*, that this *Clement*, who passed for a Bastard of the Prince *Ragotsky*, had alarmed the King with the pretended Discovery of an imaginary Conspiracy; which by the Circumstances of his Information, would have been one of the blackest that ever was heard of.

Altho' this horrible Plot was discovered, even by the Confession of the artful Impostor, yet it occasion'd the Imprisonment of some whose Liberty was thought dangerous, among whom, there being some that the Baron had lived very familiarly with, he thought it would be a prudent Step to retire. He left *Prussia* with great Secrecy, and presented himself at several Courts in *Germany*. There are few Princes of the Empire

Empire, whom he has not imposed upon, at least for some Time. His Name and his outward Appearance procured him Friends immediately; among whom, he always found some generous enough, or credulous enough, to support his Luxury and Debauchery for a few Months, but every where the same Contempt attended him as he came to be known.

Having thus run through the Empire, he returned to shine again at *Paris*, with what he had pick'd up in *Germany*. He had the Dexterity to re-establish his Affairs there, by appeasing his clamorous Creditors. Some lucky Hits at Play, and some Money which he borrowed of the Duke de R——, enabled him, once more, to pass a Winter in that City in Splendor: But as that Sort of Credit which subsists only on the Uncertainty of Gaming, or Borrowing, cannot expect a long Continuance, the Baron's, which had no other Prop, began to totter very much. His Creditors were disheartened by his Delays; and to pacify one, who was more importunate than the rest, he was forced to pawn his Watch and Jewels: He had nothing left now but his Religion, and that he sold to the Duchess Dowager of *Orleans*. He had been bred a *Lutheran*, as she was, and embraced the *Roman* Catholick Religion at the Desire of that Princess. He had great Hopes that this Sacrifice would purchase some Post for him in the Court of the Duke Regent: But that Princess, who never was a Bigot, thought herself obliged to proportion her Favours to the Worth of the Sacrifice. The Baron had no Pretensions but to a slender Title, and had never entertained any Scruples about Religion: So that he drew no other Advantage from this infamous Sale of his Faith, but a Present of some Livres from the Duchess Dowager, and a very moderate Pension. However, he reaped some Benefit from the Protection of that Princess, whose Name he borrowed to amuse his Creditors for some Time; but at last, having lost all Patience, by a joint Application, they obtained a Power to seize his Person: So one Day as he was going to
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the Play, and carrying the Chevalier *de*——, Nephew to the chief President, in his Coach with him, they were stopp'd in the Middle of *Dauphin-Square*; but the Creditors, thro' some Remains of Regard for the Baron, carry'd him to the *Spanish Hôtel*, which was opposite to the Place where they had arrested him, that they might spare him the Confusion of passing in broad Day through the Middle of *Paris*.

The Baron, who had a fruitful Invention in Tricks and Deceit, was less mindful of this Civility than busied with the Thoughts how he might make his Interest with the Chevalier of Service to him; and had Cunning enough to bring him into the Affair, and to persuade him, that this Affront reflected upon him; and that, in Point of Honour, he ought to procure the Interposition of his Uncle. The Chevalier, whether too credulous or too obliging, informed the the Chief President of the Adventure, and he sent Orders immediately to the Officers who had arrested the Baron to release him. Thus disentangled and rejoiced, he built no Hopes of Security from his Reprieve if he continued where he was, his Creditors, he doubted not, would soon rally again, and proceed with more Conduct in their next Attack; for which Reason he concluded that to avoid Disgrace, which then was less familiar to him than it has been since, the surest Way was to leave *Paris*, so that very Night he set out on the Road to embark for *England*.

When he came to *London*, he took a very handsome Lodging in *Pall-Mall*, fit for any Man of the best Fashion; his first Appearance in Town was splendid enough, tho' not quite so magnificent as at *Paris*; and with the Ruins of his *French* Wardrobe, for some Months, he made a Shift to keep up the Character of a Man of Fortune and Quality.

His graceful and insinuating Air still procured him some Dupes among the Tradersmen, who enabled him to dress a-new; yet he soon found, from their Solicitations, that they would prove no kinder to him than the *French* had been; but his Adventure at *Paris* having

having learned him to act with more Caution at *London*, he hoped to avoid a Jail, by discreetly changing his Quarters, without taking Leave of his Landlord, and retired to lodge in a little by-Street, seldom going abroad but at Night to come to the *Smyrna* Coffee-house, in order to sponge upon the first Man he met for a Supper, and if that Man did not know his Character, it was ten to one, but he drew him into Play, and palm'd the Dice upon him : Not daring to appear by Day-Light, he turned Author to divert Solitude and Hunger. His first Essay was, *The Secret History of the Duchess of H—*, whom he concealed under the Name of *Cuniconde, Princess of Cheruskes*, not out of Tenderness to the Royal Families, concerned in this History, but to give it a more mysterious Air : After he had heaped together all that he had heard of that Princess, in the Places where she had resided, these pretended Memoirs made but a poultry indigested Pamphlet ; however, he wrote about it to the Lord *Townshend*, Secretary of State : He managed this Affair with Craft enough, as he thought, for he sent Intelligence to that Nobleman, that a Foreigner was going to publish a Book reflecting on the Royal Family, but that the Manuscript might be recovered, if his Majesty would recompence the Man who brought it. That Minister disregarded the Information, justly supposing it came from some Sharper. The Baron, without discomposing himself, changed his Battery, and hoped for better Success, by applying to the Party that opposed the Court ; and deck'd his Intelligence with every Circumstance capable of recommending his Book : But, Alas ! he had no Answer, and what was worse, no Money ; his Misfortunes now began to over-whelm him ; for in the Midst of the Solicitations, which he was pursuing, in order to vend his injurious Writings, he was known, followed, and arrested by his Creditors, and it would perhaps have been the Fate of the Baron *de P—*, to have perished in a Jail, if Sir — *W—*, a near Relation of mine, continued Sir *Harry*, from whom I had

had a great Part of this Account, had not luckily passed through the Street as they were dragging him to Prison.

The Baron had known this Gentleman at the *Smyrna* Coffee-House, and often diverted him with a Recital of his Adventures. There is no doubt but he had placed all his Actions in the fairest Light, and assumed to himself the Character of an unfortunate honest Man, tho' without convincing my Kinsman of his Honesty. In so mortifying a Rencounter any other Man but the Baron *de P——* would have endeavoured to have concealed himself; but he had conquered Shame, and dreaded that much less than the Miseries which he apprehended from a Prison. He called aloud to my Relation, and implored his Protection; but Sir *—— W——*, apprehending that he should draw the Mob about him, which attended the Baron, pretended not to know him. He then omitted no Sort of Prayers, Intreaties, Protestations, and mean Submissions, which might engage the Knight to prevent the Ruin that threatened him, he was even low enough to fall on his Knees, in the Middle of the Street, to beg his Succour. My Relation, continued Sir *Harry Broomstead*, touched with his Tears, alighted from his Coach, and after having learned what the Debt was, and who the Creditor, paid Forty Guineas for him; and to preserve him from being farther troubled, took him home with him to his own House where he protected him for some Time as a menial Servant; and my Kinsman having by this an Opportunity of getting a more perfect Insight into him, assured me, that he never saw so strange a Composition of Wit, Irreligion, odd Principles, and Baseness of Soul, as in this worthless Baron; therefore he thought he should do a Service to the Nation to get him out of it; but the Baron, having borrowed a farther Sum of him, upon Pretence of enabling him to leave the Kingdom, has been skulking about ever since, and I am very sorry, he was not hang'd before he came to *Tunbridge-Wells* to rob Mr. *Belmour*.

Indeed, said Mr. *Belmour*, I could have been glad to have had my three hundred Guineas fallen into honefter Hands; but if I thought this Wretch would make a good Use of them, I should not be much concerned at the Loss, since he is so well-born, and so very necessitous.

The Time was now come, when every Person of Fashion was taking Leave of the *Wells*. Sir *Simon Andrews* and his Lady; Mr. *Belmour* and *Pamela*, with Sir *Harry Broomstead*, whom they had engaged to go with them, all set out together, and got to *Bijoux* to Dinner where Mr. *Andrews* and his Wife were likewise invited to meet their Daughter and Mr. *Belmour*; Sir *Harry* was lodged at Sir *Simon's*, but while he continued in *Kent*, his Time was equally shared between his two new Friends.

The Harmony, the good Sense, and Affection that reign'd in both these Families were very remarkable, and such as must have given Delight, to any one less hardened in Villainy than Sir *Harry Broomstead*, but he saw no Hopes of gaining the End he proposed to himself by that Visit, unless he endeavoured to destroy, as much as was in his Power, the Happiness that subsisted among them.

He watch'd all Opportunities to entertain *Pamela* alone, but found it impossible; she was civil to him, when in Company with Mr. *Belmour*, her Father or Mother; but all his Assiduity, and all his Complaisance, could never draw her into any private Conversation with him, which perhaps was occasioned by the Alarm he had given her, when he took his Leave of her after the Ball at *Tunbridge*, without which, she would not have been, it is very likely, so much upon her Guard, for he had hitherto discovered nothing else to betray his wicked Designs. But now, as he thought, a favourable Occasion offered to make a Beginning of the Mischief he was meditating: Happening, one Day, when he was at Mr. *Andrews's*, to see *Pamela* go into a Summer-house, at the Bottom of the Garden, with a Book in her Hand, and Sir

Simon,

Simon, coming a little while after to make them a Visit, he run to the Door to meet him; *Sir Simon* asking for *Mr. Belmour*, I believe, said *Sir Harry*, he and *Mrs. Belmour* are in the Summer-house, and if you please we will go thither to them; tho' at the same Time, this insidious Deceiver knew very well that *Mr. Belmour* was in his Study, whither he had told him, after Dinner, he would just go to write a Letter, and wait upon him again.

Sir Harry Broomstead going along with *Sir Simon* down the Garden, 'till they came pretty near the Summer-house, pretending, all on a Sudden, to have dropp'd a Paper out of his Pocket, said to *Sir Simon*, Go on, Sir, I'll follow you presently, I must turn back, for I would not willingly have the Paper seen, tho' it is no *Billet-doux* I'll assure you; having thus lodg'd *Sir Simon* and *Pamela* together, his next villainous Design was, to bring *Mr. Belmour* upon them accidentally, that he might imagine they were got thither by a private Assignment.

Accordingly he waited in the Hall 'till *Mr. Belmour* came out of his Study, which, he knew before, would be in a very little Time; and then, without taking the least Notice of *Sir Simon's* being there, he proposed to take a Turn with him in the Garden. They did not go directly towards the Summer-house; but taking a Tour the other Way first, *Sir Harry* took that Opportunity to tell *Mr. Belmour*, that he must be obliged to go to *London* in two or three Days: I hope, reply'd *Mr. Belmour*, it will not be inconvenient for you to stay 'till the Beginning of next Week, *Sir Harry*, and then we may set out together: Well, said *Sir Harry*, I will get so much the better of my Impatience to be sure, as to hold out for so short a Time as what you mention, that I may have the Pleasure of attending you: But what is the Meaning, cry'd *Mr. Belmour*, that you shew, on a Sudden, such a Desire to be in Town? You may remember, answered *Sir Harry*, that I gave you some Hint, when we were at *Tunbridge*, of a particular Lady for whom I have a

very great Esteem; I begin to think the Time long since I saw her; and I vow to God, that when I have the Example of your Happiness before my Eyes, I grow every Day more and more impatient 'till I can put myself in the Way of enjoying the same, at least in some Degree; for it is impossible for any other Couple to arrive at quite the same Pitch with yourselves.

I do assure you, said Mr. *Belmour*, it would be a great Addition to my own Happiness, to think that it should any Ways contribute to that of another, especially one for whom I have so great a Regard, and I hope, my good Friend, whenever you do alter your State, you will be, in every Respect, as happy as I am, and indeed I have not once wished, since I have been married, that my Wife should be any other than just what she is.

It is impossible, reply'd Sir *Harry*, that any thing can go beyond her, or that you can be otherwise than happy in her, for if she has Beauty to excite the strongest Desire, she has Religion and Chastity enough to check the Hopes of the most aspiring, and make, even the Libertine, in love with Virtue: I think, continued he, our good Friend Sir *Simon* and his Lady, live pretty well together. Extremely well, replied Mr. *Belmour*, they are very worthy People. I believe so truly, said Sir *Harry*, but Sir *Si*, is not quite void of Gallantry, he has told me of some of his Amours, but as my Lady never came to the Knowledge of them, there are no Uneasinesses, no domestick Wars at *Bijoux*. Sir *Simon*'s Conduct in the Management of his Amours is much to be commended, for by his Secrecy he not only keeps Peace at home, but secures Success to himself abroad, for few Women, could they be satisfied that their Reputations would be safe, would have Power to resist the Man that is agreeable to them. That's very severe upon the Fair Sex, reply'd Mr. *Belmour*: I was once of the same Opinion; but believe, from my Soul, at present, that there are many Women, whose Virtue, built upon the firm Rock of the Christian Religion, is by no Means

Means to be shaken. Not many, my dear *Belmour*, replied *Sir Harry*, there are not many *Pamela*'s.

By this Time, being come pretty near the Summer-house, *Sir Harry* taking a Step or two quicker than *Mr. Belmour*, looked through one of the Sashes, and started back as if surpriz'd, Come *Belmour*, said he, let us turn down this Walk, pointing to a Walk that led from the Place where *Pamela* was: No, said the other, I'll go into the Summer-house, for I believe my Wife's there, she went out with a Book in her Hand; but what did you seem surpriz'd at? Surprized, cry'd he, su-r---pr---ized! no, not at all, he-
sitating, and pretending to be in Confusion: Then just as *Mr. Belmour* had opened the Door, *Sir Harry*, artfully, with his Silk Handkerchief, doubled three or four Fold, hit a gentle, but sudden Pat, upon the Sash Window, near which *Pamela* sat, so that she gave a Start the Minute her Husband entered the Place.

Mr. Belmour finding *Sir Simon Andrews* sitting with *Pamela* and no Body else, immediately after the malicious Character that *Sir Harry* had given him, as from his own Confession; the Surprise and Confusion that this treacherous Villain seemed to be in when he looked in at the Window, and then his Wife's starting, as he thought, at the Sight of him; all together brought so many distracting Reflections into his Mind, that he was for some Time unable to speak. Are you out of Order, my dear Sir? said *Pamela*: A kind of swimming in my Head, answered *Mr. Belmour*, took me just as I entered the Summer-house, but it is gone off again. I am glad of it, replied *Pamela*, for indeed you frightened me you look'd so wildly; What could be the Occasion of it, said *Sir Simon*, you eat something at Dinner, I fancy, that did not agree with you. I cannot tell, said *Mr. Belmour*, but its over. Pray Heaven it may, said *Pamela*, I would not see you so disordered again for the World. *Sir Harry*, all this while, could not but laugh in his Sleeve to see how his Poison work'd.

Mr. *Belmour* was too well convinced of *Pamela's* Virtue to entertain a Moment's Jealousy of her, but was shock'd at the Thoughts of Sir *Simon's* Hypocrisy, whom Sir *Harry Broomfield* had made to appear as great an Impostor as he was himself in reality: As the Time was but short that Mr. *Belmour* and his Spouse were to stay in the Country, he resolv'd to endeavour to alter his Behaviour as little as possible towards Sir *Simon*, altho' he made no Doubt of his being the bad Man Sir *Harry* had represented him, and that he had certainly a Design upon his Wife; and believed that *Pamela's* sudden Emotion at his coming into the Summer-house, proceeded from her great Concern for his Quiet, imagining perhaps, said he to himself, that I might have overheard some Professions of his Esteem for her, which tho' I am sure she would not countenance, yet might be very disagreeable to me.

They all went into the House together, where Sir *Simon* staid and spent the Evening, conversing as usual. The frank and generous Manner in which he always expressed himself, and the noble Sentiments he seem'd to have of Honour and Virtue, could not but make Mr. *Belmour*, in his own Mind, pity him that they were not sincere, and regret the Misfortune of his Father and Mother-in-law, Mr. *Andrews* and his Wife, that they were not to be happy in the Friendship of that honest Gentleman, which he had before thought, their Kinsman Sir *Simon*; however, as they had no other Daughter, to lie under any Temptation from him but his *Pamela*, who was going to leave them, and as Mrs. *Andrews* was pass'd the Time in Life, of being any way in Danger from his private Gallantry, he thought, perhaps, he might be a tolerable Neighbour to them, tho' for his own Part, he should desire, for the future, but little of his Acquaintance.

If Mr. *Belmour* had not been determined before to have gone the next Week to *London*, the different Opinion he now entertained of Sir *Simon Andrews*, from what



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what he had at first conceived of him, having made his House in *Kent*, less agreeable to him than it hitherto had been, would have hastened his Journey; he therefore declared his Intentions that Night, at Supper, to set out for *London* the *Monday* following; and desired *Pamela* to write, the next Morning, before the Post went away, to *Fervis*, whom they had left in Town, to give what Orders she thought proper about getting the House in Readiness for them.

This was a Task that *Pamela* undertook with Pleasure, for she had so great a Value for Mrs. *Fervis*: that she was fond of corresponding with her, and had sent her two or three Letters while she was at *Tunbridge*, and one before she went there, in all which, she treated her with the Respect and Affection due to a Parent rather than a Servant. In one of which, she says: "O! my dear *Fervis*, thou once prudent and resolute Defender of my Virgin Innocence, join with me in my Thanksgiving to my Creator for the great Blessings he has brought upon me. "Fears and Persecutions once supplied the Fountains of my Eyes, but now, blessed be the Supreme Being of Beings, my Tears only spring from Joy and Pleasure. My Heart is big within me, and I have stolen away from the impertinent Business of this * Place, to give it Vent, by imparting a Share to you; for, I am satisfied, you cannot know my Transports without a more than ordinary Delight, as I know how much you love me, and how good you are."

While Mr. *Belmour* was in *Kent* he had purchased the Farm of Goodman *Stacy*, which Mr. *Longman*, his Steward, had recommended to him, so that his Estate in that County, all together, amounted to six hundred Pounds *per Annum*, and upwards. A few Days before he left that Country, being alone with Mr. *Andrews*, he said to him, It happening so pro-

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videntially, Sir, that you are fallen among your Relations, and into the very Place where your Family has so long resided with Credit and Honour, it must necessarily oblige me to make an Alteration in what I had propos'd to do for you, and tho' I did not think it beneath you, before I knew your Birth, to manage my Estate in this County for me, yet I now am of another Opinion, and desire you may live like a Gentleman as you are born; I therefore, will put in a Bailiff to ease you of that Trouble, and shall make a Settlement of two hundred Pounds a Year, Rent-Charge, upon you and your Wife for your Lives.

Mr. *Andrews* answered, that there was no End of his Bounty, and was going on; but Mr. *Belmour* stop'd him short, and said, Sir, I do solemnly assure you, your Acknowledgments give me Pain. I would not willingly do that, reply'd Mr. *Andrews*, and therefore, as you desire it, shall be silent on that Head; but, Sir, continued he, I must beg Leave to ask a farther Favour of you. You can ask none, answered Mr. *Belmour*, I am very certain, that I shall refuse, What is it? Why, Sir, said the other, it is, that you would still resolve to let me have the Management of this *Kentish* Estate, 'twill be a Recreation to me, and riding over your Grounds a healthful Exercise: I won't say you may depend upon my Fidelity, because I dare say you make no Doubt of it: But I will promise to use my best Abilities in your Service; and I believe I may venture to affirm, that I understand the Business, and I am sure, I am more interested to be vigilant than any Bailiff you can entrust. Well, Sir, said Mr. *Belmour*, it shall be so then, since it is your own Desire.

This great Generosity of Mr. *Belmour* to *Pamela's* Parents plainly shew'd his Affection to her was as strong as ever, and that Sir *Harry Broomstead's* little Tricks had, as yet, made no Alteration in his Mind, with Respect to his Wife; nor was Sir *Harry* weak enough to suppose, that so well grounded and settled an Esteem was to be shook by the first Attack that

was made upon it; but he knew also that a Number of Circumstances put together, amount oftentimes, almost to a Proof; and if he could but sow the least Seeds of Suspicion in Mr. *Belmour's* Breast, that then, as *Iago* says in the Play:

— *Trifles, light as Air,*

*Are, to the Jealous, Confirmations strong
As Proofs of Holy Writ.*

There were no Hopes of his succeeding in his vile Designs, as long as the Union continued between them, and he was resolved when they came to *London* he would use all his Efforts to do it; so hardened a Wretch was he, that he could thus premeditate the most monstrous Piece of Villainy so long before there was a Possibility of bringing any thing to bear, and even transform himself into a Saint to carry on his hellish Purpose, sparing no Expence, as we shall find when they came to *London*: For which Place he, with Mr. *Belmour* and *Pamela* set out, as they had determined on the *Monday* following.

For the Sake of Variety, and the better to divert *Pamela*, Mr. *Belmour* proposed to return to *London*, not by the same Way they came down into *Kent*, but appointed the Rout from *Coxheath* to *Mercwood*, where he shew'd his dear Spouse that beautiful Edifice, and from thence to *Knowles*, that they might take a View of that antient Seat, which afforded them great Delight; they lay the first Night at *Seven-Oake*, which made it a very easy Stage the next Day to *London*. They came to Mr. *Belmour's* House in *Grosvenor-Street* before Dinner, and there good Mrs. *Jervis* met her Lady with the greatest Expressions of Joy imaginable, and was received by her, with all the Tenderness and Affection that were due to so faithful a Servant, and so sincere a Friend.

Sir *Harry* staid Dinner with them, upon a Promise, that they would do him the Honour of eating a Bit with him the next Day, at his House; but went away

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immediately after Dinner was over, and indeed had no Time to waste, as he had so many Preparations to make for the grand Entertainment he designed.

He drove into the City, and agreed with *Austin*, at *Pontac's*, to come himself to look to the dressing of his Dinner, and at *Tomb's* purchased one of the finest Pieces of *China* that ever was seen in *England*, which cost him fifty Pounds, for the middle Dish of the Desert, in which, by the ingenious Contrivance of *Lambert* of *Pall-Mall*, to whom he made a Present of five Guineas for taking Care of this Part of the Entertainment, was set a tall and spreading Tree, whereon hung twenty different Sorts of Fruit, each with its proper Colour and Flavour, all moulded in Ice. Every thing else was agreeable to this, the Dinner was of nine Dishes, and nine, with four Removes each Course, and scarce one thing that was common among them all; the first Course was in Silver Plate, of which Sir *Harry* had a superbe Service; the second was in blue and white *China*, and the Desert in coloured. And as Sir *Harry* knew Mrs. *Belmour* was a Lover of Musick, he had provided, for the Evening's Entertainment, an elegant Concert, in which the celebrated *Cuzzoni* bore a Part; in short, he omitted nothing, that he imagined might give her an Idea of his Magnificence and Desire to please; but *Pamela* was not to be charmed more than she ought by any Pleasures of this Kind; she knew how to relish every thing that was polite, and agreeable, but would not suffer those so to take Possession of her that they could ever make her forget what gave her infinitely more Satisfaction, the Duties that belonged to Religion, the Care of her Family, and how to oblige and render the Man happy, who had raised her to her present Condition. Sir *Harry Broomstead* knew her to be religious, knew that she was endued with a very great Share of Understanding, and that she had the strongest Sense of Gratitude to her Husband, and was established in the Principles of Virtue and Honour; yet these were so far from setting a Bar

to his Desires, that they served rather as Incitements to them; and made him think that by how much the more difficult it would be to gain the Conquest over *Pamela's* Virtue, by so much the more glorious would be the Victory. Such Instruments hath the Devil in this World, who act upon his own Principles. *Sir Harry* too, in Hopes of making his Work sure, was very slow, for he had as yet made no direct Applications to her, nor was the Time ripe for it, tho' he was a daily Visitor at *Mr. Belmour's* till he went into *Lincolnshire*, where, according to the Promise he had made, when he left that Country, he went to pass about a Fortnight before the Winter came on.



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For my Piece, which I have heard a very good Character of, and which, if you think proper, I desire to take down with us into Lincolnshire, for my Honour's use, in the hope of a Gentleman who has been distinguished by his service by his Honour, and he went the other, as he writes the Word.

LI F E

as this young Woman a Mrs. Jervis's Piece, for my own Part, I shall be much better pleased to have her about me than any Body else. I know her Honour's Integrity and Worth, and I dare say she would give me one a Character they did not deserve. Well, said Mr.

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to do me, and to the utmost of my Capacity, I shall endeavour to discharge the Trust you repose in me.

B O O K VII.

I leave of your Aunt, and prepare to set out with us, which will be in less than an Hour; but I believe

THE same Morning that Mr. *Belmour* and *Pamela* were to set out for *Lincolnshire*, while they were at Breakfast, Mr. *Belmour* asked Mrs. *Jervis*, if the Gentlewoman was come yet: Yes, she

reply'd, and that she had been waiting above an Hour to know his Honour's Commands. O! pray desire her to walk in, said he: Upon which a very decent and well behaved young Woman coming into the

the Room, Mrs. *Vaughan* your Servant, said Mr. *Belmour*, pray sit down; but she desired Leave to wait as was her Duty: He cry'd, No pray sit, my Wife, I am sure will give you Leave, when she knows who you are; this, my Dear, continued he, is your Friend *Jervis's* Niece, whom I have heard a very good Character of, and whom, if you think proper, I design to take down with us into *Lincolnshire*, for my Housekeeper there, in the Room of *Fewkes* who has been discharged my Service by *Longman*, since he went thither, as he writes me Word.

I am sure, my dear Sir, said *Pamela*, your honest Housekeeper here would recommend no one to you, whom she could not give a very good Account of, and as this young Woman is Mrs. *Jervis's* Niece, for my own Part, I shall be much better pleased to have her about me than any Body else: I know her Aunt's Integrity and Worth, and I dare say she would give no one a Character they did not deserve. Well, said Mr. *Belmour*, I told you Mrs. *Vaughan*, my Wife would have no Objection to you. I hope, Sir, said she, I shall never give my Lady, or you, any Cause to think me quite undeserving of the Honour you are pleased to do me, and to the utmost of my Capacity, I shall endeavour to discharge the Trust you repose in me faithfully. I do not doubt it, reply'd Mr. *Belmour*, so as the Time is but short I would have you take Leave of your Aunt, and prepare to set out with us, which will be in less than an Hour; but I believe you will not be much fatigued with your Journey, for we shall make very easy Stages.

The young Woman being gone out of the Room: Are you not surpriz'd, my Dear, said Mr. *Belmour*, to hear of *Fewkes's* being dismissed from my Service? I dare say, answered *Pamela*, that your Generosity provided for her Support before you discharged her. No, indeed, said he, she provided for herself, and had been married to a Farmer's Man, a lusty young Fellow of Five and Twenty, above ten Months before *Longman* discovered it, which was accidentally,
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by seeing the young Man come out of her Bed-Chamber very early one Morning; *Longman* was glad to have this Handle to turn her out of the House, having found out many Frauds she has been guilty of; and afterwards proved, to her Face, that she had cheated me, at least, twenty *per Cent* in all the Money she had been intrusted to lay out for my Use. I had ordered *Longman*, continued he, to give her an hundred Pounds, but he thought fit to withhold the Present I intended her, as she had been her own Carver before, and as that Sum would not near make a Compensation for what she had cheated me of.

Notwithstanding her having robbed me so grossly, it seems this vile Woman had not twenty Pounds left in the World when she went away, to live with her Husband in a little Farm he had taken, of not above twenty Pounds a Year: The poor Man, disappointed in the Expectation he had of *Madam Jewkes's* Fortune, stripp'd her of all her Silk Cloaths; put her into coarse Stuff, suitable to her present Condition; beats her often; and affords her very little of the Comforts of Matrimony: For the poor Fellow has not only loss'd the Fortune he expected with her, but has found, that she has a Bastard living, that she had by a Trooper, when she was Bar-keeper to her Sister, who, you know, keeps an Inn, and where this Trooper and others were quarter'd. So you see, my *Pamela*, that Heaven revenges your Injuries, and that the Woman who contributed all that was in her Power to your Ruin, is exposed to Poverty and Disgrace herself; and I cannot say, that her obliging Services to me upon your Account make me pity her the more. Pray, God forgive her, said *Pamela*, and may her present Punishment produce in her an unfeign'd Repentance of her wicked Life.

Mr. Belmour and *Pamela* were now just ready to set out, when a Servant came from *Sir Harry Broomstead* with a How'd'ye, and a Compliment to them on their intended Journey; and another from *Lord and Lady Dawers*, who had not come directly to *London* from *Tunbridge*,

Tunbridge, as they designed, but went to make a Visit at a Nobleman's about ten Miles from Town, where they were to stay till they came to settle for the Winter.

Mr. Belmour and *Pamela* taking Leave of *Mrs. Jervis* with great Affection, set out with her Niece, *Mrs. Vaughan*, in the Coach with them, and by this Means had an Opportunity to see what sort of Woman she was, and found her to answer her Aunt's Character perfectly well, and that she was a discreet, sensible Person.

After an easy and pleasant Journey of four Days, they arrived at *Mr. Belmour's* Seat in *Lincolnshire*, being met in the Way by *Mr. Longman*, his Steward, and at about two Miles distance from home by all his Tenants, and several of his Servants. And the first Person, who came to wait upon them as soon as they got home was *Parson Williams*, now a Doctor, having taken his Degrees, and put on his Scarf; *Mr. Belmour* obliged him to stay Supper, and could not but observe how very reservedly he behaved; he spoke very little, hardly at all to *Pamela*, and scarce looked towards her, having sat thus precisely about half an Hour after the Cloth was taken away, he took his Leave.

When he was gone *Mr. Belmour* asked *Pamela* if she did not remark the Doctor's Behaviour? I will be hang'd, said he, if the foolish Parson, is not afraid of making me jealous. O! dear Sir, said *Pamela*, don't tax him with so mean a Thought of you. Nay, perhaps, reply'd *Mr. Belmour*, I do him Injustice to think him so vain, and this Stiffness in his Carriage may be owing to his new Scarf, which he has not worn long enough to have it sit easy upon him; and if that is the Reason, his Starchedness will wear off again.

The next Morning *Mr. Peters* came to Breakfast with *Mr. Belmour* and his Lady; and make his Compliments on their Arrival in *Lincolnshire*, telling *Pamela*, that his Wife would do herself the Honour of waiting

ing upon her when she thought she was a little recover'd from the Fatigue of her Journey. He stay'd but a little while, and when he was gone, *Pamela* took Notice to Mr. *Belmour*, that she thought his Looks spoke him under the Pressure of some weighty Misfortune. You guess very right, my Dear, said he, for *Longman* has just been telling me what that Misfortune is, and certainly a greater cannot happen to a Parent; * his eldest Daughter, a Girl of about Fifteen is ruined by his Coachman, and is big with Child by him.

And is that an Affair, said *Pamela*, to make Mr. *Peters* uneasy? How! cry'd Mr. *Belmour*, I could not have expected such a Question from the humane *Pamela*. Sir, reply'd Mrs. *Belmour*, what I said was to remind you how trifling a Matter the Ruin of a Child appeared to him, when it was like to have been the Case of my poor Parents. However, I am really sorry that he experiences the Affliction which I am certain they would have sunk under, had not the Almighty protected me, and touched your Heart. By this we may see, continued she, in what a different Light one and the same Misfortune appears when it is another's, and when it is our own. In doing this, *Pamela* begg'd him to believe, that she had no Manner of Resentment, and was far from exulting in the terrible Misfortune of the poor Gentleman; but pity'd him from the Bottom of her Heart, and pray'd Heaven to assuage his Grief, and
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* For the Account of this Incident we are oblig'd to *Pamela's* Conduct in High Life, the Author of which is certainly possess'd of some authentick Memoirs of this Family, and is an ingenious Writer at least, if we do not altogether allow of the Comparison that has been made between him and the Author of *Pamela's* Letters, viz. That the last seem to be wrote by a Girl, but the other by a Man of Sense and Learning.

to give him and his poor Wife Constancy to get the better of it with true Christian Fortitude.

I remember, my Dear, said Mr. *Belmour*, the Account of his Behaviour, in your Letters, upon *William's* applying to him; and cannot but take Notice how terribly his Unconcern for *Virtue in Distress* is come home to him, for you have not heard his whole Misfortune. His Niece, who had two thousand Pounds to her Fortune, when Mr. *Peters* would have patch'd up his Shame by marrying his Daughter to the Man who had ruined her; declared herself the Coachman's Wife, and said, she had been married to him above six Months.

Mr. *Belmour* and *Pamela*, after Breakfast, took an Airing in their Chariot, for a couple of Hours, and as soon as they return'd, found Sir *Simon Darnford* in the Hall, who was come over to pay his Compliments to them, upon their Arrival in *Lincolnshire*: Sir *Simon* and Mr. *Belmour* saluted each other like friendly Neighbours, and the Baronet saluting *Pamela*, she enquired after the Health of all his good Family.

Thank Heaven, my sweet Neighbour, said Sir *Simon*, we are all well, and my Girls, in particular, are more gay than usual upon hearing the News of your being in their Neighbourhood: If my *bumble Service* and my *Respects*, with many more such Messages, good Wishes, and Congratulations had been but as weighty as so many Corks, adad, I must have been forced either to have led, or have driven my Horse before me, for the poor Beast would never have been able to have brought them and me, at the same Time. I am very much obliged, answered Mrs. *Belmour*, to the Ladies, for the Honour they do me, in their good Wishes and kind Remembrance of me. Adad! not at all, my charming Neighbour, said Sir *Simon*, as we never saw any thing so lovely, it is impossible that you can ever depart from our Memory; and, as far distant as we are from the polite World, we have heard of your Fame, and that Mrs. *Belmour* was, this Year, the reigning Beauty of *Tunbridge-Wells*;

how then, after so much polite Company, will you be able to relish the insipid Conversation of your rustick Neighbours? Pardon me, good Sir, said *Pamela*, there is nothing that is agreeable but what is to be found in Sir *Simon Darnford's* Family, and it is among my worthy Neighbours only, that I expect to be truly happy, and to have that Joy and Satisfaction that I could not have met with in any public Place, had I not been blessed with the Society of my dear Lord and Master, and his generous Relations. And adad! said Sir *Simon*, I am mighty glad to hear you are upon so good Terms with Lady *Davers*, after all that happened when you were obliged to make your Escape out of the Window, my little Lap-Wing. O! said *Pamela*, my good Lady has made me ample Amends for all the little Disquiets she gave me, at that Time, and I have no Reason to repine at any Thing that then passed, since it all terminated so much to my own Content, and was the Occasion of my present Happines, in being honoured with her Ladyship's great Goodness to me.

Well, Madam, said Sir *Simon*, I am come to see if a Visit from my old Woman and our Girls will not be troublesome this Afternoon. Far from it, Sir *Simon*, said Mrs. *Belmour*, one of the chief Ends of my dear Master's and my coming into the Country was, to have the Pleasure of my Lady's Company, with that of our other Friends in this Neighbourhood. But I am greatly concerned, continued she, for the Misfortunes that have happened in Mr. *Peters's* Family. Ay, Madam, reply'd Sir *Simon*, those are Calamities indeed: I suppose you have heard the whole Story: No, said *Pamela*, only in general. Then, said Sir *Simon*, I will relate the Particulars to you: *Pamela* could not forbear blushing at this, knowing Sir *Simon* to be what they call a Wag, and this being a Story in which there was Room enough for a Gentleman of that Turn, to exert his extraordinary Talents; but Sir *Simon* was too humane to make Sport with his Neighbour's Afflictions, and so kept within the Bounds

Bounds of Decency. The Story, Madam, that Miss *Peters* tells, said he, is very short—She was at the Boarding School at *Lincoln*, from whence her Father sent his Chariot to bring her home, and when they came on the Heath, the Coachman, finding no Body in Sight, forced her. But this she has refused to make Oath of before the Justice.

The Niece of this reverend Gentleman, has made Oath, that she has, more than once, caught her Cousin in the Coachman's Room, and suspected that she had Thoughts of marrying him, but did not believe that any Thing criminal had passed between them 'till it was now but too apparent, that her Cousin had wanted Discretion, and then she suspected her Husband, the Coachman, was the Author of her Misfortune. That she taxed her with it, and she could not long deny that her Suspicion was just. That she, (the Niece) then reproached her Husband with his Ingratitude to her, who had stooped so low to raise him to an easy Fortune, and with his Baseness to his Master. He answered, he was sorry for what had passed, which had never been if Miss had not encouraged him. That as to what regarded her, as his Wife, he acknowledged the Honour done him; but that this Commerce was begun before he had any Reason to expect the Happiness he owed to her Generosity. That he was so far from desiring to continue it, he was ready to leave his Place to get rid of his young Mistress, and desired his Wife, Mr. *Peters's* Niece, to prepare to go off with him; and that they had designed so to do, when her Aunt discovered, and her Cousin did not deny, that she was with Child.

What Sir, said *Pamela*, is become of the Coachman and the young Lady who married him? As Miss *Peters*, reply'd Sir *Simon*, would not swear this Story of the Rape, and could not deny what the Niece swore and I have repeated, the Justice could do no more than take Sureties of him. Nay, among Friends, it was his private Opinion, that Miss had rather tempted the Fellow, than the Fellow her. As

to the Niece, she did not hesitate at declaring she loved her Uncle's Coachman, and, as she could not live without him, she herself had proposed their Marriage.

Sure, said Mr. *Belmour*, this Fellow must be very handsome! In my Eyes, reply'd Sir *Simon*, he is the Reverse, which makes it the more extraordinary that two young Ladies, in one Family, should fall in love with him; but that now and then a single Person should fall into such a preposterous Affection, is not to be wonder'd at, since we have met with some Instances of it in our News Papers; as I remember a few Years ago, we had an Account, from *London*, of a Lady of Fashion, who, though she had a very worthy, and a very proper Man for her Husband, yet fell in love with his Postilion, who had but one Eye, and was hunch'd Back'd. The Intrigue between them happening to be suspected, by some of the Servants, from some odd Circumstances, they were resolv'd to watch them; and one Day, after Dinner, the Postilion going up Stairs out of the Kitchen, and seeming to shut the Street Door after him, the Cook-Maid fancy'd she heard him steal back again upon his Tip-toes along the Entry, which was but too true; for going up softly and looking thro' the Key-hole of the Parlour-Door, where she knew her Lady was us'd to set, after Dinner, she saw the Postilion setting in her Lap, with her Ladyship's Arm round his Neck, who cry'd out, at the Instant the Cook-Wench was at the Door, O *Tom!* I had rather have thee in my Arms than an Emperor; than an Emperor *Tom!*

Mere Invention of the News Writer, I dare say, said Mrs. *Belmour*, there could never be any thing so monstrous in Reality. Nay, said Sir *Simon*, my Neighbour *Peters's* Case comes very little short of it, for his Niece, Miss *Green*, is of a very good Family, and Miss *Peters's* we know. This, reply'd she, is not only a sad Misfortune in itself, but a dreadful Example, in a Family, where there are eight other Daughters. And pray, continued she, what are become of
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the Coachman and his Bride? Why, they are gone, answered Sir *Simon*, into *Huntingdonshire*, where they have taken a large Farm, and stock'd it with Part of her Fortune.

Sir *Simon* having made an End of this dismal Story, was preparing to take his Leave; but Mr. *Belmour* told him, he should take it very unkind if he would not let him have his Company to Dinner. How can that be, said Sir *Simon*, when I am to carry Word to the Women at home, whether they must come this Afternoon or no? For that Matter, reply'd Mr. *Belmour*, I will take Care immediately, and send over a Servant to let my Lady know where you dine, and how very impatient my Wife and I shall be 'till we receive the Honour that her Ladyship and the young Ladies design us in the Afternoon. Nay, adad, said Sir *Simon*, I shan't want much Intreaty to follow my own Inclination; so send away your Man, Friend *Belmour*, as soon as you please.

Sir *Simon* kept up his usual Chearfulness at Dinner, and was very entertaining in his Way; and before the Cloth had been long removed, Lady *Darnford*, and her two Daughters, came in, who all expressed the utmost Satisfaction in Mrs. *Belmour's* Return. The Tea-Table being brought, and the Ladies beginning their Chat, they made *Pamela* abundance of Compliments upon what they had heard of her from *Tunbridge-Wells*, by a Nephew of Sir *Simon's*, who was there the greatest Part of the Season. My Lady *Darnford* assured her, it was a very great Satisfaction to her, to understand there was so perfect a Reconciliation between her and Lady *Davers*, for her Nephew, she said, had told her, that my Lady and she were always together, and that my Lady, all the Time she was there, seemed to have an uncommon Respect and Tendernefs for her.

It is very true, indeed, said *Pamela*, I have infinite Obligations to my good Lady. And adad! cry'd Sir *Simon*, I think it much to the Credit of my Lady's Understanding, that she was reconciled to her charming

charming Sister here, for the Sake of her Virtues, before any Discovery was made of her Family ; for tho' it is a great Advantage, without doubt, to be well born, yet Virtue is not less, but rather more to be admired, among Persons of mean Birth, as it is the more extraordinary to be met with : And does any Lady despise the Gold and rich Silks she wears because the one is dug out of the Bowels of the Earth, and the other are the Entrails of a poor diminutive Worm ? Do her Brilliant Diamonds lose any of their Lustre from a Reflection that they are hewn out of a Rock ?

Indeed, continued Sir *Simon*, we Mortals, when we will give ourselves Time to consider, appear, in the Eye of Reason, but as very silly Animals, and of all the most necessitous, being obliged to plunder others to supply our own Wants. We rob the poor Sheep of its Wool, to keep us warm ; the labouring Ox we strip of its Hide, to preserve our Feet from the rugged Ground ; and when we have broken up the Earth for her Mines, and laid some glittering Dirt upon our Cloathing, and possibly plucked the Tail of an Ostrich to adorn our Heads, how are we puffed up with Pride ! How do we glory in these Spoils ! which, in fact, are Marks of our Tyranny and Insatiableness. Adad, we are very silly Creatures ; very silly in Troth.

You are, reply'd Mr. *Belmour*, extremely just in your Censure, Sir *Simon*. Nay, Mr. *Belmour*, answered the old Baronet, we are so mean, so foolish, that we stoop to make use of the very Excrements of Beasts, and think they contribute as much to our intrinsic Worth as they do to the gratifying our Pride. Why do the Ladies use Civet ? Why sew up their Arms and Hands in Horse Dung at Night, as I have heard some do ? Why, to smell sweet and have white Hands : Others make themselves Forehead-Cloths of Lead, and wear Steel Stays to have smooth Foreheads and taper Waists. Foolish, very foolish, Adad !

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Then again to remark our Vanity. — Man, forsooth, is the Lord of the Creation, and is distinguished from other Animals by the Gift of Reason. Now let a hungry Lyon, or a Tyger meet this Lord of the Creation, in a Wood, or a Shark, spy him in the Sea, and what Respect will any of them shew their Sovereign? Adad! I believe they will not consider his Dignity, but make a Meal of his Lordship without any Manner of Ceremony.

Now for this Reason: By my Troth, there is little to be said for it, for the Brute Creation shews more: Few among the Brutes will run into any Excess; and we see Numbers of Men shorten their Days, and make the Span of Life one continued Scene of Wretchedness, from painful Distempers in the Body, and racking Disorders of the Mind, occasioned by indulging their irregular Appetites. How many of us want the Prudence of the Ant? Nay, who among us does not? That little Creature, in the Summer, provides its Store for the Winter Season: Now give me Leave to say, this Life is our Harvest, and if we do not treasure up while on this Side the Grave, we shall have a very bad *Hereafter*. I acknowledge my own Unthriftiness in this, but I hope it is not yet too late to mend, tho' it may appear rather the Effects of Necessity, than any Virtue at my advanced Age: And so, Sir, and Ladies, I have made an End of my Sermon.

I am sure, Sir *Simon*, said *Pamela*, you deserve the Thanks of your Congregation, and I return mine in particular. I have not lost a Syllable of your Discourse, but shall treasure it up in my Mind, and apply to it on any Attack from Pride or Vanity as an excellent Antidote to their Poison.

Adad! Madam, reply'd Sir *Simon*, I am afraid you will make me vain, even, while I am preaching against Vanity; for who would not be proud to hear himself praised by a Lady of your solid Judgment and incomparable Merit?

I wish

I wish, Sir *Simon*, said *Pamela*, that my Judgment may be solid enough to make me thoroughly acquainted with my little Merit, and not ever betray me into an Opinion that I have more than I have. There is no Danger of that, said Lady *Darnford*, for you are certainly too diffident of that Judgment which every Body allows Mrs. *Belmour*. I would be thought to have some little Judgment, answered *Pamela*, to justify the good Opinion your Ladyship has of me, and which, I hope, I shall never do any thing to forfeit.

And, Madam, said Miss *Darnford*, if you have any Regard for my Sister's good Opinion and mine, you must put Mr. *Belmour* in Mind of the Promise he made us before you went last into *Bedfordshire*: You shall immediately see that, reply'd *Pamela*, if you will let me know what it was, Mr. *Belmour* is never worse than his Word, and, I am sure, he won't break it now, when I have so great an Interest in his keeping it, as preserving the good Opinion of two Ladies for whom I have so great an Esteem. So, pray Miss, let me know what the Promise was. I assure you, Miss, before hand, said Mr. *Belmour*, I will punctually perform it.

Why, have you forgot, said the youngest Miss *Darnford*, that you promised us the Fiddles and a Dancing-Bout, since you were resolved that no Body should dance at your Wedding: Very true, said he, and you have nothing to do, Ladies, but chuse your Company, and name your Day: To-Morrow is *Sunday*, I suppose you'll be both at Church, and when that is over, we will determine this weighty Affair; in the mean Time, pray fix the Day, and consider, who is to be at our Ball. And now, my Dear, said he, what if we should go to Cards? The good Company, I am sure, will spend the Evening with us, which they very readily consenting to, Cards were brought in, and Sir *Simon*, with his Family, continued 'till near Ten o'Clock, very well pleased with the agreeable Entertainment they had met with from Mr. *Belmour* and his Spouse.

The

The next Day, after Sermon, Lady *Jones* made her Compliments to Mrs. *Belmour*, upon her Arrival; and one of the Miss *Darnfords* said, her Sister and she had entirely settled the weighty Point of the Dancing, and hoped that he and Mrs. *Belmour* would soon come over to *Greenberry-Park*, which is the Name of Sir *Simon's* House, and there they would let him know how they had contrived it. He told her, his Wife and he, designed themselves the Satisfaction of waiting upon them the next Day.

Mr. *Belmour* and *Pamela* went accordingly over to Dinner, for he thought the Intimacy between the two Families would allow of that Freedom without waiting for the Formality of an Invitation; but Lady *Darnford*, who loved to do Things in a handsome Manner, expressed a little Concern that she had not some Notice to provide something more than their own Family Dinner: Sir *Simon* loved Hospitality and kept a good House, but it was in a plain Way; and she knew Mr. *Belmour's* Table always abounded with Things that were not common; however, she gave such Orders, that, considering the little Time there was to prepare for it, the Entertainment was not to be found Fault with.

Mr. *Belmour* asked the Miss *Darnfords* what they had done with Relation to the Ball, for he left it entirely to them to invite what Company they thought proper; but he was afraid, he said, that they should not be able to make up a Set for Country-Dancing, since the Misfortunes in Mr. *Peters's* Family, made it improper to ask any of his Daughters; and *Williams*, he supposed, was too grave to dance since he had commenced Doctor.

O! Sir, said the youngest Miss *Darnford*, since you are so good as to leave it to my Sister and I, we will make a compleat Company I warrant you. You remember the two Miss *Burroughs*, I suppose, that you saw here the last Time you were down, on that very Day that Mrs. *Belmour* fled from my Lady *Davers*? Yes, very well, said Mr. *Belmour*. The
N^o XIX. O o Eldest,

Eldest, said she, is just married to Mr. *Perry*, the Gentleman who was with her at that Time, and they have all three promis'd to come over from *Stamford*, one Day this Week, and bring Mr. *Perry's* Brother with them; I believe it will be on *Wednesday*: So, if you please, we will have the Dancing on *Thursday*, and before that Time my Cousin *Cooper* will be here, the young Gentleman who told us he saw Mrs. *Belmour* at *Tunbridge*: Now do you think, among all these, and our own two Families, and our Neighbours, we cannot make up a Company for Country-Dancing? Well, Madam, said Mr. *Belmour*, then *Thursday* is the Day fix'd upon; and I shall depend on having the Honour of all the good Company you mention. I remember, continued Mr. *Belmour*, that Mr. *Cooper* at *Tunbridge*, but had no Acquaintance with him, any farther than a little common Chat upon the Walk or at the Coffee-House, but I little thought, Sir *Simon*, that he was your Nephew. He is my great Nephew, reply'd Sir *Simon*, his Father married my Sister's Daughter, and, by a cross Marriage, his Father's younger Brother married my Sister herself; they are a *Gloucestershire* Family, have a good Estate, and there is something so remarkable in their Story, such an Example of Generosity and Fraternal Affection, that if I thought it would not be tedious, I would endeavour to entertain Mrs. *Belmour* and you with an Account of it. It will be very obliging, good Sir *Simon*, said Mr. *Belmour*, to me. And to me, I assure you, Sir, said *Pamela*.

You must know then, said Sir *Simon*, the two Mr. *Coopers*, my Kinsman's Father and his younger Brother, were both Men of great Honour, and had a mighty Affection for one another, tho' they differ'd very much in their political Principles. The younger Son, sided with his Father, who had signed the Association and was for inviting over the Prince of *Orange*, towards the End of the unfortunate Reign of King *James* the Second; the elder Brother had taken the Oaths to that Prince, and was not at all a Friend to the
Re-

Revolution, that was intended : Old Colonel *Cooper*, their Father, who was a warm Party-Man, was greatly offended at his elder Son's not agreeing with him in his Politicks ; and calling him to Task one Day, when they were by themselves, he told him, if he did not sign the Association, and come over to the Party that was for the Prince of *Orange*, he would certainly disinherit him, for he would not leave his Estate, to be forfeited for Treason, to the State, which must certainly be the Case, if he adhered to the unhappy King ; he told him, he would give him three Days Time to consider of it, and if, in that Space, he did not resolve to do as he propos'd, he would cut him off with a Shilling. The young Gentleman reply'd, there was no Need of any Time to consider on a Proposition of that Kind ; he said, he loved and honoured him as his Father, and was ready to obey him in all Things lawful ; that he did not regard him the less for being in a different Way of thinking from himself ; and hoped he would allow him to follow the Dictates of his own Conscience ; but if he expected he should sacrifice those to his Interest, he was mistaken, for he would forfeit all the World rather than his Integrity ; therefore, if he would give him but a Shilling, with his Blessing, he should rather accept of that, than his whole Estate upon the Terms proposed.

Then, Sir, said the Father, you will take no Time to consider of what I say ? It needs none, answered the Son, for I hope, nay, I am sure, no Time can make me alter my Resolution. Well, you may chance to repent of this Obstinacy, reply'd the old Colonel, for I will certainly do as I say, and indeed was as good as his Word : Made a new Will, left his whole Estate to his younger Son, and cut off the Eldest with a bare Shilling : Within a Fortnight after this Will was made, which, it is very likely, he would have cancell'd, when the Heat of his Resentment was over, the old Man broke his Neck in a Fox Chase.

The Estate, which was at least two thousand Pounds a Year, coming thus to the Possession of the younger Son, he very kindly desired his Brother to make the House as much his home as ever. Notwithstanding their different Opinions, they loved one another very affectionately; the Elder could not, with Justice, blame his younger Brother for accepting the Estate, his Father had given him, whatever he might think of the old Man; nor did he feel the Want of it; he had his Brother's House at Command, who kept him a Man and two Horses, and allowed him after the Rate of an hundred Pounds a Year, Pocket-Money, with which he was well content, and thought his Brother very generous; they never had any Disputes either about their own Affairs or those of the State, nor did the elder Brother hardly ever repine at his Fate, because he loved his Brother almost as well as himself.

These two Brothers happening to be together in *Devonshire*, upon a Visit to some Relation, chanced to fall into the Acquaintance of my Sister, whose Name was *Watson*, just then left a Widow by her Husband, *Sir Roger Watson*, when she was not above three and thirty Years of Age: She had a Jointure of twelve hundred Pounds a Year, with twenty thousand Pounds in Money; which was the same Sum that her only Daughter, *Miss Agnes Watson*, then in her sixteenth Year, had for her Fortune. My Sister, tho' I say it, was a very handsome Woman, and my Niece an absolute Beauty, tho' not quite so handsome as my charming Neighbour here.

Well, well, said *Pamela*, I won't interrupt your Story, *Sir Simon*, to make any Answer to your Compliment, pray go on. The two Brothers were so well pleased with the Reception they found from the Ladies, that their Visits were daily, and my Sister did not doubt but the younger Brother, who was Master of the Estate, and who had the same Title as his Father, being a Colonel of the Militia, in the County of *Gloucester*, had some Design to make Overtures of

Love,

Love, either to herself, or her Daughter, and, as he was a very handsome Fellow, genteel, and well bred, my Niece had already set her Heart upon him.

The two Brothers being by themselves one Morning, said the Younger to the Elder, Pray Brother give me your sincere Opinion of Miss *Agnes Watson*. Why Brother, reply'd the other, I think her not only one of the most beautiful, but the discreetest and best temper'd young Ladies I ever saw. What should you think then, said the younger Brother, the Colonel, for her as a Mistress for *Harply*? which was the Name of their Seat in *Gloucestershire*. Why I think, Brother, said the Elder, that you cannot possibly make a better Choice; I should be mighty glad to see you happy in so good a Wife, as I dare say, Miss *Watson* would make. Nay, Brother, replied the Colonel, it is to you I would recommend her; I would fain have you make your Addresses there. She is a fine Girl and has twenty thousand Pounds that No-Body can hinder her of. I hope, said the other, my dear Brother has not so mean an Opinion of me as to imagine I would set up for a Fortune-hunter, and endeavour to seduce a young Lady of that Birth and Fortune, to marry me, when I know it is not in my Power to make her any Manner of Settlement. Well, Brother, said the Colonel, let me intreat you to try if you can gain the young Lady's Affection, if you really have that great Opinion of her that you say you have; for I do assure you, your Happiness is as great a Concern to me as my own. I have a thousand Proofs of your Affection for me, reply'd the other, all I have is owing to your Generosity, and I am very well contented with that; I shall never think of changing my Condition to be sure; but to return your own kind Expression to you, I have your Happiness as much at my Heart as my own, therefore should be extremely rejoiced to see Miss *Watson* Mistress of *Harply*. So should I, cry'd the Colonel, and said no more upon that Subject for the present; but a few Days after, meeting my Sister alone, in her Garden,

den, Madam, said the Colonel, it is a great Pleasure to me to have this Honour of finding your Ladyship alone, that I may have an Opportunity of making a Proposal to you, which I must first beg your Ladyship will promise me not to take amiss if it should happen not to be perfectly agreeable to your Inclinations. Well, Colonel, said she, pray let me know what it is, I dare say so well bred a Gentleman, as Colonel *Cooper*, can say nothing that he need make any Apology for. She was now big with the Expectation of his declaring a Passion either for herself or her Daughter, and neither would have been disagreeable.

Madam, said he, I have for some Time observed, with great Admiration, the Beauty, good Sense, and fine Accomplishments of your Daughter, Miss *Agnes Watson*, and, if your Ladyship would not think me too presumptuous, would beg Leave to make a Proposal of Marriage to her. The Addresses of so fine a Gentleman, as Colonel *Cooper*, answered my Sister, would be too great an Honour to my Daughter for me to think of opposing them, therefore I assure you, Colonel, make but *Agnes* sensible of your Esteem for her, your Desires shall meet with no Obstacle from me.

Pardon me, Madam, said the Colonel, what I have to propose is not on my own Account, but on that of a Gentleman much more deserving, I mean my elder Brother. How! Colonel, said my Sister, you did well to preface this Declaration with desiring I would promise not to take it amiss, but how could you expect otherwise? Is my Daughter, with a Fortune of twenty thousand Pounds, to be match'd, do you think, by her Mother's Consent, to a younger Brother? For tho' indeed your Brother was born before you, yet his Fortune, if any, we all know, is that only of a younger Brother: After offering such an Affront as this to my Family, you make me almost retract what I have already said in your own Behalf.

Mistake

Mistake me not, Madam, reply'd the Colonel, was my Brother only what he appears at present to your Ladyship, I should think myself guilty of an unpardonable Offence both to you and the most deserving young Lady your Daughter. No, Madam, Mr. *Cooper* is in every respect my elder Brother; 'tis true, my Father made a Will to disinherit him in a Pet, and died, suddenly, before he had Time to alter it, as he would certainly have done, in a very little Time, in Justice to his Merit, which I own to be much superior to my own, as well as that by his Birthright he is entitled to my Father's Estate. I have, therefore, from the Time of his Death, looked upon myself as no other than my Brother's Steward, and a faithful one he shall find me, ready, not only to deliver up his Estate, but to account with him for every Penny of the Profits of it; leaving it to his Generosity to allow me such a younger Brother's Fortune as he shall think proper, and which is all I pretend to.

I am astonished, said my Sister, at such uncommon Generosity and Brotherly Love. It would be Pity that so much Virtue should go unrewarded: If you can believe, Sir, that my Person and Fortune would be any Compensation for the Loss of that Estate you are so generously giving up to your Brother, I will, this Instant, put them both in your Power. The Colonel immediately threw himself upon his Knees, and kissing my Sister's Hand, said, Madam, how much does your Ladyship overpay me for only doing an Act of meer Justice? I must own I have long admired, nay, secretly adored your Ladyship, but knowing my Intentions, I would not dare to offer you the Addresses of a younger Brother.

In short, said Sir *Simon*, the double Match was presently clapp'd up, and the two Couples married, cross'd Hands at Church in about a Week after, the younger Brother to the Mother, and the Elder to the Daughter, who consented, but with some Reluctance, for she had almost set her Heart upon the other Brother,

ther, who was the handsomer and more sprightly of the two; but the other was a very worthy Gentleman, made an excellent Husband, and is blessed with a Son who inherits all the Virtues, I think, of his Family. My Nephew, *Cooper*, I must needs say, is almost as dear to me as my own dear Girls here.

Mr. *Belmour* and *Pamela* return'd Sir *Simon* Thanks for this entertaining Account of his Relations Story, and said, they had never heard such an extraordinary Instance of Affection and Generosity in two Brothers before.

And I hope, Sir, said *Pamela*, these Marriages proved happy on all Sides? They did in the End, reply'd Sir *Simon*, my Sister and her Husband, the Colonel, were so from the first Day of their coming together, to the Time of their being separated by the Death of one of them; but as my Niece was forced to take up with that Brother which was not the most agreeable to her, after her Mother had robbed her of the other, she led him, for one whole Year, a most uncomfortable Life, and even studied how she might make him uneasy. The elder Mr. *Cooper*, was a Man of good Sense, and good Breeding, he lov'd his Wife to Excess, bore all her Ill-humours patiently, and endeavour'd to conquer them by Kindness, and a Complaisance, that, as she has owned to me herself, did but make her the worse.

Upon that very Day Twelve-month, that they had been marry'd, early in the Morning her Husband wak'd her, with a Voice, which, as my Niece, when she gave me this Relation at her own Table, said, was like a Clap of Thunder to her. He, who was used to speak to her in the softest and most endearing Terms, now called to her by her plain Christian Name, *Agnes*, cry'd he, awake. What, said she, in her usual smart Way, is the Man mad to disturb one at this Time o'the Day? No, Madam, reply'd he, I am not mad, but if you have Sense enough I would have you recollect and tell me what Day this is. No, indeed, said she, I don't know, nor I don't care
what

what Day it is; 'tis *Thursday* I believe. I mean said he, what Day of the Year; Your Reign, Madam, is now at an End; it was this Day Twelvemonth that you took me by the Right-Hand at the high Altar, promising before God to love, cherish, and obey me: Now, Madam, consider with yourself, how well you have performed this solemn Contract. Consider, if you have not made it your Study to do every Thing that is repugnant to it. I have patiently submitted to your Tyranny for one whole Year in hopes of Amendment; but now, as I told you before, your Reign is at an End, and I am resolv'd not to be one Moment longer a Slave to your usurp'd Power. She was going to speak—but he said to her, Weigh well, Madam, what you are going to say, for I am in earnest; if you will promise to make Use of that good Sense which Heaven has endowed you with, and behave as a Wife ought, I will act, not only as becomes a Man of Honour, but a fond and indulgent Husband; but if you persist in treating me as you have done, I will, this Day, take my Leave of you forever. I will allow you a separate Maintenance suitable to your Birth, and fit for my Wife; but as I intend to travel myself, shall take no farther Notice of you. These Words, spoke with a Tone of Voice different from what she had been used to, and some Sternness in her Husband's Countenance, made such an Impression upon my Niece, as made her sensible of her Error, so throwing her Arms about his Neck, she told him, she could not deny but that she had been a very bad Wife, but if he would forgive what was passed she would be all Love and Obedience for the future. Then, cry'd her Husband, returning her Embrace, I shall think myself the happiest Man upon Earth.

It was their Custom afterwards constantly to keep their Wedding-Day, and there were always served up, for the middle Dish, as many Lamprey Pies, a *Gloucestershire* Dish, as they had been Years married; and when I heard my Niece tell this Story, said Sir

Simon,

Simon, she pointed to the Pyramid on the Table, And now Uncle, said she, there are two and thirty Lamprey Pies on the Board, and my dear Spouse and I have not had two and thirty angry Words between us since that Morning, that he put me in such a Fright, upon threatning to leave me.

This Lady, said Mr. *Belmour*, must have a great deal of good Sense and Good-humour, so easily to see, and so readily amend her Error. But, had like to have been spoiled the first Year, said *Pamela*, by too indulgent an Husband; Have a Care, my good Sir, for as no Woman ever had a more indulgent Husband how can I answer for myself? The Case is very different, my Dear, said Mr. *Belmour*, you were not married without your own Consent, and have a Mind too generous to be the worse for good Usage, nor would Mrs. *Cooper* have behaved as she did the first Year, but that she imagined herself a little imposed upon.

After Sir *Simon* had finished these Stories, and the Company had been very pleasant and chearful for some Time, poor *Pamela* was taken suddenly so ill that every Body at Table was alarmed, especially her dear Spouse; she endeavoured to conceal her Disorder as much as possible, to prevent making Mr. *Belmour*, and the rest of the Company uneasy, but desired the Coach might be got ready to go home. This gave her a new Proof of her Husband's Affection, for his Tenderness and Concern for her was inexpressible; a Servant was immediately posted away to *Lincoln* for the Physician, Dr. *Sumner*, a Gentleman of great Worth and Skill in his Profession. In the mean Time, Mr. *Belmour* was not a Minute away from her. When the Doctor arrived, he found her somewhat better, and prescrib'd what he knew would be of great Service to her. When they mentioned to him the Ball that was intended to be at their House, on the *Thursday* following, he advised, by all Means, to lay it aside, for Mrs. *Belmour* ought not to make one, or be at all dis-

composed

composed by such a Diversion, for she was nearer her Time than she imagined; and desired to know where she intended to lie-in. Mr. *Belmour* said, it was his Desire, for several Reasons, that it might be in *London*, and that his Wife was also inclinable to go thither, but he would first be advised by him, whether or no she might safely undertake such a Journey. Yes, the Doctor said, she would; with what he had wrote, be able to go abroad in a Day or two, but then there was no Time to be lost.

So, to the great Disappointment of the Miss *Darnfords*, the Ball was once more put off, and Mr. *Belmour* and *Pamela* went for *London* on the very Day it was to have been.

As soon as she came to Town, *Pamela* wrote the following Letter to her Father and Mother:

My dear Parents,

“WE last Night arrived in *London* perfectly
 “well, tho’ I have lately had a little Disorder, but, I thank God, am well recovered from
 “it. I grow very unwieldy, and shall hardly stir
 “abroad ’till I am delivered of my Burthen.
 “My dear Mr. *Belmour*, whose Tenderneſs is inexpressible, and who expects that Time with a Mixture of Fear and Joy, dreading, as he ſays, the
 “Loſs of his *Pamela*, and hoping an Heir, deſires,
 “if you can bear the Severity of the Season, that
 “you would, with my dear Mother, come to Town;
 “her Preſence, he bids me tell you, would greatly abate his Apprehenſions, as he is thoroughly
 “ſenſible of her tender Care. I am ſo well aſſur’d
 “of your paternal Affection, that, I think, I need
 “not intreat you to give me this ſatisfactory Aſſiſtance, when I tell you that it will, if not entirely
 “banish, yet certainly allay the Fears, which attack
 “me when I think of the dreaded Minute. When
 “we have the Pleaſure of your Answer, a Coach
 “shall

“ shall be sent to bring you up. Mr. Belmour sends
 “ his Duty and Respect. I am,

My dear Parents,

Your tenderly affectionate,

And obedient Daughter,

PAMELA BELMOUR.

The Post going every Day to that Part of *Kent* where Mr. *Andrews* lived, it was but two Days before *Pamela* received the following Answer from her Father and Mother:

My dear Child,

“ **W**E received the Account of your safe Ar-
 “ rival in *London*, with that Pleasure which
 “ always accompanies your Letters. You may be-
 “ lieve neither your Mother nor I, need Intreaties
 “ to accept an Opportunity which must afford us the
 “ greatest Satisfaction, that of embracing a Child
 “ tenderly beloved.

“ Your Mother proposed to be with you before
 “ Mr. *Belmour's* Invitation, which speaks his Good-
 “ ness and Affection to our dear *Pamela*, came to
 “ Hand, and 'tis with Impatience, that we shall ex-
 “ pect the Arrival of the Coach; after which, we
 “ shall not delay our Departure. In the Interim, you
 “ have the daily Prayers of,

Our dear Child,

Your affectionate Parents

JOHN and MARY ANDREWS.

P. S. Pray make our grateful Compliments to the gene-
 rous Mr. Belmour.

Upon

Upon the Receipt of this Letter, a Coach and six Horses were immediately order'd to fetch up Mr. *Andrews* and his Wife, who were not arrived above ten Days at Mr. *Belmour's* House, in *Grosvenor-Street*, before their dear *Pamela* was safely delivered of a Son and Heir, to the inexpressible Joy of her Husband and the rest of their Friends; Lord and Lady *Davers* had hastened to Town, sooner than they should otherwise have come, to be near their dear Sister at this perilous Time. When her Month was expired, and *Pamela* and the Child in perfect Health, the Boy was baptized by the Name of his Father, *John Reginald Belmour*, Lord and Lady *Davers*, with the Duke of — Lord *Davers's* Uncle, being Godfathers and Godmother, to the new made Christian.

When Mrs. *Belmour* saw Company, Sir *Harry Broomstead* was one of her first Visitors, who now thought she looked more lovely than ever. The Hypocrite still pretended to Mr. *Belmour* to be so sincere a Convert to Religion and Virtue, that he was thought, by him, to be one of the most inoffensive Men in the World, and one, in whose Company, he might trust his Wife, even if he was not so thoroughly convinced of her Chastity as he was of that of his *Pamela*. Sir *Harry* used all Means to render himself agreeable to her, and endeavoured to find out if there was any weak Part, by which he might attack her, but *Pamela* was so well fortify'd by the Principles of Religion and Virtue, that this Search was in vain. The Difficulty of the Enterprize served only to make him the more wary, and the more assiduous. Flattery, when not too gross, is what few Persons are Proof against; but *Pamela* had so much Merit, that she always thought herself less deserving than she was, and to have done her but bare Justice she would have look'd upon as Adulation: No one who deserved so much had ever so mean an Opinion of herself: Therefore this Snare, which is oftentimes too fatal to the Fair Sex, she was in no Danger from.

It

It was likewise in vain, for him to tempt her by Gold, for she had no Avarice, and no Wants but were readily and amply supply'd. Gratitude and Pity were Passions Sir *Harry* knew Mrs. *Belmour* was strongly possess'd of, and could hope only, that, by making her sensible of the great Esteem he had for her, and the great Pain he suffered on her Account, might in Time draw from her a grateful Acknowledgement of the one, and a Compassion for the other: How dangerous, therefore, may we suppose this artful Man, who took Care to apply only to those Passions which he found most prevalent in her?

His Professions of Esteem for her Husband, first gave her a Regard for the Man, who was, at that very Time, secretly aiming at doing him the greatest Injury. And when he spoke of her own Excellencies, it was in such a Manner, that she could hardly doubt of his Sincerity. Sir *Harry*, besides his own Endeavours to make himself acceptable to *Pamela*, found an Advocate in her Husband, who was frequently speaking in his Commendation when he was not present; therefore not to have thought well of him, would have been to differ in Opinion from her dear Lord and Master, which she did in no Point, for he was as much Master of her Judgment, as he was of her Person and Affections.

But we must leave Sir *Harry Broomstead* for a while, to give an Account of another Attack made upon *Pamela's* Virtue, for it was impossible for so much Beauty to be seen without being admir'd, and there is nothing so amiable and no Character so well establish'd, that there are not some Fops vain enough to imagine they can have Power to subdue.

Pamela had been very well received at Court, being introduced by Lady *Davers* and countenanc'd by the Duchess of — Lord *Davers's* Aunt. Being in the Drawing-Room one Night, a very tall ill-shaped Gentleman, standing near her as she was talking to my Lady Duchess, asked her Grace if she did not think Mr. *Belmour* extremely happy in the Possession
of

of so much Beauty. Indeed, my Lord, answered the Duchess, I think him very happy in a Wife, the Beauty of whose Form is a Foil, to that of her Mind. Saying this, she took *Pamela* by the Hand, and cry'd, Come, Child, I must have a little Chat with you. The Duchess and *Pamela* left the Circle, and sat down in one of the Windows. My Dear, said the Duchess, I brought you hither to prevent my Lord D——n's entering into Discourse with you. I beg you would always avoid him, he is distinguish'd by his vicious Designs upon Women, as well as by his Impudence and Vanity. He is as much a Stranger to good Breeding as he is to good Sense, the Weakness of his Genius is the Ground of a surprising Assurance; he will make Love, if I may so term his coarse Address, to a Woman at first Sight, and if he ever received any Favours, he as constantly boasted of them: Nay, he will endeavour to revenge a Repulse with the Loss of the Lady's Reputation, and brag of Favours, that were never granted him: Such a Wretch should be avoided like the Plague. His Quality exacts Respect; but his Vices make him as carefully shunn'd by the Men who value their Reputations as by the Ladies.

Pamela thank'd the Duchess for her Goodness in thus forewarning her of the Danger, and assured her, she would make Use of her Advice. Look-ye, said the Duchess, he is now talking to another Lord, from whom, my Dear, no Woman's Reputation is in Danger; it is Lord C——: Do but observe the Patch upon his Face, and his dangling Curls, like a Girl; his Coat is distended like a Hoop-Petticoat, and he is rather a Rival to the Ladies than one who has any other dangerous Designs upon them. O! they are parted again, I did imagine those two Fools could long like one another's Company. Lord C—— is talking to a Creature of his own Goût, and Lord D——n is joined with another in Discourse, to whom also I must advise your never giving any Opportunity for it with you. This is Lord F——, you see he is a hand-

handsome Person, but has the Character of being a great Debauchee, tho' I never heard him taxed with aspersing any one: He wants a great deal of the other's Vanity, but has enough, from his own Opinion of his Outside, to make his Addresses to all Ladies in general; he is too weak to distinguish. He was not long since a downright Sot, never easy but with a Pipe in his Mouth, his Table covered with Bottles, and encompassed by Wretches, who call themselves *Boon Companions*; but they say his Amour with a certain Duchess has greatly reclaimed him, tho' as yet, when at his own Seat, he lives in a Cloud of loathsome Tobacco, and seldom goes to Bed sober.

It is true he is not so dangerous as the Spark he is speaking to, and in conversing with him in public, you will sooner cast a Reflection on your good Sense, than your Virtue; for he is one of the Class of *Insipids*. Mark the consummate Assurance of that Lord *D——n*, I will be hang'd if he is not coming to speak to us, notwithstanding he could not but know that I took you aside to avoid him.

It was just as the Duchess said; he left Lord *F——* and came directly to them. *Pamela* thought she never had seen a more disagreeable, awkward Man, unless it was her own Servant, *Colbrand*. His Person was sufficiently forbidding, but his Character made her look upon him with Aversion. Your Grace, said he, I suppose has been drawing my Picture; and giving this Lady a Character of your humble Servant. My Lord, reply'd the Duchess, if so, your Lordship's Conscience will inform you whether I deserve your Thanks, or not. Your Grace, said he, is eminent for your Good-nature. My Lord, answered the Duchess, when Good-nature makes us insincere it loses that Name and takes that of Imbecility: I would not be unjust to be thought Good-natured. My Lord could easily see by this, that her Grace had not been speaking much in his Favour, and so bowing, took his Leave; but resolved however, not to be so rebuffed, but to watch for another Opportunity of speak-

speaking to *Pamela* when he imagined he might be more favourably heard. My Lord had no sooner left them, but Mr. *Belmour* came up; and her Grace said to him, Mr. *Belmour*, if you are not afraid of being laugh'd at, you shall sit down with your Lady and me to *Ombre*. He answered, I shall always be proud to obey your Grace's Commands, and never be ashamed to avow the Sense I have of my own Happiness. So they sat down and play'd 'till Lord *Davers* came and put them in Mind of the Hour, the Princess having been gone out of the Drawing-Room some Time.

Mr. *Belmour* waited upon the Duchess to her Chair, and then, with *Pamela*, went home to sup with Lord and Lady *Davers*, in *Hanover-Square*. During the Time of Supper, a great deal was said in Praise of the Duchess, who was of a most benevolent and affable Temper, and Lord *Davers* desired to entertain *Pamela* with a Relation of her Art and Address in recovering the Heart of her Lord, which, as good a Husband as he now is, had once gone astray from her, for a short Time, into the Country.

My Lady Duchess, after her first lying-in, was very ill, and continued so for some Months; she knew very well, that a sick Wife was a sad Companion for a young Husband; however, her's shared her Disorder a great while, with much Compassion, and his Disquiets redoubled her Love for him: But his Tenderness gradually abated: He was less constant in her Chamber, more generally acquainted, and more frequent in his Engagements abroad. Her Love took Alarm at it; but she justified him, in her own Breast, by reflecting on her languishing Condition. Thus imputing his Coolness to her ill State of Health, she resolved not to vex herself, for fear of retarding her Recovery, which she considered as the Period to his Indifference.

In Spight of her Uneasiness, her Health returned, but not her Lord's Fondness; and, indeed, a lost Heart is not soon regained. She grieved heartily, but dis-

sembled her Sorrow, in order to discover her Rival. She thought it would have brought her some Relief to know if the Duke had disposed of his Affections to some Body more deserving: But he was artful enough to leave her no Footsteps to trace out such a Discovery. The Obscurity of his Conduct strangely humbled her Vanity; for, imagining that my Lord had no other Flame, she concluded she had merited his Coldness; and no Consideration can be more mortifying to a Woman that has nothing to reproach herself with. She resolved however, to avoid exposing herself, and to wait the Result of Time.

She had passed six Months in this cruel Situation, when she discovered her Rival, by a strange Accident; no very formidable one you will say, at least, with regard to her Quality; Would you believe it, Madam, it was her Gardiner's Daughter. She knew my Lord went often to his Country-House, thirty Miles from *London*, but never once suspected an Intrigue there. The Discovery was comical enough. Being one Day at Dinner, at the Duchess of K——s, a Story was told of a young Nobleman, who carry'd some of his Friends to his Country-Seat, and that they were made Witnesses to a very odd Incident. The Nobleman, when he dismounted his Horse, met with his Gardiner, and ask'd him some familiar Questions about the Garden, the Man's Wife, and, particularly, about his Daughter. His Friends, who found nothing extraordinary in the Question, were amazed at the Roughness of the Fellow's Answer. My Lord, said the Gardiner, all goes well, and better than I could wish. What's the Matter then, said his Lordship, you seem rude? Why this is the Matter, my Lord, reply'd the Fellow, quite in a Passion, they say my Daughter is with Child; and all my Neighbours tell me it is by you. The Lady who told this Story, said Lord *Davers*, said, my Lord Duke only laughed, but in such a Manner, that his Friends could discern there was something in it. My Lady Duchess not knowing, at that Time, how much Interest she had in
this

this Story, laughed; but pondering a little on it, suspected that the Duke might be the very Nobleman concerned in it. She made some indirect Enquiries about the Nobleman's Name and Quality, but to no Purpose; and probably the Duke's Friends, in relating the Affair, had kept those secret, as he had exacted from them in Regard to his Duchefs. She went therefore, to the Source, and learn'd the whole Story. Any Body else would have made a great Bustle, but she resolv'd on contrary Measures, but, with a Resolution too, of repaying his Lordship's Contempt, in case her Patience, and the Project she meditated, did not reclaim him. She bethought herself of sending privately for the Gardiner's Wife, and shew'd a good deal of Concern for the Reports concerning her Daughter; she told her, that to suppress the Scandal, she designed to marry her off, and promised to give an hundred Guineas for her Share of her Portion, and to engage the Duke to contribute something farther to it; but she stipulated one Condition, which was, that she should immediately clear her best Chamber, and put into it the Furniture which she would send there and make a Present of to her Daughter.

The Duchefs insisted upon an inviolable Secrecy, 'till the Execution of the Project, which she laid open to the poor Gardiner's Wife. The next Day she sent away an Upholsterer, with Orders to furnish any Chamber, the Gardiner's Wife should appoint. He furnished it very neatly with a fine Bed, a Set of Chairs, Curtains to the Windows, and, in short, with every Thing which could make a Chamber handsome and convenient. The Duchefs ordered her Picture to be carried thither too, and hung by the Bedside, and wrote a Letter to the Gardiner to acquaint him with her Intentions.

The Secret was inviolably kept 'till the first Visit the Duke made to his Garden Nymph. He chose the Day commonly when the Gardiner used to go to *London* to sell his Ware. When he came to the House of his fair *Phyllis*, the Mother conducted him

to the Chamber lately furnished. What's the Meaning of all this, said the Duke, and whence comes this sudden Finery? Have you found the Philosopher's Stone? No, my Lord, answered the good Woman, this is her Grace's Care: She knew you came often hither, and, to be sure, heard that you had a Mind to lie here, and her Tendernefs for you made her think the Lodging not convenient enough. Here, my Lord, is the Letter she sent us upon the Occasion.

The Duke, disconcerted by his Wife's spiteful Tendernefs, felt all his Love for her revive. He softened, even to Tears, and looking upon her Picture, acted all the Follies of a miserable repenting Loyer. He reproached himself with his Irregularity and his Indifference to her, begged her Pardon, and made Vows, which caused the Gardiner's Wife to think him almost crazy. Tho' the Day was pretty much advanced, he remounted his Horse and rode, with all Speed, to *London*.

In the mean time the Duchess was quite impatient to learn the Effect of her Plot, the Touch-Stone of his Tendernefs and Love. Her Heart was not free from Alarms, for while she resented the Slights of the Duke, she trembled at being forced to counterfeit an equal Indifference. Her Endeavours to recover the Duke, sufficiently proved she still loved him, inconstant as he was, and that he could not be indifferent to her.

She was full of these Reflections when she heard his Horses at the Gate. It was late, No-Body expected him, and the Porter was gone to Bed. His Impatience was pretty noisy, whence she concluded, that he was coming to reproach her with the Trick she had play'd him: But she wronged him; my Lord sent the Duchess's Woman to her with the tenderest and most submissive Message imaginable, to dispose her to receive him. She got up, and met him with a respectful Air. My Lord Duke threw himself at her Feet, and begged ten thousand Pardons for his Weakness, which he called Ingratitude: He sigh'd, wept, and

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own'd all his Follies ; and protested, that unworthy as he was of her Tendernefs, he look'd upon the Return of it as the greateft Happinefs he could enjoy. She was too prudent to take Advantage of his Acknowledgements to make him any Reproaches ; but chose rather to frame Excuses for her Plot, representing that he was to charge it to her Affection only. Thus Peace was made, and the Duke and Duchess have lived in perfect Union ever since.

A few Days after this Reconciliation they consulted together how to dispose of the Cause of their Disunion. He left the whole Care of it to the Duchess to take away all Suspicion of his Sincerity ; and she married her to a rich Farmer in *Wales*. The Duchess kept her Word with Regard to the Furniture, and gave the Gardiner's Daughter three Times the Portion she had promis'd her.

Without doubt, said *Pamela*, the discreet Manner in which the Duchess let him know her Affection for him, must win upon him exceedingly. It did so indeed, reply'd Lord *Davers*, and she has Reason to be proud of her Conduct in that Affair, as well as in all others wherein she has any Concern. Every Body at Table agreed to the Justness of what my Lord said of her Grace's Character, who, *Pamela* said, had given her abundance of Instances of her great Humility and good Sense.

It was pretty late before Mr. *Belmour* and his Spouse went home that Night ; they had been very chearful, but what a Damp was thrown upon poor *Pamela's* Spirits, when, as soon as she came home, she found a Letter brought by the Post, to give her an Account that her Mother lay so dangerous ill at Mr. *Belmour's* House in *Kent*, that there were little Hopes of her Recovery. She was got into her Chamber, before she read this Letter, upon opening which, she immediately fainted away : Mr. *Belmour* ran to her, and catching her in his Arms, enquired into the Cause, which she made known to him by delivering the Letter into his Hand.

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He was sensibly concerned at this News, knowing how great an Affliction it would be to his dear *Pamela* to lose either of her Parents, tho' they were both so far advanced in Years, that it was not to be expected they could live long. He said all that he was able to comfort her, and told her, perhaps, the next Post might bring them better News, and desired she would not anticipate her Misfortune by grieving too much before she heard that her dear Parent was really expired.

Pamela humbly begged him, that she might not wait for the Post, but that he would give her Leave to go the next Day to receive, if possible, the Blessing of her dying Parent. Mr. *Belmour* assured her, if that was her Desire, she should not go by herself, but he would accompany her.

The next Day, while every Thing was preparing for this Journey, let the Reader imagine the Agonies of Grief, the afflicted *Pamela* was thrown into, when a special Messenger arrived, to let her know, that both her Parents were dead; for the Shock of her Mother's Death came with such Violence upon the faint Spirits of the poor old Man, already half exhausted in watching and praying by his dear Mate, from whom he had hardly ever been three Days separated, in forty Years, that he sunk under the Weight of it, and expired in less than an Hour after her.

Mr. *Belmour* observing with what strange Surprise and Horror *Pamela* received this Account of her Parents Death, took her by the Hand, and said, Now my *Pamela*, is the Time to exert your Fortitude, and try to get the better of your Grief: " To indulge it, " said he, is to impugn the Decrees of the most High, " which is as great a Sin as a Folly. You knew " your Parents were mortal, and that by the Course " of Nature, they must, one Day, be taken from " you. Whenever it pleased God to call them to " himself, Reason will tell you it was your Duty to " submit, with an humble Resignation, to the divine " Will; and you ought to bless Heaven, that their
" Virtues

“ Virtues give you Assurance, that they have exchanged a precarious Life, subject to a thousand Misfortunes, for a blessed Immortality.

“ My dear *Pamela*, continued he, I attest Heaven, I would lay down my Life to ransom thine; but should ever the Misfortune of having thee snatch’d away, attend me, I may grieve at my own Loss, but the Reflection, on the Advantage thou would’st obtain by the Change, would greatly mitigate that Grief.

“ Who that loves, as I do, would not suffer the Torture of such a Separation for the eternal Happiness of the beloved Object! Come, my dear Life, oblige your fond Husband, and let me see you look up.

Mr. *Belmour* leaned over her Couch and kissed her, while she bathed his Cheeks with her Tears, and he said all the endearing Things, and used the strongest Arguments he could think of to console her.

It was not long after *Pamela* had received this melancholick Account of her Parents Death, before Sir *Harry Broomstead* came to make her and Mr. *Belmour* a Visit. Mr. *Belmour* went out to him; but presently after brought him into the Room, and said to *Pamela*, My Dear, I know it is not proper for you to see any Company in the Condition you are in, but the nearest Relations and Friends, but I have ventured to ask Sir *Harry* to walk in, to help me to comfort you, he was well acquainted, you know, with your good Father and Mother, and I can assure you, shares with you in your Sorrow for them. I beg, Sir *Harry*, continued he, that you will say something to assuage the dear Girl’s Grief, while I step out on some Business that will admit of no Delay.

This Business was to an Undertaker’s, whither Mr. *Belmour* went immediately, and gave the necessary Orders for Things to be sent down for the Funeral of Mr. *Andrews* and his Wife, in a very handsome, but not too pompous Manner; ordering Mr. *Longman* to see that all Things were well managed.

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In the mean Time, Sir *Harry* being left with Mrs. *Belmour*, thought it might be one Means of insinuating himself into her Favour, to shew a great Concern for her Parents, and was Crocodile enough to weep with her for the Loss of Persons, who, to be sure, were perfectly indifferent to him. He took her Hand in his, and, while he moistened it with his Tears, eagerly pressed it to his Lips, and she, taking this more for the Effect of his pretended Grief, than any libidinous Desire, permitted him to kiss it.

How uncertain, said the vile Hypocrite, are all that we can term Joys in this Life! How little Reason have we to be fond of them, and how great to provide for a happier Situation hereafter, where we shall be sure of losing nothing that is dear to us!

Come, Madam, you must bear your Loss with Constancy; for to be too much afflicted looks as if you expected Providence should alter the Course of Nature upon your Account, and reverse the irrevocable Decree of Death that's passed on all Mankind: Since your Tears can be of no Avail to your Parents, let them not be hurtful to yourself, and destroy your own Health.

I know, said *Pamela*, I ought not to dispute the Will of Heaven: But what can I do? I cannot soon forget those tender Authors of my Existence; both, both my Parents lost at once! How can I think of that without giving Vent to my Sorrow! I am but a weak Woman, I feel, I am sensible of my Failings, and Nature will be too prevalent for Reason.

Then forgetting who was with her, in the Excess of her Sorrow, she dropp'd her Head into Sir *Harry's* Bosom, and pour'd forth a Flood of Tears, he, at the same Time, gently clasping her about the Waist, seem'd, and really was, in as great an Agony as herself, but it proceeded from a very different Passion, and having the Object of all his tenderest Wishes thus encircled in his Arms, he was almost distracted with the rapturous Joy; yet he could not think this a proper Season to throw off his Disguise, as her Mind

was

was then fill'd with Thoughts so very opposite to his loose Desires, and as she was wholly given up to Anguish and Despair.

Yet he flatter'd himself, some Time or other, turning to his Advantage, an Expression that she had let fall in the Transports of her Grief, That she found herself a Woman, and that *Nature will be too prevalent for Reason*: Who knows, thought he to himself, but I may find this Nature as prevalent on the Side of Love, as she is now on that of Grief? However, this was no Time, he imagined, to try her Force; but pleased with having been honoured with a greater Mark of *Pamela's* Favour than he had ever found before, he retired well satisfy'd for the present, interpreting that to be the Effect of Fondness and Familiarity which was only owing to her Absence of Mind.

After this Mrs. *Belmour* saw no Company for the first Week of her Affliction, spending all her Hours, from the Time she rose, almost to that of her going to Bed, at her Devotion in her Closet; in the second Week she saw Lady *Davers*, and the good Duchess, who was so kind as to come and condole with her; and in the Week following she received the formal Visits of all her Acquaintance; but it was a full Month before she went once abroad; during which Time, the ill-favoured and impudent Lord *D——* had not laid aside his Passion for her; he made constant Enquiries, tho' very secretly, after her, and learning she began to go out, by the Spies he had placed about, as she was going into her Chair one Morning, a Porter making a very low Bow to her, gave her a Letter, saying, at the same Time, The Gentlewoman, who sends your Ladyship this, is in very great Necessity, and was going away, when Mrs. *Belmour* called to him before she had opened it, and asked him who it came from. The Porter answered, You will know, Madam, by the Letter, and where to bestow your Charity. He went off, and *Pamela* opening the Letter saw it was signed, your humble Admirer *D——*.

She was dreadfully shocked at this, and put into such a Confusion that she hardly knew what she did. In a Moment she apprehended a thousand direful Consequences; and looked upon the ugly, impudent Wretch of a Peer, from whom it came, as a Devil raised up to destroy her Happiness. She fear'd to conceal the Letter, which was directed, in a Woman's Hand, *To the charitable Mrs. Belmour*, and was terrified at the Thoughts of acquainting Mr. *Belmour* with it. She scarce knew where she was, or whither she was going; but was in such Perplexity when the Chair sat down, and one of her Footmen told her, that the Lady was not at home whom she went to visit, that it was a good while before she was able to recollect herself enough to order the Men where to go next. At length she bade them go to the Duchess of O——'s, whom she found at home, and by whom she was received with great Kindness and Affability.

She no sooner found herself alone with this good Lady, but she burst into a Flood of Tears, which could not but much surprize her; but my Lady Duchess, who is both humane and prudent, took her by the Hand, and placing her in a Chair by the Fire, said, Compose yourself, my Dear; and then stepping to the Door, gave Orders that she would be at home to No-Body while Mrs. *Belmour* was there, and that no Servant should come in 'till she rang; then returning to *Pamela*, You seem frightened, said she, endeavour to recover yourself. O! Madam, cry'd *Pamela*, excuse a Liberty, which I have been encouraged to take from the great Goodness which your Grace has condescended to shew a young unexperient'd Creature, whose future Happiness, whose Peace of Mind is on the Brink of being forever lost, and who flies to your Grace's Charity to beg Advice and Assistance.

Mrs. *Belmour* had all this while the Letter in her Hand, and could hardly speak for sobbing, her Tears, which were stagnated with the first Surprize, now drowned her Face, and the good Duchess could scarce

scarce forbear joining her's with them. She rang the Bell, and ordered a Glass of Water, which she herself took at the Dor, and, giving it to *Pamela*, bade her drink, and compose herself. She did, and endeavouring to suppress her Tears, and recall Reason to her Assistance, said, O! Madam, that Enemy to my Peace, whom I could never possibly have injured, that bad Man, the wicked Lord D——n, has sent me this Letter. Why did you receive it, said the Duchess, without knowing whom it came from? You have opened it, I see.

O! Madam, cry'd *Pamela*, I was betrayed into it: Read the Superfcription, it is a Woman's Hand; it was given me by a Porter, as I was going into my Chair, and I was trick'd by the Fellow's Words, who told me it came from a Gentlewoman in great Necessity. * Her Grace said, You are not to blame, but he must be a very Devil thus to make a Handle of your Charity to attack your Virtue. I am glad your Prudence directed you hither. You have obliged me, for it speaks a Confidence in me, which I pretend to deserve; for I was charmed with your Story, before I was surprized with the Sight of your Beauty, and this Step convinces me, that nothing which I have been told to the Advantage of your good Sense has been exaggerated. You could not, as you may believe, by the just Character I gave you of that Disgrace to the Nobility, have been assailed by a more dangerous Enemy to all Virtue; the Case is nice, for

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* *The Author of Pamela's Conduct in High-Life, has made this Lady, the good Duchess of O——, and has drawn very exact Characters of several Persons, who flourished about the latter Part of Queen Anne's Reign, like one who was well acquainted with the Court at that Time, but we must beg Leave to say he has been guilty of a great Anachronism here, for Pamela was not married till the Year 1726.*

I know your Husband Temper. No-Body is more tender in Point of Honour, and No-Body more brave, or sensible of Injury. My dear Lord, who both loves and admires him, has often given me his Character, and that speaks him just, brave, generous, humane, and courteous : And says, tho' he has had his Amours, that he always abhorred the Thoughts of invading another Man's Property, and that he made an Attempt on a married Woman a Matter of Conscience ; but he verily believes, that at this Time, he regards none of the Sex with the Eyes of a Lover, but his own dear *Pamela*.

But, good Madam, said *Pamela*, have the Charity to tell me how I shall behave ? I dare not acquaint my Husband with this Affair, and am afraid to conceal it. Have you read the Letter, said the Duchess ? No, indeed Madam, answered *Pamela*, the odious Name was sufficient. The Duchess taking the Letter out of her Hand, read to this Purpose : “ That he “ begged she would excuse him, for a Liberty, which “ a Veneration for her Character, and a Regard to “ his own, had obliged him to take. He knew, he “ said, that her Grace of ——— was not his Friend, tho’ “ he was no Way conscious of having offended her, “ and apprehended she had painted him in the black- “ est Colours ; therefore, begged she would give “ him Leave, in the Drawing-Room, the *Park*, or “ the most publick Place, to vindicate himself, and “ endeavour to gain her good Opinion, which he “ should ever greatly prize, as No-Body more rever’d “ her Virtue than her most devoted Servant and hum- “ ble Admirer, D——n.

Well, said my Lady Duchess, my Advice, my Dear, is to burn this Letter, and let him plainly see you industriously avoid him. It would be right if you forbore going to Court for some Days, and were not seen in the *Park* unless your Husband is with you, for I fear the vain Fool, if he sees you appear in either of those Places, as usual, may interpret it to his Advantage ; whereas he may justly attribute your
Absence,

Absence, for some Time, to the Effect of your Retirement.

Pamela humbly thank'd her Grace and promised to follow her Advice, then making an Offer to go, the Duchefs desired her to stay a little longer; and told her she was not thoroughly compos'd, and that it was visible she had been crying, which it was not convenient Mr. *Belmour* should perceive.

When she went away, the Duchefs told her she would return the Visit, tho' it was certain she was beholden to Lord *D——n* for it more than to Mrs. *Belmour*.

Pamela appeared neither at Court, nor in the *Park*, for a Fortnight. The Duchefs did her the Honour of a Visit, and told her, that she had ordered a Person to be in the *Mall* every fair Day, from Twelve 'till Two, to observe if Lord *D——n* was there, and that he had never once miss'd seeing him.

Pamela had excus'd her going to Court to Mr. *Belmour*, by pretending a little Disorder; but one Day as they were at Dinner, he insist'd upon her going with him to the Play, which was a Diversion she had not yet allowed herself to give into, since she had been in Town, not only as she heard Mr. *Belmour* say some Things not greatly to the Advantage of theatrical Entertainments, but as she had read Mr. *Collier's* severe Censure of them, and another Piece wrote by a young Clergyman, wherein they are more fully condemn'd, call'd, *The absolute Unlawfulness of all Stage Entertainments*. This pious Author represents the Theatre as a "*Pagan Temple*, where the Devil holds his filthy Courts, where those who frequent it, worship this infernal Fiend, and prostitute their Persons to impure Spirits, separating themselves from God, and plunging into all the Pollutions of Sin and Brutality.

Pamela represent'd to Mr. *Belmour* the Dread she had of going into a Place, which had been thus describ'd to her, and thought it would be an heinous Sin; but he assur'd her that this Author had carried

Matters too far, even farther than *Collier* himself, who was not entirely for abolishing, but reforming the Stage; many of his Arguments were very weak, he said, particularly where he bids every Person that goes to the Playhouse, ask him or herself, whether they would like the Profession of an Actor, and if they would not like it themselves they ought not to encourage it in others: By the same sort of reasoning no Man ought to wear Shoes who would not like to be a Shoemaker; and none but Cooks should eat Roast-Meat.

I own, said he, the Stage is much abused at present; but under proper Regulations, I think, it might be so far from hurting the Morals, that it might become a School of Virtue: But alas! I fear it has a quite contrary Effect, as it is at this Time managed, and rather tends to debauch the Mind: And would my dear Master, said *Pamela*, then have me go to it while it is in this dangerous Condition? The Play, answered Mr. *Belmour*, that we are to see To-Night, is a genteel Comedy, with a good deal of Wit in it, and that inoffensive; the Characters are well drawn; it is diverting, and yet has a good Moral. One of the Methods of reforming the Stage would, in my Opinion, be for Persons of Fashion to countenance only such Plays; but how preposterous is it to see Women, even of Quality, who would be thought modest, sit undisturb'd, nay oftentimes shew they are pleased with Expressions, and sometimes whole Scenes of the rankest Obscenity; and laughing at Catches in Praise of Drunkenness, for which, the Author who writes, and the Actor who sings them, ought both to be whipp'd at the Cart's-Tail. I am pleased to find, continued Mr. *Belmour*, that we are to have no Entertainments added to the Play but what a rational Person may be delighted with, a Dance between the Acts by Mrs. *Booth* and Mr. *Shaw*; but none of the unnatural Fooleries of *Harlequin*.

The Play was the *Careless Husband*, the Parts were all acted to the greatest Advantage, and by such a Set
of

of Players as there are, at present, but little Hopes of seeing match'd. The Author, who wrote his Part for himself, was inimitable in it, and Mrs. *Oldfield* who play'd Lady *Betty Modish*, without either an handsome Face or a good Shape, was certainly the genteelest Woman in *England*, and one of the most agreeable: *Wilks*, tho' now in the Decline of Life, being more than threescore, had all the Gaiety and Sprightliness of a young Fellow of five and twenty; and every one of the other Players deserved Applause in their Way.

Mrs. *Belmour* was very much pleased, and, as she told her Husband, could not imagine how Plays, if there was nothing worse in them, could any ways tend to corrupt good Manners, nay, she thought that a great deal might be learnt from them, and could not but observe that she fancied my Lady *Duchess*, in her Stratagem to recover her Husband from his Gardiner's Daughter, had borrow'd the Hint of it, from an Incident in this Play, where Lady *Easy* lets her her Husband know of the Discovery she had made of his having an Intrigue with her Woman, only by putting her Handkerchief over his Head to prevent his catching Cold, when she found them sleeping together.

Mrs. *Belmour*'s favourable Opinion of the Stage was very much alter'd, when, a few Days after Mr. *Belmour* carry'd her again to a Pantomime Entertainment at the End of it, the Play was very moving, it was a Tragedy, *Othello*, and well acted; but when *Harlequin* and *Colombine* had play'd a few of their Tricks, and *Pierot* set the Audience in an Uproar with his pretty Grimaces, she was quite in an Amusement. These Things, said she, to be sure, are designed for the Rabble, and to please Children; but yet, reply'd Mr. *Belmour*, if you look round the House, you will see Persons mighty attentive to them who are far from being rank'd among the Rabble, and who, if not at Year's of Discretion, are some of them forty or fifty Years of Age: And how do these

People, said *Pamela*, relish the Play? Oh! not at all, answered he, but are impatient 'till that is over, and the Entertainment begins, for it is to this absurd and monstrous Trash only, that they give that Name, the Play itself, tho' wrote by the greatest Genius, as this To-Night, being no Entertainment at all to them.

Well, my dear Sir, said *Pamela*, whenever I come to the Theatre, I could wish it might be when none of this ridiculous Buffoonry is to marr the Satisfaction I have before received from a moral and well wrote Tragedy or Comedy. I am pleased, my Dear, said Mr. *Belmour*, to find your Sentiments of the Stage agree so well with mine; but you must take Care how you give your Opinion in some Places where you will be oblig'd to visit, for if you do, you will run the Hazard of being thought very unfashionable. I would not, methinks, reply'd *Pamela*, make any Visits to People void of common Sense, and certainly those who have it, can never approve of those Things. Your Visits, said he, must be confined to a very narrow Circle, if you go no where but where you are sure of meeting with common Sense; no, no, my Dear, there is the Rabble in High Life, as well as Low; Pomp and Expence give a Gloss to the Actions of Persons of Quality, but for Propriety of Sentiment and Behaviour, you will oftentimes find the Peer has as little of them as the Porter, and this is the more to be condemn'd in them, as they have such Opportunities to improve themselves more than the Vulgar can pretend to: And of all the Wretches of this Sort there is not one who has so contemptible a Character as the Lord *D——n*, who I see did you the Honour, as without doubt he thought it, of a Bow to Night from the Box, pray upon what Account did he assume that Liberty? Indeed, my dear Sir, answered *Pamela*, I have the same Opinion of that Peer with yourself, but he forced himself into a Conversation with the Duchess when I was talking to her, in the Drawing-Room the other Night, and tho' the Duchess gave him plainly to understand that his

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Company was not at all agreeable to her, yet I find he looks upon himself, from that accidental Rencontre, as my Acquaintance, tho' I did not interchange three Words with him; Nor I hope ever will, said Mr. *Belmour*, for he will interpret every one of them as a liking of his Person, which is one of the most shocking that ever was framed, yet is not his Person half so deform'd as his Mind. I cannot suppose, my Dear, that you will think, by giving you this Caution, that I am growing jealous; no, I know my *Pamela's* Virtue too well, ever to give Way to that Passion, even were I to see a Subject more likely to excite it than this hideous Lord we are now speaking of; but I must apprize my dearest, that in this censorious Town, a Lady's Chastity alone will not always secure her Reputation, if she does not carefully avoid shewing the least Countenance to such Fops who make it their Business to blast the Characters of all who are so unfortunate as to have given them the least Opportunity of speaking to, or of them. It was happy for you, that you were with a Lady of the Duchess's established Character when this Wretch accosted you, or he would have sworn, to the next Man he saw, that you had made an Assignment with him.

Is it possible, cry'd *Pamela*, there can be so much Villany in the World! It is enough to make one resolve to abandon it: No, my dearest, said Mr. *Belmour*, it is sufficient for one of my *Pamela's* good Sense to know it to avoid what's dangerous, for if ever she errs I am sure it must be thro' Inexperience and not Inclination: I would therefore have you not wholly unacquainted with the worst Scene of Iniquity this Town affords; but as there is to be a Masquerade To-morrow, I myself will persuade you to see that, for once, under my Care and Protection, which I must own I think one of the most pernicious Inventions that ever entered into the Mind of Man for the Destruction of Modesty and good Manners.

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She told him, she would be directed by him in all Things; but indeed she had heard such frightful Things of the Masquerades, that she should not have the least Desire to make one in such an Assembly but to obey his Commands, and as she could never think herself in any Danger while she was under his Protection.

The next Morning, while Mr. *Belmour* and *Pamela* were at the Tea-Table, contriving their Dresses and settling other Points relating to their Evening's Expedition to the *Hay-Market*, Sir *Harry Broomfield* dropp'd in to Breakfast with them, and they would fain have prevailed upon him to have made one of their Party; but this mighty sober young Gentleman had, all-on a Sudden, forsworn all Diversions of that kind; and said, He really thought it was great Pity that some proper Methods were not taken to suppress a Rendezvous of that Sort, which under the Notion of a public Diversion was the Occasion of infinite Disorders in private Life; but this very conscientious Spark had, at that Instant, a Thought struck into his Mind of perpetrating one of the greatest Pieces of Villany that ever that Nursery of Vice gave Birth to.

He took particular Care to be well acquainted with both their Dresses that he might the better carry on his Design. Mr. *Belmour* was in that of a *Turk*, and *Pamela* in the Habit of a *Shepherdes*; they kept pretty much together, but it is not to be supposed that they were not separated now and then, and at one of these Times, a Person of the same Height, and in the same Habit with Mr. *Belmour*, came up to *Pamela*, and whispering her in the Ear, said, My *Pamela*, I am told my Sister *Dawers* receives Masks To-Night, and as neither she nor my Lord know of our being here, we will go and surprize them, but we will go first and change our Dresses at a Place hard by.

The supposed Mr. *Belmour* went out, and, she following him, he put her into a Chair, the Chairmen who had their Instructions carry'd her off in an Instant

stant, and brought her into a little Entry of a House, where a fat old Woman opened a Parlour Door, and desired her to walk in. *Pamela* asked where the other Chair was with Mr. *Belmour*? one of the Fellows said, He was at the Door. Whereupon she went in, and the other Chair coming into the Entry, the old Woman taking up the Candles, said, Your Dresses are above Stairs, if your Ladyship pleases to follow me. *Pamela* saw Mr. *Belmour*, as she thought, come out of his Chair, and pay the Men, so made no Scruple to follow the old Bawd up Stairs, who conducted her into a Bed-Chamber, but how much was she surprized, when, instead of pulling off his Mask, the Gentleman, whom she took for her Husband, put out the Candles, and began to draw her towards the Bed, and then clasping her in his Arms, cry'd in a feigned Voice, Pardon, dear Madam, this innocent Deceit, which is occasion'd by your irresistible Beauty, I was unable any longer to live without you, and therefore resolv'd to hazard every thing to make you mine. Mrs. *Belmour*, terrify'd to the last Degree, scream'd out, Murder! Murder! I am betrayed! Villain forbear! He throwing himself on his Knees, embraced her's, and begged her to hear the Prayers of the most sincere and ardent Lover that ever breathed; she, not regarding what he said, still continued her Cries; this made him resolve on Violence, and swear a great Oath that he would not run such a Risk for nothing; whereupon he endeavour'd to stop her Mouth; but her Fears supplying her with more than ordinary Strength, she burst from him, not without leaving some of her Dress in his Hands and getting into the next Room, which was fronting the Street, she endeavour'd to lift up the Sash, but finding that fast, she broke a Pain of the Glass, and screamed out of the Window for Help, crying, Murder! Murder! Help! for God's Sake, Help!

The Villain would have forc'd her back again, but she made such Resistance that he was not able, tho' she was almost spent, and ready to faint away, thro' her

her long struggling, when she heard a prodigious Noise and knocking at the Street Door, as if it was forcing open. This made the Villain and the fat Woman his Accomplice, provide for their Safety by getting out of the House a back Way. *Pamela* still continued crying Murder at the Window : At length, the Street Door was forced and many People came rushing into the House, among whom was Mr. *Belmour* who looked like one distracted. *Pamela* immediately flew to him, crying, O! my dear Lord! my Deliverer! Save me, save me, and take me from this wicked Place, how have I been betrayed! Death and Daggers to my Heart! cry'd Mr. *Belmour*, what do I see! what do I hear! where is the Villain that could be capable of this? He then turned from his Wife with such wild Fury in his Looks, and such a Neglect of her, as she thought, that she sunk under it. She who had Spirits to resist the Force of the Ravisher, had not sufficient to bear up against the suppos'd Coldness of her Husband; a Crowd of dreadful Ideas instantly possess'd her Mind; she looked upon all Hopes of future Peace entirely gone, and herself compleatly wretched. She was for some Time devoid of all Sense and Motion, and lay like one quite dead; but when she recovered she found herself on the Bed, with Mr. *Belmour* sitting by her; as soon as she looked at him she burst into a Flood of Tears: Her Head-Cloths and Gown were all torn to-pieces in defending herself, and her Hair was fallen over her Ears and Neck.

Mr. *Belmour* seeing her reviv'd, said, with a deep Sigh, Be comforted my *Pamela*, whatever has happened, I shall always view thee with Eyes of Pity, but can never forgive myself, who used Arguments with thee to draw thee to that cursed Place, where I fear thou hast found thy Ruin and my own. But, however thou has been abused, however I have been betrayed, I must always look upon thee as an injured Innocent. O! Sir, said *Pamela*, banish that racking Suspicion which must destroy the Peace of both our

Lives.

Lives. You have been injured no farther than in the villanous Attempt: Heaven, the Protector of the Innocent, endued me with Strength to resist the Satyr, and preserve my Honour! O! said he, that I could be certain of that, on Condition of forfeiting all I have, and providing for thee by my daily Labour! He groaned, but his Lips, and his Eyes roll'd in his Head with such horrid Fierceness, that he seem'd the very Image of wild Despair. O! my dear Lord, said *Pamela* calm your Mind, I attest all the eternal Powers I have spoke the Truth; had my Ruin been compleated, Heaven bear Witness, I would have own'd my Misfortunes by divorcing the polluted Wretch for ever from your Arms, and for ever have hid me from the World. Thou art all Truth, my *Pamela*, said he, embracing her tenderly and wiping away her Tears; my Love, my Fairest, I believe thee, and will banish all those Terrors from my Breast which have been so insupportable a Torture to me. The Host of Heaven, bear me Witness, Sir, said *Pamela*, that what I have said is sacred Truth; but had not you come, by what Miracle I know not, so seasonably to my Rescue, I must, in all Probability have been undone, for my Strength, by long Struggling, began to fail. Then, —then must I have been the greatest Wretch that e'er was curst with Life, reply'd Mr. *Belmour*, but Heavens be praised, which indeed sent me miraculously to your Assistance.

I met, said he, my Lord G——, who unmasking said, What! have we the two *Sofia's* here? Why I saw you and your Lady go out this Minute, as I thought, nay, I could almost have sworn to you both. I, who had missed you, was immediately apprehensive of some Trick being play'd you, by means of the Disguise, and, therefore, without making my Lord any Answer, ran out in a Manner desperate, as I was, almost convinced my Fears were too well grounded. I enquired of the Chairmen at the Doors, and they describ'd you and the Ravisher in a *Turkish* Habit, like my own, saying you went off in two Chairs, but
which

which way they could not tell. I cried to the Fellows, continued Mr. *Belmour*, come along with me half a Dozen of you, and I will reward you well; as we were going out towards *Market-Lane*, an empty Chair was coming to the Stand. Some of the other Chairmen asked these if they had met *Hampshire Tom*? one of them answer'd, that he had seen him and his Partner set down a Lady but just by not three Minutes ago, and that *Long Harry* had set down a Gentleman at the same House immediately after.

Mr. *Belmour* then bade them set down their Chair, and shew him the House. The Fellows did so, and he rather flew than ran, when he heard the Cries of his Wife, and the breaking the Windows, on which he gave Orders to force the Door, which was soon done by the Help of a Smith's Wedge or great Hammer.

Coming into the House, and meeting *Pamela* alone, he sought in every Corner to find out the Villain, and then returning to his Wife found her in the Condition before describ'd: He asked her by what Means she had been enticed thither, and whether she could know the Monster again? She told him she had not seen his Face, and that he had talk'd to her all the Time he was there in the same squeaking feign'd Voice that she observed all the People used at the Masquerade. O! said Mr. *Belmour*, that half my Estate could purchase the Knowledge of this base Ravisher; but I will leave no Stone unturn'd. If Money, or Diligence can discover him, it shall not be long e'er his Example shall deter all others from so villanous an Attempt. But compose yourself, my *Pamela*, said he, there are in the next Room two Women of the Neighbourhood, who were brought hither by Curiosity, and whose Charity makes them stay to see if they can be any Ways serviceable to you. O, Sir, said *Pamela*, you have not discharged the Chairmen I hope? No, said he, there are no less than eight below. How do you find yourself? you were for some Time senseless. She answer'd, she was pretty well,

well, considering the dreadful Agonies she had gone through.

Mr. *Belmour* then went into the next Room, and sent the two Women into his Wife: They were Housekeepers in the same Street, and seemed sober and careful Persons; they brought her some Water and Hartshorn Drops; but could give no Account of the Persons by whom the House was taken, which, they believ'd, was for the sole Design of perpetrating this Villany; these Women help'd to tie up her Hair, and compose her Dress, and afterwards, Mr. *Belmour* having paid for mending the Door, and given the Chairmen Money for Drink and Candles, order'd them to keep Possession 'till they heard farther from him, and then he and *Pamela*, in two Chairs, returned home, sufficiently cured of all Inclination to see any more Masquerades.

Mr. *Belmour* went, early in the Morning, to the House where he had left the Chairmen, and took several Upholsterers with him to view the Goods, which consisted of a Bed only and a few Chairs, two Tables and two Candlesticks, in Hopes they might know of whom they were bought: But they could give no Satisfaction, neither could the Landlord, who told him, the House had been hired but the Morning before, as for a Lady that was privately married, and was to be brought thither to lye-in; he said, he had asked no more Questions, as he had a Quarter's Rent paid him in Hand: These Circumstances made Mr. *Belmour* conclude, that it must be some Scoundrel of Fortune who had made this Attempt upon his Wife, and was the more confirm'd in that Opinion, when one of the Chairmen, that he had left in the House, shew'd him a Stone which he had found in the Room where the Bed was, very likely to have fallen out of the Bezle of his Ring in the Struggle; he was in great Hopes that this might lead to some Discovery, for as the Stone was of Price, it was probable that some Jeweller might know it.

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When he told *Pamela* of this, she dreading what the Consequences might be of his coming to an Interview with the Villain, who had made the Attempt upon her Honour, begged him to leave the wicked Wretch to the Punishment of Heaven, and not hazard his own Life, which was so precious against that of a Villain, who, there was no doubt, would, in Time, meet the due Reward of his Iniquity. May Heaven, said he, with a Look that almost made her tremble, bring that Chastisement on me, which his Villany deserves, if ever I let him escape me, while there is a Possibility of my discovering him.

Mr. *Belmour* entrusted the Brilliant to a Person in whom he could confide, to go among the Jewellers and make Enquiries about it, and in four Days Time, was told that one of them knew the Stone, and said it was in the Possession of a *Portuguese Jew*, whose Name he mentioned; but who, he said, was then at *Amsterdam*. Having got this Clue, a Letter was written to the *Jew*, to desire he would send Word to whom he had sold a Stone of such a Weight and Water. He answered that his Books were in *London*, but that he should be there himself almost as soon as his Letter, and when he had seen the Stone, and examin'd his Memorandums, if he had sold it, he should know to whom.

It was not many Days before the *Jew* came to *London*, and on viewing the Diamond, said, he had no Occasion to look in his Books, he knew very well he had sold it to *Sir Harry Broomstead*. *Sir Harry Broomstead!* cry'd Mr. *Belmour*, have a Care what you say. I am very sure of it, said the *Jew*, then turning over a Pocket Book, look here, said he, he paid me an hundred and thirty Pounds for it, on the 16th of June 1726. Nothing could be equal to the Astonishment of Mr. *Belmour* upon this Discovery, except that of *Pamela*, when she had heard what passed, but her Fears were redoubled on Account of what might follow upon it. Mr. *Belmour* asked her if he had ever made any Advances to her: No, she assur'd him

him, or she had not received him with the Civility he always found from her.

She made no Mention of his having kissed her Hand after the Ball at *Tunbridge*, because as he had never offer'd any Thing of that kind afterwards, 'till the Night that she receiv'd the News of her Parents Deaths, she herself doubted whether he had any ill Design in either of those Actions, and he had always appeared such an Advocate for Virtue that, she told Mr. *Belmour*, she hoped it was impossible for any one to be so great an Hypocrite; and supposing the *Jew* had really sold the Ring to Sir *Harry*, he might possibly have parted with it again, and if he was innocent, to be sure, would make no Scruple of telling to whom.

That was right, he said, but as for his Innocence he much question'd it; his Pretensions to Virtue and Honour, he owned, had deceived him; but that he ought to have suspected the Reality of his Conversion from Libertinism, to so much Sanctity of Manners, as it was so sudden; then when he consider'd, he said, that they were of the same Stature, and that he had had such an Opportunity of knowing his Dress, which no one else did Time enough to provide for the hellish Plot he had form'd, he was almost sure he must be the Villain that had endeavoured her Ruin.

The News of this shocking Attempt made upon Mrs. *Belmour*, alarmed the whole Town, she had a thousand Howd'you's the next Day, and as many Visitors the Day after, when it might be supposed she was a little recovered from her Fright; among the rest, Sir *Harry Broomstead* did not fail of paying his Devoirs; expressed the greatest Abhorrence imaginable at so vile an Attempt, and wish'd he could any way assist Mr. *Belmour* in making a Discovery of the Monster who offer'd it: But Mr. *Belmour*, either prepossessed with the Opinion of his Guilt, or that Sir *Harry* was really under some Confusion, could not but think, in all he said, there wanted that honest Air of Truth that the boldest Hypocrite can never

come up to ; he looked narrowly, at the same Time, and saw he had no Ring upon his Finger as he was used to have ; this was sufficient to confirm all his Suspicions ; however, he took no Notice, for the Present, but went to a particular Friend soon after, a Gentleman of great Worth and Honour, and related the whole Affair to him : *Mr. Smith*, for that was his Name, was of Opinion that the Matter was clear, and said, as he knew he would not put it up, he begg'd he might be his Second ; but first he would carry the Stone to *Sir Harry* and see what he said to it.

This being agreed to, *Mr. Smith* went to *Sir Harry's* House the next Day, where, shewing him the Diamond, he told him he had found that Stone, which, being of Value, he had enquir'd who it belong'd to, and found it was his Property. *Sir Harry*, who was not ignorant where he had dropp'd it, changed Colour, and looking at the Diamond, said, with a faltering Voice, that it was none of his, but he thanked *Mr. Smith* for the Trouble he had given himself. *Sir*, said *Mr. Smith*, I have Orders to leave it with you ; your denying it will avail you little, *Mr. Belmour*, from whom I come, knows you own it, and bade me tell you that you are a Villain, and that he shall be in the Ring, in *Hyde-Park* To-morrow Morning by Break of Day, where he shall expect you. I am, reply'd the other, *Mr. Belmour's* humble Servant, no Man can possibly have a greater Respect for him than I have, which makes me surprized at his sending me this Message, I will wait upon him at home to know the Reason. That, *Sir*, said *Mr. Smith*, he absolutely forbids, and will see you no where but at the Place appointed, you too well know the Meaning of his expecting it, so, *Sir*, your humble Servant. As he was going, *Sir Harry* called to him, Pray, *Sir*, said he, tell *Mr. Belmour* that I shall bring a Friend with me : Very well, *Sir*, answered *Mr. Smith*, if you had not called me back, I should have forgot Part of my Message, and have troubled you with a second Visit. *Mr. Belmour* desires you will bring Pif-

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tols. I will accompany him, and endeavour to entertain your Friend.

Sir *Harry Broomstead*, tho' naturally no Coward, was now made so by his Guilt, he underwent the greatest Pain and Anxiety of Mind, that can be imagin'd, for that Day and Night, and had sometimes Thoughts of refusing to accept Mr. *Belmour's* Challenge, and secure himself from his Resentment by writing a penitent Letter, and taking a Trip over to *Holland*, where he would conceal himself, he thought, 'till the other might have Time to cool, and listen to his Submission; but then again, thinking on the Disgrace of such a Procedure, he took other Resolutions, and suffering the Fear of Death to be overcome by the Fear of Shame, he sought for a Friend who might be his Second in the Field, which was not found without some Difficulty, for Persons who have so little Virtue as Sir *Harry Broomstead*, are not often blessed with any sincere Friendships; but, at length, he found one, who would not have hazarded his Life in his Service, but that he had, as his nearest Relation, a Dependence on his Fortune, which was entirely at Sir *Harry's* Disposal.

The next Morning, Mr. *Belmour* and Mr. *Smith* being at the Place of Rendezvous, were met by Sir *Harry Broomstead* and his Kinsman. Sir *Harry* coming up, said, Mr. *Belmour*, I acknowledge I am a Villain before these two Gentlemen: This is no Effect of Fear, but of Justice. I call Heaven to Witness I have wrong'd you no farther than by a most criminal Attempt, which I cannot reflect upon without the greatest Shame and Abhorrence; and had not that Miracle of Beauty and Virtue made a surprizing Defence, I had perpetrated a Crime which possibly would have made my Life a Torment, though I had never been discovered, when I reflected on what must necessarily have been the Consequences in your Family. I bless Heaven, which certainly assisted your Wife, that I escap'd the Guilt, though I may not the Punishment of my vile Intention. For it is in that

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only I have injur'd you, except in betraying the Confidence you plac'd in me, and shewing me more Regard than such a Wretch could deserve. Now, Sir, if there is a Possibility for me to make you any other Reparation than what you require, I will not hesitate a Moment to agree to any Terms you shall propose, but let me not aggravate my Crime by attempting upon the Life of one, whose Honour, and whose Felicity I have already attacked, tho' I thank Heaven so unsuccessfully.

I am glad Sir *Harry*, said Mr. *Belmour*, that you have owned, before these Gentlemen, that you did not perpetrate the Villany you intended. By all that's sacred, reply'd Sir *Harry*, I did not; your Wife is unsullied. So is not my Honour, answered Mr. *Belmour*, there is but one Way left to give me Satisfaction. I am sorry for it, cry'd Sir *Harry*, but as I know not who may fall, let me again declare your Wife has received no Stain; she is as chaste in her Person as in her Mind: Saying this, he threw off his Cloaths, and, with trembling Hands, cock'd his Pistol. The two Seconds drew their Swords at the same Time; but were enjoin'd, by their Principals, not to engage. Mr. *Belmour* and Sir *Harry*, advanced pretty near each other, each bidding his Antagonist fire, and both drew their Triggers at one and the same Instant. Sir *Harry* missed his Aim, but receiv'd Mr. *Belmour's* Ball in his Body, it went quite through him. He fell, and as he lay, said, I deserve my Punishment, let my Death satisfy your Vengeance; forgive my Memory, and entertain no Suspicion of your virtuous unspotted Lady.

The two Seconds raised up Sir *Harry*, and carried him to an Hackney Coach which waited, as did another for Mr. *Belmour*; they endeavoured to staunch the Blood, but he was dead in all Appearance. The two Gentlemen carry'd him to an able Surgeon, and Mr. *Belmour* went home. Let the Reader imagine the Terrors of his Wife, and the Agonies she was in, when he came to her Bedside, and told her what had hap-

happen'd, and that Sir Harry Broomstead was dead, for so he then thought him. Mr. Belmour said, he should go that Instant Post for *Dover*, and cross to *Calais*, and ordered *Pamela* not to leave *London* 'till she had a Letter from him. He had scarce done speaking, when a Servant brought Word, that Mr. *Smith*, who had been his Second, was below. Mr. Belmour desir'd him to come into the Room, tho' Mrs. Belmour was yet in Bed. When he came in, the first Question Mr. Belmour asked him, was, where they had carry'd the dead Man? Mr. *Smith* answered he was not dead, and that the Surgeon, upon visiting the Wound, did not apprehend it mortal if the Patient would be governable, tho' he thought it dangerous, and that the Cure would be tedious. This revived the Spirits of poor *Pamela*, who was drooping under a Cloud of melancholic Reflections. Well then, said Mr. Belmour, I need not make quite so much Haste to go off. No, no, said Mr. *Smith*, you may go at your Leisure. However, Mr. Belmour ordered the Coach to be got ready for him and his Wife to go to *Windsor*, that they might avoid the Impertinencies, which he apprehended they should be troubled with when the Business took Air; but this Affair not being much for Sir Harry's Credit to have known, his Kinsman kept the Secret inviolably; Mr. *Smith* did the same on his Part, so that the Matter was in a Manner hushed up: Sir Harry growing better and better every Day, Mr. Belmour, in less than a Fortnight, returned to *London* with his Lady, and appeared in Publick without any Notice being taken of it.

The Shock of this Affair, coming so soon upon the Back of *Pamela*'s great Affliction for the Loss of both her Parents, had such an Effect upon her, that she was seiz'd with a Dejection of Spirits, and such a deep Melancholy that 'twas not easily to be diverted: She was order'd, by her Physicians, to the *Bath* very early in the Year, and continued there all the first Season, but not receiving any great Benefit at that Place, it was judg'd proper for her to go to the South

of

of France, whither Mr. Belmour very readily accompanied her, and spared for nothing that, he thought, might any Ways conduce to her Health or Satisfaction.

Among the Letters which are now in the Hands of Mr. Perkins, of *Shendisford-Abby*, we find the following, dated from *Montpelier*, by which we may suppose it was in that City, that she first received the Account of the Death of her old Friend, Mrs. *Jervis*, which News was, by no Means, a Cure for her Malady: These Misfortunes following on one another so quick when this virtuous young Woman seemed to be at the very Height of all she could ask or wish for, shews how little Dependance there is on any human Felicity.

To Mrs. Vaughan.

MADAM,

Montpelier.

“YOUR's which brought me the melancholic
 “News of the Loss of your Aunt, my dear
 “and good Friend, came this Day to Hand. I am
 “very sensibly affected with the Loss of that good
 “Woman; it is my own Misfortune which calls
 “forth my Tears, for I am satisfy'd, from her Life,
 “that she is not to be mourned. I never saw my
 “dear Spouse more concerned than he was at your
 “Letter. He would have you continue in *Bedford-*
 “*shire* 'till our Return, which will not be speedy, I
 “believe.

“I hope it will be needless for me to desire you
 “will have the same Care, your good Aunt had, of our
 “dear Baby; it is what will the most of any Thing
 “oblige me. You may assure yourself my Gratitude
 “towards your Aunt, shall not die with her, and it
 “will be your own Fault if you do not succeed her
 “in my Esteem.

PAMELA BELMOUR.

The Misfortunes before mentioned, were still followed by another worse, if possible, than any of those, which

which was the Alienation of her Husband's Affection, for going from *Montpelier* to *Paris*, and from thence to the *German-Sparw*, it was Mr. *Belmour*'s Ill-Luck, at that Place, to fall into the Acquaintance of Lady *Frances Courtine*, who had the Reputation, in *London*, of one of the greatest Prudes there. She was a very beautiful Woman, and agreeable Company, but something too much upon the Demure: As there were not many *English*, at that Time, at the *Sparw*, Lady *Frances* grew very intimate with Mrs. *Belmour*, but much more so with her Husband. Mr. *Belmour* was but Flesh and Blood, his Wife was in an ill State of Health which obliged them to separate Beds, and Lady *Frances*'s Charms were too powerful to be resisted by a Man in his Situation; however his Amour with that Lady, no way lessened his Tendernefs to his own, and it would, by his Behaviour, have been impossible for her to have suspected he carried on an Amour with another, if her own *French* Woman had not given her some Hint of it; but *Pamela* very severely reprimanded her for her Officioufness; however, it awakened her Vigilance; but her Prudence was such, that notwithstanding she had incontestable Proofs of the Hypocrisy and Levity of Lady *Frances*, she concealed the Knowledge she had of the Intrigue from her Husband, behaved in her usual Manner with Lady *Frances*, and endeavoured, by her Observance and Tendernefs, to wean her Husband from her Rival and recover him to herself.

We find among her Papers, the following Letter sent from abroad.

To Lady Davers.

My dear Sister,

" IT is to your Friendship I flee, as to an Azylum;
 " against the greatest Misfortunethat could possibly
 " have attended me; and it is from your prudential
 " Advice, that I hope to be able to support myself
 " under

“ under it. Your dear Brother is, alas ! no more the
 “ Husband he was ; and tho’ his Humanity makes
 “ him express the same Tenderness for me, yet, it is
 “ but too visible, a Mistress has engrossed those Ar-
 “ dours which made me too happy, and has left the
 “ Wife Complaisance, and only a seeming Fondness.
 “ Lady *Frances Courtine* has taken my Place in his
 “ Heart ; yes, my dear Sister, that Saint can listen
 “ to the Vows of a Lover, and has too much Charity
 “ to let him despair. In a Word, the sanctified Lady
 “ *Frances*, that Model of Virtue, is mere Flesh and
 “ Blood. Her Talk is constantly of celestial Joys, but
 “ she is far from being averse to worldly Pleasures.
 “ The pious Widow sees no Crime in Adultery, no In-
 “ justice in robbing me of the Affections of my Hus-
 “ band.

“ Imagine not, my dear Sister, that this is a
 “ groundless Surmise, the Effect only of Jealousy.
 “ No, my Eyes have seen what my Blushes will not
 “ suffer me to relate.

“ *Marion*, my French Maid, first gave me a Hint
 “ of my Misfortune ; but the Reprimand she met
 “ with, was such, I believe, as will prevent her ever
 “ mentioning to me any Thing of that kind any
 “ more.

“ I am convinced, by ocular Demonstration, of
 “ the Injury done me. I saw my dear faithless Hus-
 “ band, recline his Head on the Bosom of the hypo-
 “ critical Lady *Frances*, one Arm embraced her
 “ Waist, and her Hand was in his. I saw her Lips
 “ meet his, while her glowing Cheeks spoke the
 “ guilty Passion. I have and will conceal the Grief
 “ which this cruel Scene has given me, to all but
 “ you, my dear Sister, in whose Prudence alone, I
 “ hope for Comfort. If I cannot recover my dear
 “ Husband’s Affection, if I cannot drive this Intruder
 “ from his Heart, the World can offer nothing to al-
 “ leviate my Affliction. All my Happiness centers
 “ in that dear Wanderer, that once tender, fond Hus-

“ bund.

“band. Advise me, my dear, and best of Friends,
 “advise your unfortunate Sister, how she shall re-
 “cover her lost Ease, by retrieving the still dear,
 “tho’ fugitive Heart: If it is for ever lost, there is
 “not on Earth a greater Wretch than,

My dear Sister,

Your unhappy,

But ever affectionate

PAMELA BELMOUR.

The Amour still went on, and in a very short Time,
 Mrs. Belmour receiv’d the following Answer to her
 Letter from my Lady Davers:

My dear Sister,

“**D** I D I not know you thoroughly well, I
 “should advise you to guard against a ground-
 “leis Jealousy, and being disquieted by Appearances;
 “but both your Prudence and the Scene you mention;
 “convince me such Caution is needless.

“You are too sensible, my dear Sister, your Ap-
 “prehensions are too great. I am satisfied no Mis-
 “tress can share with you my Brother’s Heart, much
 “less drive you thence. A Mistress may, for a-while,
 “amuse; but the virtuous Wife will always triumph.
 “Vice can never long charm a Man of Sense; it
 “may, for some Time, lay his Reason to sleep;
 “which Satiety will again rouze, and that will shew
 “him the Difference between the Affection of the
 “tender Wife, and the pretended Love of a loose
 “Woman, which he will judge of by his own In-
 “difference for the latter. The good Wife will al-
 “ways be rever’d; the Mistress, though a-while ca-
 “rels’d, will as certainly be slighted and despis’d.
 “Your Virtue and good Sense have so rivetted you in
 N^o XXI. S f “my

“ my Brother’s Heart, that tho’ he is guilty of this
 “ wicked Excursion, with the hypocritical Lady
 “ *Frances*, for which I heartily condemn him, yet
 “ I am satisfied he will return a Penitent, and con-
 “ scious of, endeavour to repair, the Injury done you.

“ Your own Prudence has suggested the Conduct
 “ I should have advised, and will, I am sure, by
 “ shaming, bring back the Fugitive. Patience is the
 “ only Method you can use with one whose Temper
 “ makes him impatient of Reproof, or even the gen-
 “ tlest Remonstrances.

“ My dear Sister, give this bewitch’d Husband no
 “ Ground, by your Behaviour to Lady *Frances*, to
 “ suspect you have the least Jealousy of her; it will
 “ open his Eyes to the Wrong he does you, and soon
 “ reclaim him. Fear not for his Affection, that I
 “ am satisfied, is unalterably your’s. A little Time
 “ will wear off the only Charm she had to allure
 “ him from you: For, set aside Novelty, she is in
 “ nothing comparable to my Brother’s Wife: But
 “ how many of her Virtues and Excellencies does
 “ she want!

“ I sincerely share your Grief, but hope your Pru-
 “ dence will soon end it, by bringing my unhappy
 “ Brother to a serious Reflection.

I am,

My dear Sister,

Your’s, very affectionately,

BARBARA DAVERS.

Lady *Frances* knew too well the Merit of Mrs. *Belmour*, to suppose she could long engross the Affections of her Husband, unless she could find some Way to lessen his Esteem for her, and what could answer that Purpose so well as to raise, if possible, some Jealousy in him of her Fidelity?

Lord

Lord P—— Lady *Frances's* Brother, a young Nobleman of a very agreeable Form, and amorous Complexion, was just then arrived at the *Sparw*, and this vile Sister, the better to carry on her own Intrigue, was commodious enough to endeavour to bring about one with her Brother and *Pamela*. She was continually praising her Brother to Mrs. *Belmour* for his fine Person, his good Sense, and polite Behaviour, and among his other good Qualities, as he was a Man of Gallantry, she said, she could not but commend his great Prudence and Secresy in his Amours. *Pamela*, whose Virtue made her abhor all Conversation of that kind, still waved the Subject; but was inwardly shocked at hearing a Sister lend her Approbation to those Things, which she thought, she ought not to have mentioned, but with Concern; however, Lady *Frances* pursued her Point, and was constantly endeavouring to prepossess Mrs. *Belmour* in Favour of her Brother; my Lord P——, on the other Hand, no sooner saw *Pamela*, but he fell desperately in Love with her: And as it is a Maxim with Men of Gallantry, that making a Friend of the Husband is the nearest Way to make him a Cuckold; my Lord strove all the Ways in the World to ingratiate himself with Mr. *Belmour*, and did so many obliging Things that the other could not refuse him his Acquaintance and Intimacy. There being but these two *English* Families, of any Consequence, at that Time at *Sparw*, they were almost never asunder. Lord P——'s Lady, was a most agreeable Woman, tho' all her Charms could not confine her Husband's Heart, and she was a little jealous of every new Face, where her Lord shewed the least Complaisance, notwithstanding which, she found so much Prudence and good Sense in *Pamela*, such virtuous Sentiments and so discreet a Behaviour, that she was no Ways alarm'd at my Lord's great Respect to her, altho' as her Health was now perfectly re-established, she was, if possible, more charming than ever. She was not unacquainted with her Story, nor wholly with her Person, having seen her

twice or thrice at the House of my Lady *Davers* whom she visited in *London*. There was as strict a Friendship between Lady *P*——, and Mrs. *Belmour* as between their two Husbands; but Lady *Frances* had like to have been frustrated in the Scheme she proposed to secure her Pleasures by the Means she took to advance it, for Mr. *Belmour* was a Man of that nice Honour, that he now almost began to think of quitting his Amour with Lady *Frances*, as she was Sister to the Man he had commenced a Friendship with. It was therefore necessary for this base Woman to render her Brother suspected that she might make sure of her Lover.

There was nothing, be it ever so vile, that this Woman was not capable of, provided she could do it with Secrecy; her Reputation she had, without doubt, some Concern for, but her Conscience was fear'd; for tho' in *England*, she was look'd upon as a Pattern of Piety and Virtue, yet she had lived in Adultery with her Coachman, whom she had married to her Woman the better to cloak her abominable Intrigue, for she every Night took the Wife's Place in her Husband's Bed, and by her Liberality to her Woman made it her Interest all Manner of Ways to conceal that, which known, must have been her own Disgrace, as well as her Lady's. Their Apartments were so contrived as to carry on this criminal Commerce without the least Suspicion in the Family; but whether Lady *Frances*, who was naturally avaricious, was grown weary of the Expence of bribing her Woman to Silence, or whether having engaged in some new Amour, she paid not that Tribute to either the Husband or Wife, which she was wont, some Bickerings began to arise between them, which, at length, grew to such a Height, that the Woman not only complained to some of her Fellow-Servants of the Injury done her, but discovered some more of my Lady's private Amours, particularly those which she carry'd on by the Assistance of a Lady, who had a Back-Door into *St. James's Park*, where Lady
Frances

Frances visited, who, while her Chair was at the Front-Door, and her Footmen in the Hall, imagining no other, but that their pious Lady was at Cards, or some other innocent Diversion, was furnish'd by her Friend with a Dress suited to her Purpose, and then privately issuing from the Back-Door, went to receive the dirty Embraces of as many Centinels in their Wooden Citadels, on a dark Night, as she thought, had Power to please her, and to whom she gave as many Half Guineas, then being dressed again in her own Cloaths, return'd to Prayers, which were said regularly every Evening in her Family before Bed-Time: A few Stories of this Sort, being whisper'd about Town was one Reason of Lady *Frances's* coming to *Spaw*, whither she knew the Physicians had order'd her Sister-in-Law Lady *P*——.

When we know thus much of Lady *Frances Courtine's* Character, we cannot be surpriz'd at any ill Thing that may be said of her; but how great must be every one's Concern, that a Man of Mr. *Belmour's* Merit, who was blessed with a Wife, so every Way deserving should fall into the Clutches of such a bad Woman; her Passion was so violent for him, that she could not bear a Rival, even of his own Wife, and therefore resolv'd to separate them, if possible, tho' at the Hazard of her Brother's Life; for when my Lord began to despair of any Success with *Pamela*, finding her Virtue, as he thought impregnable, she told him, he did not know the Sex, that she was sure, Mrs. *Belmour* was as great a Hypocrite as herself, and that if he pushed on boldly, he would not find the Conquest so difficult as he imagined. It may be thought very odd, that one who was an Hypocrite in Reality, should be free enough thus to own it, and to a Brother too; but the Wonder will cease, when it is known that my Lord had once made an ample Discovery of one of her dirty Intrigues, ever since which, she had constantly bawdied for him to keep Peace with him; nay, she was so free as to tell him of Mr. *Belmour's* Passion for her, and advis'd him to

make that a Handle to come at his Wife. My Lord took her Counsel, and hinted to *Pamela* the Suspicion which he pretended to have of his Sister's Conduct, and wished Mr. *Belmour* had strictly observed the Rules of Friendship with him: Tho' this was no Discovery to *Pamela*, yet she could not but be alarmed at my Lord's Suspicion of his Sister, and trembled at the Thoughts of what might attend Mr. *Belmour*, if his and Lady *Frances*'s Imprudence should let my Lord know as much as she did; she could not but imagine, that he would endeavour to revenge the Injury done to his Family, and this gave her most dreadful Apprehensions.

My Lord could easily perceive the Perplexity he had thrown her into, and did not doubt but he should make good Use of it; accordingly, on this Presumption, he a few Days after, made a warm and pressing Declaration of his Passion to her, in the Garden of the *Capuchins*, whither *Pamela* was drawn by the artful Contrivance of Lady *Frances*, and then left with her Brother.

Pamela, being highly incensed at this Indignity, broke from my Lord with much Resentment and Precipitation, by which she escaped the Notice of her Husband, who entered the Garden soon after her Departure, and who was brought thither on Purpose by the sly Lady *Frances*, to be surprized with the Sight of his virtuous *Pamela* in the Arms of her Lover, as she was in Hopes she would have been by that Time he arrived.

Pamela resolved to prevent, if possible, my Lord's ever having another Opportunity to offer her the like Affront, but was sadly perplexed to know how she should avoid him, without giving Mr. *Belmour* Room to suspect the Cause of it. She gave my Lady *Davers* a faithful Relation of all this Affair; and in one of her Letters, we find her thus expressing herself: "Should that Misfortune attend me, I need not tell you what dire Consequence we may expect. How am I entangled! Into what inextricable Labyrinth

" am

" am I got! Two Secrets are to be concealed alike
 " fatal if known; yet I fear the Importunity of the
 " Brother, and the Imprudence of the Sister will dis-
 " cover both. I am, indeed, my dear Sister, a real
 " Object of Pity. I see an Husband whom I love to
 " Distraction, in fact, though not apparently, neg-
 " lect me for another, who cannot surpass me in Ten-
 " derness whatever other Advantages Art or Nature
 " may have given her to allure him from me: And,
 " at the same Time, I am persecuted by a pretended
 " Lover, whom I cannot, as I would, avoid. I must
 " stifle the Grief I feel for the Loss of my once en-
 " dearing Husband; and I must conceal the Uneasi-
 " ness I suffer from the Declaration of a detested Pas-
 " sion. Alas! I have no Refuge but in Heaven and
 " you; that I hope will pity, and you advise me in
 " my distracted Condition. Oh! would your dear
 " Brother reflect on the Difference between a fond
 " Wife, and the sensual transient Love of a Mistress,
 " he would put an End to my Tears and Afflictions.
 " His Return to Reason would banish the former and
 " change the latter to transporting Joy. He knows
 " not, nor must he know my Sufferings, tho' his
 " Compassion would then relieve me. But alas! I
 " alone am thoroughly acquainted with them: It is
 " impossible I can paint the Grief, the Anguish of
 " Mind, the racking Thoughts which torment, and
 " hourly torture me. Reflection on my late happy
 " Days, when I was, to your dear Brother, what he
 " will ever be to me, all in all, when he had no
 " Eyes but for his too too happy *Pamela*, and she en-
 " grossed his Love, his Care, his Tenderness; Re-
 " flection on those balmy Days of Love sincere, Love
 " reciprocal and chaste, augment by Comparison, my
 " now wretched Situation, treated with cold Respect
 " or a forced Fondness: And by whom? By my
 " once loving, and oh! forever beloved Husband,
 " by him whose Coldness, whose Neglect is worse
 " than Poniards to my Heart.

Mr. *Belmour's* Passion for the infamous Lady *Frances* increased so much every Day that he could hardly suffer that Restraint, or keep those Measures which a Lady's Character required, especially in the Presence of her Brother, and his Lady who was a Woman of strict Virtue. Lady *Frances* herself, who had been so great a Prude in *London*, began to shake off all Decency, and solicited her Brother's Suit with *Pamela*, as a Thing that was very justifiable and had no Shame in it: How grievous was all this to the virtuous *Pamela*! To see her Husband who had been a Convert to Virtue thus relaps'd; to find herself attacked, in so scandalous a Manner, by a Brother and Sister, and pressed to commit those Crimes which she would have suffered a thousand Deaths rather than have consented to! She had no Consolation, but in unbosoming herself in her Letters to Lady *Davers*, and in the Friendship of Lady P——, who join'd Tears with her's, and assisted her in bearing her Misfortunes as patiently as she did herself.

Pamela took such Care that she gave Lord P—— but very few Opportunities to urge his odious Passion to her, but she could not so often avoid his horrid Sister, who pressed her, with the greatest Warmth, to become as abandon'd as herself. Nay, once threw herself at her Feet, embracing her Knees, and forced her to hear a Number of Arguments to promote her Brother's wicked Designs, and pleaded with such Eloquence for Vice, as would have been irresistible in the Cause of Virtue; but had no other Effect, than giving *Pamela*, if possible, a greater Abhorrence to the Crime, and a greater Indignation against the wretched Sollicitrix, who was not only a Scandal to her Birth but to her Sex.

The Conduct which *Pamela* observed in only endeavouring to shun my Lord, but not incensing her Husband, for fear of the Danger it might lead him into, so far encouraged the first, that he began to use insufferable Indecencies; and there was no doubt but he would repeat them, wherefore *Pamela* resolved with

with herself, that, if there was no Way to preserve her Virtue but by exposing her Husband to Danger, she would run that Hazard, tho' she loved him dearer than her Life; but her Honour was dearer than either, which she was resolved to preserve without Blemish, tho' she suffered more than the most torturing Death in its Defence.

In the mean Time, she wrote to Lady *Davers*, to give her an Account of the dreadful Situation she was in, and beg her farther Advice. "I am my dear
" Sister, said she, irritated to a Degree hardly to contain myself. The Affront offered has raised in me
" the highest Indignation. My Spirit is now masculine, my Tears will afford no Ease to my Grief,
" and nothing allay my Resentment. Hardly can
" Reason and Religion keep me within the Bounds
" of Moderation, and prevent my revenging the Insult with my own Hand, and thus prevent all
" Danger to my dear faithless fondly beloved, but
" too unkind Husband. But, alas! I fear accumulated Troubles touch my Brain; I find my Senses
" wandering, I forget what my Sex, what my Character, what my Duty exact. Pardon, my dear
" Sister, and impute this sudden Transport to unparalleled Injuries, and my Weakness, who am
" unused to these stormy Blasts of adverse Fortune.
" I will endeavour to bear them in Silence and humble Resignation. I blush at this sudden Gust of
" Passion, which arose from a Reflection on the Indignity I have suffered. Heavens! that a Man of
" your Brother's excellent Sense can be so infatuated
" by the outward Charms of a Lady, whose Conduct
" he cannot but condemn, as to neglect his Character and be blind to the too visible Addresses which
" aim at the Destruction of his Ease and Honour.
" Does he see and wink at these trusting to my Virtue and Affection for him, that he may have greater Opportunities of indulging his lawless Passion
" for the Sister of the Invader! you must condemn
" his want of Prudence. He knows not but I may
dis-

“ discover his Amour with Lady *Frances*, and knows
 “ Resentment has done more in subduing a rigid
 “ Virtue than Sollicitation.

“ Heavens forbid any Passion should make me so
 “ far deviate from my Duty to God, my Husband,
 “ my Family and myself, as to suffer myself to
 “ listen to any false Reasoning on that Head, or re-
 “ venge the Injury that dear faithless Man does me,
 “ by doing myself a still greater.

Pamela was soon after relieved from the Importunities of this Lord by his falling ill of the Small Pox; as likewise from the disagreeable Visits of his Sister, who could not leave him, as she loved him very well, and as there was Danger of his Recovery; *Pamela*, tho' not displeased at this News, pray'd heartily for my Lord, that it would please Heaven, on this Occasion, to touch his Heart with a Sense of his Iniquities, that he might repent of his past, and amend his future Life; but alas! the Death of my Lord prevented that, and was attended with Consequences very fatal to *Pamela*. Mr. *Belmour* going to visit him in his last Hours, when he was light-headed, he caught his own Lady by the Hand, and kissed it, called her Mrs. *Belmour*, talked to her of extatic Pleasures, saying he hoped she would preserve her Love for him inviolable. This alarmed Mr. *Belmour* in such a Manner, imagining it to be an involuntary Discovery of some thing criminal that had passed between my Lord and his Wife, that he went home under the greatest Perturbation of Mind that can be imagined. When his affectionate *Pamela* came to meet him he turn'd from her with Rage in his Eyes; and when she would have taken him by the Hand, he snatched it from her as if her Touch had been poisonous. In the Night he was very restless and groaned often; if she spoke to him he turn'd from her; and in the Morning flung out of Bed in a Rage: This severe Treatment made *Pamela* throw herself upon her Knees, and as soon as her Tears would allow her Utterance, she begged to know how

she

she had deserv'd such unkind Usage? If she had offended, she told him, it was thro' Ignorance, and that she was not conscious of having entertained a single Thought since she had the Honour of being his Wife that she could desire might be concealed from him. She attested Heaven, that she had not, to her Knowledge, any way merited his Neglect, much less that he should fly her. Away, said he, you know your Duty, and have not sinned thro' Ignorance: Take Heed, unhappy Wretch! and dare not to trifle with Heaven by calling on it, thus solemnly, to attest your Innocence. I do, said she, and Heaven that's just, knows how much you injure me in laying Guilt to my Charge. No, Sir, I am free from all, I again repeat it, even in Thought: But, alas! I fear your Wife, your unhappy Wife has been so too long and outliv'd your Affection. This I fear is my involuntary Crime, which I would not, if possible, be guilty of, for I had much rather die than survive your good Opinion of me.

Here *Pamela's* Tears flowed in such abundance, that she could not proceed: But Mr. *Belmour* taking her by the Hand, and looking stedfastly on her, said, *Pamela*, were I assured these Tears proceeded only from the Thoughts of my having injur'd you, and not from any Guilt of your own, I should myself be ready to sue for Pardon. But O! my *Pamela*, my lost, my once-lov'd *Pamela*, I fear my Peace of Mind is not to be restored by such Conviction.

I do remit my Cause to Heaven, said she, and if— Hold! interrupted Mr. *Belmour*, and e'er you take the Name of Heaven in vain, let me put you in Mind of that of Lord *P*——; he's now no more; but in his dying Minutes call'd upon you, and talk'd of Extasies and Love inviolable. And are the Ravings, Sir, said *Pamela*, of a Man light-headed of Weight sufficient with you to blemish the Honour of one who has never transgressed; even in Thought? Are those sufficient to rob me of your good Opinion, yourself of your Ease, and make me forever wretched? Oh,

Sir

Sir, recall your Reason, examine my past Life, and point out any one Instance in my Conduct, which may induce you to think I can be so greatly guilty of injuring both myself and you: No, Sir, I defy the most inveterate Malice to tax me even with any Levity that might encourage the least Attempt upon my Virtue. Answer me, said he, did Lord P—— never make any such Attempt: Since my Lord is now dead, said she, I will own a Secret which my Tenderness for you alone has hitherto kept such: I own he pursued me with such Indiscretion, that I was astonish'd, though glad, you did not perceive it: Yes, I own, he lay'd hold of every Opportunity to plead his guilty Passion. How! said Mr. *Belmour*, and was it the Duty of that observant virtuous Wife you boast yourself, to conceal from her Husband the Treachery of a pretended Friend, who under that Mask attacked his Honour? O *Pamela!* *Pamela!* —— here he fetch'd a deep Groan, and went streight into his Dressing-Room. *Pamela* followed him, but he turned short, and said, Unhappy Wretch! venture not to follow me, and then shut the Door against her, darting such a Look as made her tremble. *Pamela* retired with Tears in her Eyes, and threw herself upon her Bed, in such an Agony of Grief, as almost deprived her of her Senses.

Her *French* Woman soon after came into the Room, but *Pamela* kept the Curtains close, that she might not perceive her Affliction, and bid her not come in again 'till she rang her Bell. *Pamela* was, at this Time, four Months gone with Child, and the Disorder her Husband threw her into, caused her to miscarry of another Boy, which had liked to have cost her her Life, and was in a great Measure owing to the Indifference her Husband treated her with.

During the whole Time of her Illness, Mr. *Belmour* shew'd so little Tenderness for her, that nothing but her own Innocence could have made her bear up under the Weight of her Misfortunes. He was constantly in the Company and Power of Lady *Frances*,
who

who triumph'd in the Miseries of her Rival, and soon forgot the Loss of a Brother, by the assiduous Care and Endearments of her Lover, whom she took all imaginable Pains to confirm in the Jealousy he had conceived of his Wife.

Pamela, by the Help of an able Physician, who was at the *Spaw*, being recovered well enough to go abroad, Mr. *Belmour* came one Morning into her Chamber, and told her, he would now have her prepare to return to *England*; and that he intended, that Day Sevensnight, to set out for *Ossend*, and would carry her into *Bedfordshire*, where she should be respected as his Wife, and when he could be convinced that she was not unworthy of his treating her as such, she should, but not 'till then, find him a Husband.

Pamela had a great Mind to have acquainted her Husband with Lady *Frances's* Sollicitations for her Brother, but durst not, lest he should suspect she had some Inkling of their Commerce, or Lady *Frances* might deny it, and revenge herself on her, by blowing up Mr. *Belmour's* Jealousy to a still greater Degree; therefore only answered him, with a Sigh, she was not able to suppress, Heaven and your Will be done.

Lady *Dawers* was at my Lord's Seat, an hundred Miles from *London*, when her Brother and *Pamela* arrived in Town from *Flanders*: They tarry'd but one Night in *Grosvenor-street*, and set out the next Morning for *Bedfordshire*, where Mr. *Belmour* staid but one Week, and then pretending Business, set out again for *London*, leaving his Wife in the Country, who entirely resigned to the Will of Heaven, endeavoured to find some Comfort in her dear Child and her Books, which her unkind Husband had refus'd her. She wrote Advice to Lady *Dawers* of her Arrival, and that good Lady, on the Receipt of her Letter, which gave her an Account of the Particulars above-mentioned, went directly to Town, in hopes of recovering her Brother to Reason; but hearing he was returned to *Flanders*, she went into *Bedfordshire* to keep her

her afflicted Sister Company there. My Lord soon after followed her, and both did their utmost to console the injured and abandon'd Lady.

They continued at *Grove-Beilmour* full three Months, during which Time they received no Letter from Mr. *Beilmour*, nor any Account of him. The first Intelligence they had, was from his Banker in *London*, who told Lord *Davers* he had received an Order to remit him two thousand Pounds to *Turin*. Upon which, my Lord got a Merchant of his Acquaintance to write to his Correspondent in that City, and, by that Means, learnt that Mr. *Beilmour* and Lady *Frances* were gone to *Rome*, where they did not intend to stay long; so that they could not tell how, with any Certainty, to direct a Letter to him; but the same Correspondent wrote to my Lord *Davers's* Friend the Merchant, that if he found they intended to pass the Winter in *Italy* he would endeavour, by his different Correspondents, to learn where they had fixed and send him Word.

The neighbouring Gentry in *Bedfordshire* were all Strangers to Mr. *Beilmour's* groundless Jealousy, and imagined, as it was given out, that extraordinary Business was the Occasion of his Absence. Even Mrs. *Vaughan* in the House with *Pamela*, such was her Lady's prudent Conduct, could discover no Discontent by her Words and Behaviour, but attributed her Melancholy only to a Reservedness in her Temper, and her close Application to her Books and Devotion. When Lord and Lady *Davers* proposed going to *London*, they would have persuaded their Sister to have gone with them; but she answered, that Mr. *Beilmour* had commanded her not to leave *Bedfordshire*; that she never had, and hoped never should disobey him; and therefore desired they would excuse her.

Lady *Shendisford* and her Daughters, Lady *Susan*, now married to Mr. *Martin*, and Lady *Frances*, often visited her, with Lady *Arthur* and Lady *Brookes*, and the youngest Miss *Darnford* came out of *Lincolnshire*, and passed two Months with her: It would have been

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impossible for any body but *Pamela* to have bore up a^s she did under this grievous Misfortune, and keep her Injuries to herself: What an Example was here of Patience and conjugal Affection, for though she knew herself wrong'd in the tenderest Point, yet the Fear of hurting her Husband's Character prevented her making any Complaints, but to his Sister, who she knew would be as tender of him as herself; she rely'd wholly upon the divine Providence and her own Innocence to give a happy Turn to her Affairs; which we shall see was wisely judg'd; and indeed every Woman would find herself much sooner redress'd by such a prudent Behaviour, than by exposing herself and her Husband, by her clamorous and fruitless Upbraidings, for not only he, but every one else have a natural Compassion for a patient Sufferer.

We must now leave this virtuous, but, at present, unfortunate Lady, to follow her relapsed and insatuated Husband. He and Lady *Frances* having rambled together thro' several Parts of *Italy* and *Switzerland*, settled, for some Time at *Modena*, and there Lady *Francis* made a new Conquest.

It is not to be suppos'd, after the Character we have given that insatiate Woman, that she could be long contented with one Gallant; no, the first Man that asked for her Heart had immediate Possession of it, and this was the Count *Della Palma*, a young *Italian*, rich and handsome, with whom she took the first Opportunity to elope from Mr. *Belmour*, who pass'd for her Husband.

Mr. *Belmour*, nettled at the Affront, and discovering by one of the Count's Confidants, that they were gone to *Ravenna*, posted after them, but the second Night after his Arrival, he was attacked in the Streets, and left for dead, both his Servants being wounded at the same Time, but not so desperately, but they could lend some Assistance to their Master, and got him to the House of an able Surgeon, who, for some Time, doubted of his Recovery, he was two Months under Cure, and in that Space had sufficient Time to

reflect on his own Folly and his Wife's Injuries, of whose Innocence he was now in a great Measure satisfy'd. His Jealousy began on the Ravings of a Man, whose Reason was disturb'd by his Dis temper, had been artfully work'd up by the base and treacherous Lady *Frances*, as he now verily believed, only to remove an Obstacle to her own lawless Passion. When he considered the Conduct of them both, he became again enamoured of the one, and abhorr'd the Remembrance of the other; and before he set out for *England*, a fresh Discovery was made which was enough to make the whole World detest the latter. A Bravo being condemn'd for a Murder at *Ravenna*, confess'd that he was one of the four, who set upon an *English* Gentleman with Design to have dispatch'd him, at the Instigation of Count *Della Palma*, and the Gentleman's Lady, as the Bravo suppos'd Lady *Frances* to be.

About the same Time that Mr. *Belmour* had this Disaster at *Ravenna*, Sir *Simon Andrews* died in *Kent*, and leaving no Children, Mrs. *Belmour*, as Heir at Law, became possess'd of his large Estate, except a Jointure of twelve hundred Pounds a Year, which my Lady *Andrews* had for her Life. Mrs. *Belmour* likewise made her an Offer of continuing at *Bijoux*, but my Lady, tho' highly sensible of Mrs. *Belmour's* Generosity, begged to be excus'd from accepting, since her remaining in the House, where her Husband died, would but keep her Grief for the Loss of him always alive, however, she accepted of her Invitation to come into *Bedfordshire*, whither she went and remained at least two Years.

Mr. *Belmour* thoroughly ashamed of his Conduct, and utterly abhorring her who was the Occasion of it, resolv'd to return home, which he did very speedily and took a private Lodging in *London*, where sending for my Lord *Davers*, after they had embraced each other, Mr. *Belmour*, told my Lord, that he expected his Reproaches, because he had deserved them; but they would be needless, for he thanked God, he had recovered

recovered his Reason. Sir, reply'd my Lord, you are Master of your own Actions, and I know none to whom you are oblig'd to be accountable for them. Then my Lord, said Mr. *Belmour*, give me Leave to enquire of you after my Family. Your Lady, said Lord *Daveris*, is where you left her, she and your Child are both well, my Wife and I have passed three Months at your House in *Bedfordshire*. Your Lady behaves with all the Prudence that can be expected from the best of Wives, and with all the Tenderness of the fondest of Mothers. Lady *Andrews*, now a Widow, is with her, and by Sir *Simon's* Death my Sister *Belmour* inherits his Estate and fine Seat in *Kent*. Your Lady has never yet been to visit it since it was her own, for as you enjoined her not to leave *Bedfordshire* till your Return, nothing could prevail upon her to disobey you. Mr. *Belmour* on hearing this, could not forbear fetching a deep Sigh: He told my Lord he was oblig'd to him for visiting his Family in his Absence, and wished he could be thoroughly convinced of his Wife's Conduct. Her Conduct, reply'd my Lord, is irreproachable, and whoever endeavours to represent it otherwise to you must be void of all Virtue themselves: She is a Pattern to her whole Sex for Religion, Morality and Meekness. Were I satisfy'd of that, answered Mr. *Belmour*, I should be better pleased than with the Account you gave me of her succeeding to Sir *Simon Andrews's* Estate, large as it is; but let us wave this Subject for the present, and tell me how doth my dear Sister? She is in perfect Health, reply'd my Lord, and when do you intend to see her? Whenever I do, said Mr. *Belmour*, I know I must expect her Reproaches, therefore the sooner the Shock is over the better; so if your Lordship will let her know of my Arrival, it shall be this Evening; but I hope your Lordship will make her promise to govern her Passion.

Accordingly Mr. *Belmour* went to my Lord's the same Evening, where meeting his Sister, after they had tenderly embraced each other and were seated, Brother

ther, said my Lady *Davers*, my Lord tells me you expect my Reproaches, and that this Visit was upon a Condition altogether needless, for you are, indeed, more an Object of my Pity than Anger, wherefore fear not my Reproaches but fly your own, when I have convinced you, as I am certain I shall, how much you have injur'd the most virtuous, the most prudent, tender and observant Wife that ever Man was bless'd with. Here, continued she, pulling out all the Letters she had received from *Pamela*, which she had sent from the *German Spaw*, read these; and when you reflect how tenderly I have always loved you, think how much I must pity the cruel Remorse you will be given up to, if you are not void of Gratitude, nay, even divested of Humanity, and have not banished every Virtue from your Breast, as your blind Passion gives me too much Reason to fear: I shall say nothing to recover your good Opinion of my dear Sister, if you can read these unmoved, if these have no Effect upon your obstinate Temper, if *Pamela* cannot convince you of the Prudence and generous Concern of your tender Wife, I shall think you irreclaimably lost to all that is good. I cannot bear to see the Agonies you must indure on the Perusal of these Papers; so leaving the Letters in her Brother's Hands, she left the Room for the present.

Mr. *Belmour* read his Wife's Letters attentively, and with great Emotion, and, in Spight of all his Endeavours, could not repress his Tears, which he often shed, and turned his Head aside to wipe away; the tender Concern his Wife shewed for his Safety, at the Time that she knew of his infamous Amour with *Lady Frances*, her Prudence in concealing that Knowledge from him, the Command she had over herself in behaving to *Lady Frances* as if she had not injur'd her, the steady and noble Defence she made when her Virtue was, on the one Hand solicited, and on the other, attacked by a just Resentment and his own Example, the Horror he conceived for *Lady Frances*, leagued with her Brother against his Honour, the

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Baseness and Treachery he had experienced in that perfidious Woman, not only by deserting him for another, but making an Attempt upon his Life, to secure her Possession of a new Lover, all together recurred to his Mind to shew him the Difference between his virtuous Wife and profligate Mistress.

He sat some Time mute, at length, bursting into a Flood of Tears, I own, said he, my Lord, none but a Barbarian could have wrong'd, as I have done, such Innocence and Virtue. I congratulate you, Sir, said my Lord, on your having recovered your Reason. And I, said my Lady, coming out of an adjoining Room, where she had heard what he said, on your being restored to your Senses, now you are again my Brother. O my *Pamela*! my *Pamela*, said Mr. *Belmour*, thou injured Innocent! How does thy Glare of Virtue break in upon me to shew me my own Vileness and Folly! How can I atone for my Errors and hope thy Forgiveness!

Will you, my dear Brother, said Lady *Davers*, permit me to send her the happy News of her Husband, her former tender and endearing Husband's being returned? For should the dear Creature see your Hand, I fear the Effects of a too sudden Joy.

Mr. *Belmour* desired my Lady to do as she thought fit, and if she did write to his dear *Pamela*, that while she acquainted her with his Penitence, she would intercede for his Pardon, and let her know that he would set out for *Bedfordshire* the next Day, and as it was then Post-Night, she might have an Account of his Intentions some Time before he could be able to get home himself. Lady *Davers* made no Delay but wrote the same Evening; and when *Pamela* received her Letter her Joy was such as is easier to be conceiv'd than described. She told Lady *Andrews* these joyful Tidings, but shewed her not my Lady *Davers*'s Letter, on Account of what was said in that of Mr. *Belmour*'s Penitence and his Desire of Pardon; for that Lady in all the Time she had been with Mrs. *Belmour* knew nothing of his Offence; so very tender

had this virtuous Wife always been of hinting the least Thing that might prejudice his Character. TWO

The Day after *Pamela* received this transporting News of her Husband's Return, she set out in her Coach and Six, accompanied by Lady *Andrews*, to meet him, and took with her her Son, now about two Years and a half old; they went as far as *Bedford*, in which Town they had not been long arrived, before Lord *Dawers's* Coach, with my Lord, his Lady, and Mr. *Belmour* came into the same Inn, and here was the first happy Interview between this long separated Couple, the Transports on each Side are not to be expressed; but as Lady *Andrews* was present, not the least distant Hint was given of what had been the Cause of their Separation. Nothing could heighten the Raptures with which Mr. *Belmour* view'd his lovely *Pamela*, but the Sight of his Child, who was, for his Age, the most beautiful and sprightly Infant alive, and could say a thousand pretty and diverting Things.

The Company having dined at the Inn where they met, proceeded in the Afternoon to *Grove-Belmour*, within five Miles of which, they were met by Mr. *Belmour's* Neighbours and Tenants, to the Number of two hundred, and conducted home.

The next Morning, when the Clerk of the Kitchen brought up his Bill of Fare, as usual, after *Pamela* had looked over it, she turn'd to Mr. *Belmour*, and said, My dear Sir, I have a Favour to ask of you, which I hope you will not refuse me: There is nothing, reply'd he, in my Power that I can refuse to such a Miracle of Goodness, name but what you desire and you are sure of my doing any thing to gratify your utmost Wishes. As your Return from your Travels, Sir, said she, is so great a Blessing to me, I desire you will allow me to participate my Joy to my poor Neighbours, I would, if possible, make every Body sensible of the Happiness I enjoy, and cause the Wretched to forget their Misery. Give me Leave, therefore my good Sir, to keep House for a Month

a Month to come without any Account, and at my own Rate, which shall be done out of the Estate in Kent, that is fallen to me by the Death of Sir *Simon Andrews*.

My Love, reply'd he, I am so far from pretending to contradict you in the Disposal of what is your own, that I can trust my whole Estate to your Management, without requiring an Account of your prudent Oeconomy : But in this Case, Sir, said she, I am not going to give you a Proof of my Oeconomy but of my Affection, which must be extravagant. Well, my Dear, reply'd Mr. *Belmour*, do as you have an Inclination, and I am sure that is to nothing but what is right.

Upon this *Pamela* gave Orders for an open House to be kept for a Month; she ordered Mrs. *Vaughan*, her Housekeeper, to take the Chariot, and go round to see what poor People were confined to their homes, by Age or Infirmary, within the three adjacent Parishes, that they might have Provision made for them, in this Time of general Jubilee ; the next Morning she sent Mr. *Longman* to *Bedford*, with an hundred Pounds, to release as many Prisoners as could be discharged from the County Jail for that Sum ; and when Mrs. *Vaughan* had executed her Commission, and given an Account of it, her Lady sent her with five Pounds a-piece to twenty distress'd Families. A large Barn, at a Quarter of a Mile's Distance from the House, was furnish'd with two long Tables for the Poor, where they were plentifully regaled every Day for a Month together. As both Mr. *Belmour* and his Lady were much beloved in the Country they were visited by all the Gentry round, who were magnificently entertained, and nothing was omitted on either Side to express the Joy that this Re-Union afforded them.

When my Lord *Davers* and his Lady returned to London, Mr. *Belmour* and his Family went into *Lincolnshire*, whither Lady *Andrews* likewise accompany'd them, and they continued there all the Winter. In the

the Spring of the Year 1730, Mrs. *Belmour* was delivered, at her Seat in *Bedfordshire*, of a Daughter, who was baptized *Caroline*, the Countess of *Sbendisford*, and her Daughter, Lady *Susan Martin*, standing God-Mothers, with my Lord *Tinsel*, before mentioned by the Name of Master *Jackey* and Mr. *Quidgely*, now come to that Title on the Death of his Father. This young Nobleman was just then come home from making the grand Tour of *Europe*, and having got rid of his Fopperies, was really returned a fine Gentleman. He informed Mr. *Belmour*, that he had seen Lady *Frances Courtine* at *Vienna* in a miserable Condition, being turned off by the Count *Della Palma*, and not able to get any Remittances from *England*, so that she must one Day have been carry'd to a Jail for Debt, if he had not lent her an hundred Pounds Sterling, for which she gave him a Bill on her Banker in *London*, who made some Scruples in accepting it, my Lady having already, by her Extravagancies, over drawn her Income.

While Lord *Tinsel* was at *Grove-Belmour*, he fell deeply in Love with Lady *Andrews*, and keeping a constant Correspondence with her, by Letters and making frequent Visits, in about six Months he obtained her Consent to make him happy, and they were marry'd at the House of Mr. *Belmour*, who with his Wife, accompanied the Bride and Bridegroom, after the Wedding was over, to Lord *Tinsel's* Seat in *Northamptonshire*.

In the Year 1731, Mrs. *Belmour* was delivered of a second Son, christen'd *Henry*, and in the Year following of a second Daughter, named *Anna Maria*; her Family being thus increased, took up so much of her Time and Thoughts, that we find very few of her Letters bearing Date after the Year 1732; but in all that we have seen, and by all Accounts that we can learn of the Family, the most perfect Harmony that was ever known subsisted between her and her Husband to the fatal Hour of her Death, which was not 'till the Year 1740, at which Time, she was taken



ill of a Fever. Mr. *Belmour*, who was in the greatest Affliction for her imaginable, never went out of her Sight, and omitted nothing to preserve so valuable a Life; but when he found there was no resisting the Will of Providence, it was some Comfort to him to see with how devout a Resignation she quitted the World, and how little she had to dread from the Shaft of Death.

Her Children were all brought to have her last Blessing, whom she embraced in the tenderest Manner, and perceiving they weep'd, "Weep not, my Children, said she, Death can be no Evil, since Sleep, which is its Image, ye all know yourselves to be a Good. As the one refreshes us, puts an End of the Labour of the Day, and restores our Strength, for some Time, so the other doth us the same Kindness for ever. As in Sleep there is a Cessation of all the Functions of Life but Breathing, so likewise we may assure ourselves, that tho' the Actions of the Body die, yet the Breath of the Spirit of God, which is in us, dies not, and that we shall as certainly rise again from Death as we were wont to awake from Sleep.

Having spoke these Words she closed her Eyes, and went out of the World with scarce a Groan.

Mr. *Belmour* was inconsolable for a long Time, but gave Orders, that no Expence might be spared in the Pomp of her Funeral, which was indeed exceeding grand, her Remains being deposited in the Family Vault at the Church of *Grove-Belmour*, on the 27th of May 1740.

F I N I S.